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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1885.

THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE BACKWOODS.

ALMOST due north of Quebec, a hundred and twenty-five miles in a straight line across unbroken spruce forests, lies a large, oddly-shaped sheet of water—a lake deep, and dark, and lonely. Thirty miles at its greatest width, and the cradle of one of the deepest rivers in the world, this lake stretches in every direction long arms, like the radiations of some gigantic star-fish, far into the surrounding solitudes.

At present there exists on its banks a flourishing and growing colony; but forty years ago—with which time we have to do—the settlement, though not quite in its infancy, was at least comparatively small. It consisted of some dozen houses—all modest, one-storied structures of hewn pine-logs, with cone-shaped roofs and projecting eaves—clustered at irregular distances about a clap-boarded church, nearly large enough (like the churches of most Canadian villages) to contain them all.

The clearing effected amidst that primeval forest had proved remarkably fertile. The soil was rich and warm, for the climate, owing to the northern sweep of the isothermal line, is there some degrees milder than on the banks of the St. Lawrence, so far to the south, and spring dawns, as a rule, a week or two earlier.

But whilst plentiful harvests rewarded the settler's toil, there was no market for their produce nearer than Quebec, a distance which, although for the loon, or crow, only that specified above, was represented to those wingless French peasants by two hundred and fifty miles of water, in addition to a tedious land journey. Further, it

was only during certain months of the year that this journey could be made at all. Throughout the long winter, communication with the outer world became well-nigh impossible. Shut in then by barriers of snow and ice, the isolated colony formed its own world. And, to tell the truth, with one single exception, none of the little community appeared to be at all troubled on the score of this reclusion. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," life, such as it was, proved quite equal to their demands upon it. A hardy, honest, sober race, those simple French Canadians retained, almost unchanged, the dress, manners, and songs, the religion and superstitions, brought by their forefathers, two centuries earlier, from the banks of the sunny Loire. Their most characteristic virtue (a virtue fatal, perhaps, to progress, but felicitous to the possessor) was contentment. Steady work in the day-time, tobacco-smoking and social festivity in the evening, filled up for them the happy and innocent hours. Of work, indeed—even in those sharp, dry winters, when the air cut like a razor and the sky overhead was so blue and the world around so white—there was plenty. Then would that remote forest ring to the stroke of the axe, felling and lopping and squaring the logs, to be afterwards dragged by the stout "lumberers" over miles of snow and ice, and bound into rafts to await the melting of the watery roadways. Then, too, there was hunting and trapping to be done, for a trade in the skins of bear, buffalo, and moose was by no means the settler's least source of gain.

But notwithstanding that the winter possessed for our colonists no special terror, the advent of spring was hailed by them with universal satisfaction. The sweet greenery which burst forth with the melting of the snow, proved always a new delight to the eye which had begun to ache with the eternal whiteness. There were drawbacks, however, to this season, in the continuous dripping and all-pervading moisture—occasionally, even, a little danger through the sudden slip of an avalanche from some pointed roof. The perfection of the year only came with the early summer, before the great heat fell, or the black flies of the woods grew to be a pest. Then, indeed, that forest-bound solitude, on the shores of the deep-blue lake, became an oasis of smiling fertility—a paradise of beauty.

It was early summer now, and the evening of what had been a glorious day. Two women, one very old and very wrinkled, the other of comely middle-age, sat together on a rude bench beneath the spreading eaves of the largest and decidedly the most pretentious-looking dwelling in the clearing. From a half-open door to their right issued a confused sound of laughter (not very silvery),

commingled with the sputtering and frying of something in a pan, and much voluble chattering in the French-Canadian patois.

The women outside were not talking, but their silence, which was of the serenest order, was presently interrupted by a greeting.

"Ah ! *vous voilà*, Mother Crépin and Annette Jalbert !"

The speaker was a hale, elderly man, who had just approached round a corner of the house. His hair, white as the vanished snow, crowned a face of placid benignity but no great intelligence. His garb, of coarse woollen cloth, was that of an ecclesiastic. "And how goes the rheumatism, Mère Crépin ?"

"Better, better, M. le Curé," responded the elder dame, stretching out a pair of withered hands to catch the golden rays of the declining luminary. "Thank God for this warm sun ! It thaws the frost out of the old bones. It cheers the heart like *eau de vie*."

"Yes, yes, it is good," murmured the priest, rubbing his own palms together softly. "They are merry in there, are they not ? And, *ma foi*, what an agreeable odour !" A gratified sniff added emphasis to this latter remark. The good father was blest with an excellent appetite, and this was not a fast day. He made up his mind on the spot (and his countenance beamed pleasantly at the prospect) to render ample justice to the savoury repast which he expected shortly to be called upon to bless. For it was by invitation that the Curé, as well as the company already assembled within doors, was here. To-day was the *jour de naissance* of Madame Vandeleur, the mistress of this house, as also that of her only child, the little Louis. By the custom of the community, birthdays were held in high regard as suitable occasions for social conviviality, and in accordance with established precedent, madame had invited her neighbours and friends to celebrate with her the double event.

"Yes, yes," resumed the Curé, with another complacent sniff. "As you say, Mère Crépin, the sun is an excellent boon. One could not well do without it. The good Lord, it is true, might send us the long days and the warm summer weather alone, but it needs the sun also to ripen the fruits of the earth."

M. le Curé, worthy man, knew sufficient Latin to stumble through his Breviary, but his notions of physical science were, to say the least of it, hazy and mediæval. Happily, however, the ignorance of his auditors saved them from detecting any absurdity in their pastor's remark.

"You say well, mon père," observed Annette Jalbert, regarding him with a smile of reverential affection. "And things look well, do

they not? The corn, and likewise the potatoes? There will be plenty in the coming year to fill the mouths. The rafts, too, with this fine weather, they will get safely down the river, and our husbands will soon be back. All this, it makes the spirits light and the heart contented."

"Contented? Bah, my friends, you are always contented!" broke in a new voice, with a suspicion of contempt in its tone. "For my part, I am never contented."

The personage who uttered this assertion, and who accompanied it with a little laugh, as though she meant it to be taken jocularly, was the hostess herself, Madame Vandeleur. With the three companions whom she had just stepped forth to join (as, for the matter of that, with every other inhabitant of the village), Madame Vandeleur presented, physically, a striking contrast. Still young, for this was but her twenty-eighth birthday, she was a handsome woman, but in a peculiar style. Her hair, which she wore well brushed away from a low, broad forehead, was blue-black and very abundant in quantity. Her eyes were dark and penetrative, and her features, chiselled with the perfection of a well-cut cameo, were for her position in life singularly refined. In figure she was small and extremely slight, and this, added to the fact that her complexion was of an almost dead white, gave her an appearance of great delicacy, an appearance, however, which was somewhat deceptive. As a rule, Madame Vandeleur's expression was by no means disagreeable, but there was that about the set of her obstinate little chin and determined mouth which gave her at times a hard, imperious look.

"No," she repeated, slightly modifying her observation, "for my part, I am seldom quite satisfied."

"But, my daughter, one ought to feel satisfied with one's lot in life. Not to do so argues ingratitude to a kind Providence."

M. le Curé offered this remonstrance with a somewhat deprecating air. Every other member of his flock he could reprove with that authority which befitted his position; but with Madame Vandeleur he felt always a little timid. And in this he was not singular. The whole village, with her husband at its head, held this small woman in a curious kind of awe. Why this was no one knew, or sought to know. They accepted facts as they stood, those simple, unreasoning peasants. Madame was a mystery to them, but a mystery with which they had now been familiar for six years, so that naturally they had long ago ceased to trouble their minds with any attempt to fathom it. Ever since she had first arrived in the settle-

ment, as the bride of Paul Vandeleur, she had assumed the position of a local queen. By what right? None whatever, except that she had been able to assume it.

"You admit that one *ought* to feel contented, do you not?" persisted the Curé, who at this moment felt eminently contented himself.

"But no, indeed," answered madame, softening the bold contradiction by a smile; "to me it seems not good to be too easily satisfied. To be content, *par exemple*, to live and die where one was born—like a mushroom—to know nothing of the big world, only one little corner! The people here, they are like the mouse that thinks its hole is the universe. They have no ambition."

"In that madame compliments her neighbours, though she does not mean it. Ambition made the angels to fall from heaven," observed the Curé.

His interlocutor gave a faint shrug to her shoulders.

"Ah! I know not what may be good for the angels," she said, "but for men without ambition, they grow no wiser, no richer, no greater, no different from generation to generation. Still water is stagnant."

Save by a dissentient shake of the head, M. le Curé made no rejoinder. He did not feel equal to an argument on this or any other subject with Madame Vandeleur. Moreover, he knew that she must always have the last word; so why not as well give it her sooner as later? Actuated by this reflection, he fell into discreet silence. As for the women, they had hardly comprehended the meaning of her remarks, and had accordingly no comment to make upon them, only that presently Annette summed up the impression left on her mind by the puzzling talk in these words:

"Ha! madame is clever. We are not clever, we others—that makes all the difference."

CHAPTER II.

MADAME VANDELEUR'S FÊTE.

"MA TANTE, have you forgotten that the supper is now served?"

This inquiry, addressed to her a few seconds later by a brown-skinned maiden of fourteen, produced an instantaneous effect upon Madame Marie Vandeleur. Recalling, with a perceptible start, her duties as hostess, that strange little woman brought back her dark eyes, which had begun to wander from point to point of the limited

landscape, in a wistful, uneasy fashion, familiar to her neighbours' observation, and which they might with justice have compared to that of a caged wild animal, only that they were not much given to the use of metaphor in their speech, and, moreover, none of them had ever seen a wild animal in a cage.

"Pardon ! a thousand pardons !" she exclaimed, smoothing a discontented pucker from her brow, and becoming in a moment all smiles and graciousness. "It was to summon you to supper that I came forth. M. le Curé, do me the honour to enter. Mère Crépin, you must sit out of the draught. . . . But where is Paul? Paul, attend now that everyone is comfortably placed."

"Yes, my angel ; yes, yes !" responded her husband, bustling obediently forward, and proceeding, with great politeness, to bestow the guests around a long trestle table which groaned beneath its hospitable array of dishes.

In declaring that Madame Vandeleur was clever, Annette Jalbert had spoken no less than the truth. Madame certainly was clever—with a cleverness quite independent of education, in the technical sense—although, in passing, it may be noted that she was also, to a certain extent, educated. At a village school in her native place—on the Beaufort Slopes, near Quebec—she had learned to read and write. These accomplishments were shared with her by no woman, and by but two men in her present location, to wit, the priest (though *his* command of a pen was more a question of faith than sight) and another individual, of whom more anon.

As a matter of course, such exceptional acquirements helped to give her distinction, but Madame's real vantage ground was of a more occult nature. Her claim to the supremacy she had assumed over her neighbours could not, it has been said, very easily be defined. One way, however, by which she managed to retain it, was palpable enough, i.e., she always did everything better than anyone else. In illustration of this fact, her supper this evening—(the meal, in modern parlance, would be described as a high tea)—was a triumph of culinary skill such as no other woman in the village would have dreamt of approaching.

"My dear, will you that I take the children upon my knee? There remains no place for them at table," appealed her husband, when all the guests were at length seated.

"No, my Paul." Madame's replies always came without hesitation. "I do not intend that the children sit at table. They will have their stools in the corner yonder, and Julie shall attend their wants. Take now your own place."

She patted, as she spoke, a rough pine-wood chair by her side, and Paul sank upon it without a word.

A huge, broad-chested fellow, thirty-five years of age, and over six feet in height, Paul Vandeleur possessed neither the sallow skin nor the dark hair common to French Canadians. On the contrary, his complexion was fair and ruddy, his hair light, and his eyes blue. Towering like a giant beside his frail little wife, he looked as though it would be easy for him to crush out her life with his iron fists. Nevertheless, as Marie knew, she could make him tremble by a glance of her eye. Like a tame bear she led him about—holding him with an iron chain—garlanded and hidden, however, for the most part, beneath flowers of affection.

But to compare Paul to a bear, even a tame one, seems in truth a little absurd. Certainly there was nothing bearish in his nature. A more gentle, simple soul never existed. Affectionate in disposition, obtuse of mind, and somewhat inert in his habits, he had nothing great about him but his person.

Such as he was, Paul, with the Curé and a lame old man, represented—if we except two specimens of the sex (the children above referred to) too small to count—the entire masculine element at this entertainment.

A sprinkling of youths, it is true, remained in the village, who had not been invited to madame's fête; but, for the able-bodied men, they were all absent.

Half of them—the greater half—had left the settlement several weeks ago for trading purposes, travelling down to Quebec and Montreal by river, and living during the journey in tents or huts built upon their rafts. The other half, who were expected to return by dusk, had gone this afternoon into the woods on a shooting expedition of sufficient importance to warrant a neglect even of Madame Vandeleur's birthday party. For only that morning it had been discovered that a herd of Caribou, or reindeer, were haunting a natural opening or glade in the forest some five miles distant, and as there was a magnificent buck amongst them, the opportunity for a shot was too valuable to be sacrificed to any social consideration.

This madame herself had readily admitted, although, to his great chagrin, she had kept her husband at home in his capacity as host.

The absence of their male relatives did not, however, appear to exercise any very depressing influence upon the spirits of the women.

The clatter of tongues almost drowned that of knives and plates,

and the long low room, with its beam-crossed ceiling, reverberated to the cheerful uproar. But by-and-by, conversation began to flag, together with the capacity for further absorption, and the quietude of a comfortable repletion settled upon the guests. Then a few of them, marshalled by Paul and the Curé, went out to inspect, at the rear of the house, an addition to their host's live stock in the shape of two newly-born calves.

The rest of the women, having pushed back their benches from the table, produced simultaneously from the capacious pockets which adorned each of their striped home-spun gowns, a corresponding number of blue worsted stockings, in various stages of progress, and began to knit.

Marie, before taking up her own work (which, in accordance with her wonted affectation of singularity, would certainly not be knitting), was directing her husband's niece, Julie Nicaud, how to clear away the remains of the feast, when a small voice at her elbow said :

"Give me yet another piece of cake, my mother, for the little Claude."

Madame Vandeleur caught her petitioner in her arms, gave him a warm kiss, and set him again upon the ground before replying—

"Thou shalt have another piece for thyself, my Louis, because it is thy birthday. But Claude has eaten enough."

"Mais, non !" faltered the child, looking with trouble instead of pleasure at the gift in his hand. "He loves sweet cake so dearly ! At least permit that I divide it with him ?"

"Well, well, take thy own way, little fool," assented his mother. "The child would give his head for the other to play with, I truly believe," she continued, addressing the group of women nearest her.

"Ah, mon Dieu, he is a little seraph ! He is a child among a thousand !" protested one ready flatterer.

"Adorable !" ejaculated a second. "And how like his father he grows—more like every day—though, if one may judge, he will never be so tall."

"I don't wish him to be so tall," returned madame—quite as though she had the ordering of that event in her own hands.

"It is singular, madame," observed another woman, "but the little Claude he resembles you more than your own boy. Perhaps it is that he has the eyes so dark and the figure so petit."

"I do not see that he resembles me at all," rejoined Marie, rather tartly ; "naturally he is smaller than Louis, since he is nearly two years younger."

"True, true," acquiesced the other—afraid that her remark had not been altogether agreeable. "But, regardez donc, how he caresses the little one! With such tenderress, what a blessing he will be to madame through life!" A gracious inclination of the head was the only acknowledgment Madame Vandeleur vouchsafed to this prediction; and, for several minutes, she and her interlocutors regarded in silence the two children, who were seated together on a bearskin mat at some distance, wholly absorbed in each other and in the suitable division of their cake.

Five years of age to-day, little Louis was the first-born, and now only child, of Paul and Marie Vandeleur. Three other children had followed him: only, however, after some weeks, or months respectively, of puling existence, to be carried in succession to the churchyard.

Fair-haired and blue-eyed, like his father, this remaining olive-branch appeared, however, to be in the sturdiest health, and likely enough to live.

As for the other boy (alluded to as Claude), he was in no way related to the pair. Nevertheless he had now lived in their house for nine months, and had learned, in imitation of his devotedly attached playmate, to call Marie "mother."

About this child—a dark-eyed little urchin of three, all life and mischief—or, more correctly speaking, about this child's father, all the curiosity of the village centred. Hubert Henry Stephens was in many respects a greater, and, at all events, a much *newer* mystery to its inhabitants than Madame Vandeleur herself. She, madame, at least spoke their own language, and belonged to their own race. Her parents, as they knew from Paul, were—notwithstanding her inexplicable superiority—merely simple peasants like themselves. But this stranger who had come amongst them, although a subject of the same realm, was practically a foreigner.

To be sure, he spoke sufficient French to make himself understood, but it was with a strong English accent, and he made no secret of his nationality. Of other things, however, he made secrets enough. For, when they had said that he was an Englishman, and when the men had opined (from a dim perception of difference between him and other Englishmen with whom they had come into contact on their summer journeys) that, despite his poverty, he belonged to the *haute noblesse*—they had got to the end of nearly all that could be said of him. The few additional facts whereof their senses and observation informed them were, that he was young, good-looking, and passionately fond of his child. But where he came from, who were his relatives, whether or not the

child had a mother, and why he had taken up his abode in this out-of-the-way corner of the globe, no one knew, or could find out. It was in the early fall of the year, just nine months ago, that Hubert Stephens had first made his appearance in the district. He had joined the "lumberers" at a little station part way up the river, in a footsore condition, carrying his child and a bundle. Producing money, he had offered to pay for a seat in one of their boats, and after learning from the men all about their settlement, had expressed his intention of going with them there, and becoming a backwoodsman himself. Thus he had arrived, but instead of erecting a dwelling for himself, he had become a lodger with the Vandeleurs—building an additional room to their house, and paying madame (in money, so long as a slender stock of that commodity lasted, and afterwards in labour) for her care of his child. But whilst he had felled, ploughed, and hunted with the rest of the men, living, uncomplaining, the primitive life of the colony, Mr. Stephens had proved singularly reticent as to his antecedents. He had simply told his companions nothing about himself or his past life, even when the long winter evenings and the warm fire-side had invited to communicativeness. With unfailing good-humour, he had parried all questions and baffled all curiosity. In the aggregate the settlement could not boast a very large amount of the latter quality, but fully one half of what it did possess, appertained to Madame Vandeleur. Yet Madame was no wiser than other people concerning her lodger, though she had used persistent efforts to make herself so. Always sweet-tempered and obliging, but, at times, very sad, the young Englishman's chief delight seemed to be to sit with his boy on his knee, softly talking with the little fellow in his own tongue. What few words, however, madame had been able to make out of their conversation (they were only a *very* few words), had taught her nothing. And in fact, that] this alien, this interloper, had been able to resist *her* attempts to discover something of his history and motive in lingering here, was the source of a great, though secret, annoyance to Madame Vandeleur. Others might submit to be baffled, but it was a thing to which she was not accustomed.

But to have acknowledged herself in any way discomfited, would not have suited Marie's policy. When, therefore, her neighbours aired, in her presence, their placid wonderment concerning "Monsieur Steefen," as they called him, the little woman professed to see nothing much to wonder at. "Why was he living here?" "Well, she supposed he must live somewhere." "Wherefore had

he left his own country? How had he come to be poor, and in need to work with his hands—he who had the air so distinguished?" "Ah! fortune was uncertain. Life had many ups and downs. What signified it to put such questions? Let the poor man keep his own secrets."

With such words, and a gesture expressive of indifference, madame was accustomed to reprove her neighbours' curiosity and to conceal the disappointment of her own. On this evening of her birthday, she checked, even more determinately than usual, an inclination which manifested itself on the part of her guests to make the little Claude and his absent parent (Stephens had gone with the Caribou hunters to the woods) the subject of discussion and random surmise. As, however, she took the trouble to introduce other topics and to keep them going, there was no lack of talk to the click of the women's needles.

Then presently, as the twilight began to fall, talk was superseded by music. Gathered outside the open door, a number of the younger women, led by Paul and the Curé—whose voice, even in his sixtieth year, was wonderfully powerful—proceeded to give madame her usual birthday serenade. The voices, to which that little distance certainly lent sweetness, if not enchantment, rose first in the National Air of the Canadian-French—"La Claire Fontaine." After that followed a weird camp-melody, with a long-drawn sighing refrain, and then, with a brief pause between, the Canadian boat-song, made familiar by its English translation—"Row, brothers, row."

By the time this stage of the vocal concert was reached the two children had fallen asleep in each other's arms, curled up on their bearskin mat in the corner, and the features of the women—still softly clicking their needles—were fast growing indistinguishable.

Madame Vandeleur was just considering whether or not she would wait for the conclusion of the verses before procuring a light, when one of the singers, putting in her head, announced—

"Ah! madame, they come at last, the men! We see them but a little way off. And they must have shot, at least, one deer, for they carry something heavy. Also, they are coming straight here. Perhaps it is that they mean to make madame a present of what they have caught—seeing that it is her fête."

"Chut, chut, Babette—that is nonsense!" answered her hostess. "But, at all events, we will have a light, that we may see each other's faces."

CHAPTER III.

"YOU SEE I AM DYING."

MOUNTING without delay upon a wooden stool, Madame Vandeleur soon succeeded in kindling an oil lamp, of very primitive description, which hung suspended from the ceiling. She had not, however, descended from her perch, before a sudden cessation of the singing, followed by a chorus of excited and troubled exclamations, advertised her that something was amiss.

In a moment her active mind had leaped to a correct conclusion. "Alas!" she interjected, "some one has been hurt! That is no game, I fear, that the men carry!"

Scarcely had these words left her lips before the room was in wild commotion.

Springing to their feet, the women crowded towards the door, elbowing each other as they went, and calling out in varying accents of alarm, the names of their respective husbands, brothers, or lovers.

Then Madame Vandeleur rose to the occasion.

"My friends," she cried in a firm voice, "come back this instant! Let there be no disturbance. Resume your seats for a moment, if you please; and suffer me to learn quietly for you if anything is wrong. There, that is well!" she continued, as the women obeyed to the extent of moving back and allowing her to get in front of them.

"Paul, art thou there? Tell me quickly what has happened."

"My Marie," answered her husband, stepping forward from the agitated little circle which had formed around the new-comers and their burden. "It is the Englishman. He has met, God pity him, a shocking accident."

"You hear, my friends, it is none of our people. Now you can afford to be calm," put in Marie. "How came the accident, Paul?"

"He has been attacked by a bear, they say. I know not yet all the circumstances—only he is frightfully injured."

"But not dead?"

"No, not dead yet," rejoined Paul. "But . . ." He paused significantly, and stood aside to allow passage to four men who were now moving forward again, carrying between them a litter roughly constructed of interwoven boughs. Stretched upon that litter, with the hues of death already on his face, lay the poor young Englishman, who, though he had dwelt among them so long, was to those around him but as an unknown stranger.

Casualties of various kinds were not uncommon in the settler's

hard life, and naturally the women felt relieved to find their kinsmen safe from such ills as their imaginations had been conjuring up. This relief, however, did not prevent a gush of hearty sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer. Pressing around the litter, with gesticulations and ejaculations of dismay, every one sought to gain a glimpse of that drawn, death-like face. Through this crowding and pressing, it happened, somehow, that a garment which had been thrown over the injured man was dragged away. The sight thus disclosed curdled the blood of the spectators with horror.

His clothes in ribbons, poor Stephens' left side appeared one mass of gaping wounds. His arm, torn from the socket, and well-nigh severed from his body, was laid across his breast. Some attempt had been made to staunch the flow of blood, but the vital fluid escaped with every instant, and fell in a trickling stream to the ground.

That he could live thus lacerated seemed impossible, and shocked cries broke from every lip. Roused by those cries from a swoon of exhaustion into which he sunk, Hubert Stephens suddenly opened his eyes and attempted to raise himself on the litter.

"At last! We are here at last!" he gasped, looking round. "But what are all these people doing? Madame Vandeleur—I want Madame Vandeleur!" he added, with impatient anxiety.

"Here I am, mon pauvre ami, here I am!" responded the little woman, stepping to his side. An expression of relief crossed the Englishman's face.

"Madame," he broke forth, hurriedly, "I am, you see, dying. But I have something to say to you first. I cannot, I *must* not die without speaking. Let them carry me to my room; and come you and Paul with me—you two alone—quickly!"

"And our good father, also?" suggested Paul, designating the Curé. "You would like that *he* came also?"

"No, no! Let him pray for me, if he will," answered Stephens; "but, as you know, I belong not to your Communion. Waste no time! waste no further time! Carry me away from all these eyes."

"No! waste no further time!" echoed Madame Vandeleur, imperatively. "Bring him here, and lay him upon his bed, whilst I procure some brandy. Now, my neighbours," she continued, closing the door of her lodger's chamber after those who had passed in, "you must disperse—you must disperse immediately—for the house must be quiet. Outside, the men will relate to you how this dreadful thing has happened, and then you can return every one to her own home. Only Annette Jalbert will please stay, because I may want

help. And M. le Curé" (she glanced towards that worthy man, who was already on his knees in a corner of the room, reciting the prayers of his church for the dying); "M. le Curé will remain if he chooses. Now go, go all of you!" she concluded, with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Yes, yes, without doubt, if you desire it," rejoined one of the party, speaking for the rest. "You have reason. It will be better that the house be left quiet. Bon soir, madame, and God help the poor M. Steefen!"

"Amen! amen!" came the pious responses, as wooden sabots clattered, as softly as their owners could make them, across the wooden floor.

Arrived at a short distance from the house, the departing guests paused, and again grouping themselves in a circle, proceeded to question their male companions concerning the tragedy that had occurred.

Their report, condensed into a few words, was this :

On reaching, with their dogs and guns, the opening in the forest for which they were bound, the hunters had seen traces enough of the game whereof they were in search. It was a full hour, however, before their eager watching was rewarded by the first sight of a Caribou. Then, bursting cover close in front of them, appeared a noble stag, at least seven feet high, followed by three or four companions. Dogs and men at once gave chase, and the stag, slightly wounded, and infuriated by the pain, presently turned to bay. All the hunters, save three, stopped to encounter this proud antagonist. Of those three, two pursued a flying deer in one direction, whilst a third—the Englishman—followed, quite alone, after the rest of the flock in another. Pierced by many bullets, the "lord of the herd" at length fell, but the moment was a dangerous one, and neither men nor dogs durst yet approach too near those magnificent antlers or sinewy limbs. Watching at a safe distance, they were waiting until the large dark eyes grew dim and glazed and the panting frame stiffened in death, when the sound of a human voice, in an anguished cry for "help! help!" broke upon their startled ears.

Leaving their fallen foe to die unregarded, the hunters rushed forthwith towards the spot whence that cry seemed to proceed. Repeated cries guided them ; and crashing through the undergrowth that lay between, they found themselves shortly in a little grassy opening which ran off, like an arm, from the winding forest glade. There, partially intrenched behind a tree, which rose a solitary giant in the midst of the tiny amphitheatre, appeared a man engaged in mortal combat with a huge grizzly bear. The bear, reared against

the opposite side of the trunk, had pinned the man to it by the clasp of his heavy paw, whilst grasping the stock of his gun, from which all the shot had been discharged, the unfortunate Stephens, for he it was, was frantically endeavouring to beat off the hideous brute with the butt-end of the weapon. Evidently, however, his strength was becoming exhausted, and just as his rescuers appeared upon the scene, the bear succeeded in dragging his prey round the tree. Then ensued a horrible struggle. Poor Stephens' ribs were heard to crash, as the grizzly threw his ponderous weight upon him, and man and beast rolled together upon the ground. To aim at the one without endangering the other was impossible, and for several seconds the men hesitated to shoot. Seeing, however, that this was their only chance, for the bear paid no heed to the frantic shouts with which they sought to disturb him, they at length fired. Greatly to their joy, they perceived that the shots had taken effect. The bear turned over mortally wounded. But alas, even in his death-struggle, he did not release his hold of the man, but, burying his fangs in his shoulder, tore savagely with his claws at the poor dislocated arm. When, eventually, the distressed hunters were able to liberate him from that ferocious embrace, they saw at once that the injuries he had received were of so serious a nature that they must of necessity prove fatal. This Stephens also felt. After murmuring something in his own tongue, he implored his companions to carry him home without delay. There were things, he declared, which he must say to Madame Vandeleur before his death, arrangements and directions which he must leave with her concerning his child. And so importunate had he proved on this score, that the kind-hearted men, leaving the valuable prize they had slain to the wolves, had hastened to construct the litter already referred to, and relieving each other by turns, had made what speed they could back through the woods.

But five miles of forest travelling, with a heavy burden, is not easily accomplished, and before the settlement was gained poor Stephens had ceased to urge them forward with each step, and, happily for them as well as himself, had sunk into temporary unconsciousness. Such, briefly repeated, was the story to which the women listened. But as they heard it (with much unnecessary detail and recapitulation on the men's part, and endless interruption for sympathetic comment and inquiry on their own) the story was not brief.

Long ere it was ended the twilight had deepened into the early summer night. A glorious moon, however, had risen, and although the air began to feel chilly, the peasants did not yet attempt to

disperse. They stood there, with their dark eyes, olive complexions, and quaint dress, making a picturesque group in the moonlight.

All around them nature had grown silent, save for such sounds as made that silence felt—the faint rippling of the lake against its banks and the sighing of a vagrant wind amidst the tops of the pine-trees. In the mystic effulgence which now bathed it, the wood-girt solitude, with its dotting habitations and still corn-fields, seemed, too, to have acquired a new beauty, a strange solemnity.

The spirit of the scene and the hour settled gradually upon the minds and senses of the unsophisticated and emotional people, who felt, although they could not analyse it. Voices softened, and then sank to a whisper, till, by-and-by, the whole group stood gazing in almost total silence towards the light from the oil lamp, which still shone behind Madame Vandeleur's uncurtained window. And even whilst they gazed, the angel of death was already descending on dark, invisible wings into that still, tranquil-looking abode.

CHAPTER IV.

"MILLIONS OF DOLLARS."

MEANWHILE, having dismissed her guests and sought for a treasured flask of brandy, kept only as medicine, Madame Vandeleur passed into her lodger's chamber. To her surprise, she found the dying man sitting up in bed, propped against her husband's sturdy shoulder, and endeavouring, with his uninjured right hand, to transcribe some lines upon a sheet of paper which Paul held in front of him. The effort, however, was evidently costing him excruciating agony. Huge drops of perspiration, bursting from his brow, kept rolling down his pallid face, whilst every now and then the compressed lips were opened to emit an involuntary groan.

"Don't speak ! don't speak !" he implored, in answer to Marie's earnest remonstrance. "I have nearly done. Let me finish !" But, even as he uttered this prayer, the letters he was forming ran into one another, and the pencil slipped from his nerveless grasp.

Mistaking the fainting fit for death, Paul, whose mild blue eyes were blinded by sympathetic tears, began to give vent to loud expressions of grief. But silencing him with a word, Madame Vandeleur stooped to administer the brandy, and in a few minutes the patient revived.

His first action was to take the pencil again in hand, and,

after begging Paul to fold the paper, to write on the back of it an address.

"Can you read that?" he asked Madame Vandeleur. "Is it plain?"

For answer she took the note and repeated the direction aloud. It was that of a "Miss Estcourt," with the name of a house and a street which madame knew to be in the most fashionable quarter of Quebec.

"Right, quite right!" sighed the poor young Englishman—suffering himself to be laid back upon his pillows. "Now, I want you to promise me, Paul, that you will take that letter yourself to Miss Estcourt, and deliver it into her own hands. Promise it on your solemn word of honour! Oh, madame, I entreat you, as a dying man, allow him to promise it!"

"Monsieur," protested the tender-hearted giant, without awaiting his wife's permission, "I promise—I will take the letter."

"Yes, he shall take it," assented Marie. "But" (she hesitated a moment, then curiosity got the better of more creditable sentiments) "who is Miss Estcourt?"

"She is No, I will not break my word! You will learn from herself, perhaps. Tell her all about my death, Paul. She will pay the expense of your journey. And, madame, she will take charge of the child—of my boy. But keep him with you until you hear from her, until she sends you directions about him. And, dear madame, be good to him—for God's sake, be good to him!"

"My poor friend, rest satisfied on that score. The child shall be to me as my own," affirmed Marie, in cordial good faith.

A grateful smile lit up the dying man's face. It was a face strangely out of harmony with his surroundings, bearing on it, as it did, the marks of culture and refinement no less than of patrician lineage.

"Thank you! Thank you from the bottom of my heart!" he murmured, putting out his hand to clasp hers. "But I have more to say—the most important thing of all. In that chest" (he loosened his fingers to point to a rough wooden box of his own construction)—"at the bottom of that chest you will find a small leathern case. The key of the case is here." He raised his hand, and began to fumble about his breast, but desisted through weakness. "You can look for it afterwards," he subjoined pathetically. "That case and the key must be taken to Miss Estcourt along with my note. It is of the utmost importance—*Remember, the case is of the utmost importance.* It contains only papers; but, listen! . . .

(Madame Vandeleur bent her ear to catch the failing utterance which was every moment growing more feeble), "those papers are worth more than I can explain. They are worth to my boy millions of dollars—millions of dollars!"

An astonished ejaculation rose to Marie's lips; but checking the expression of it, she laid her hand on his arm.

"My poor friend," she repeated, "I comprehend well. All that you have said shall be done. Rest satisfied of it."

"I do. I will. Madame, I trust you! And now I can die. . . Only let me see him once more. . ."

"The good father? Yes, yes!" cried Paul, whose simple piety and faith in priestly efficacy bordered on superstition.

"Paul, sit still. Thou art a goose," commanded the more astute wife; and hastily quitting the room, she caught up the sleeping Claude and returned with him in her arms.

A faint movement of the head and another flickering smile thanked her. Marie held the child down to him, in order that the poor young father (Hubert Stephens was not yet twenty-seven) might embrace him.

But already the lips that pressed that soft baby cheek were cold and clammy, and the little fellow, moaning impatiently in his sleep, shrank back and turned to nestle against Marie's breast.

"Ah! pardon him," begged the latter soothingly. "The poor innocent, he knows not what he does. See, I will sit where you can see him!" And motioning Paul away, she placed herself close by his side, turning the boy's face to his dying father's gaze.

Poor Stephens regarded him with a lingering look of deep affection.

"My child, my child!" he faltered in English, but almost inaudibly. "No, he knows not! But it is better for him that I should die. Now they can forgive, and he will get his rights. . . . Poor Claudia, too, perhaps . . . perhaps when she knows. . . . Ah, my life has not been a success. . . . Let the wreck go down. . . I. . . I do not regret it. . . ."

An hour later, the last rites had been performed. The crushed and mangled body had been decently shrouded; the Curé and Annette Jalbert had joined the waiting peasants outside, and were relating to them how the end had come—how he who had been amongst them as a stranger, had left them as a stranger, with the secrets of his history, whatever they might be, unrevealed. Of this, which was certainly the truth, if not the entire truth, Madame Vandeleur had assured them. For the little woman had kept back, and

had bidden her husband keep back, whatever could be learned or guessed through that death-bed conference.

"And now, my Paul, go thou to rest," said Marie, directly they were left alone, "and I will place the children in their cot by thy side. As for me, I could not sleep; I shall remain here and watch."

Expostulation against this decision upon Paul's part ended (as any attempt to shake an expressed resolution of his wife's usually did) in failure. Quietly, but persistently, madame stuck to her point; and, obliged to give way, Paul retired, vowing, however, that he could not sleep himself so long as he knew her to be sitting up.

This protestation notwithstanding, the good fellow had scarcely laid his head upon his pillow before his deep and sonorous breathing attested to the fact of profound slumber. Through the half-closed door, that sound reached Madame Vandeleur, where she sat in the adjoining room, her arms folded upon the table before her—thinking. Strange thoughts they were that passed through the little woman's mind—kindling her dark eyes until they shone in the ill-lighted room like lambent stars, and blanching into more striking pallor her already pale face.

And by-and-by, those thoughts became something more than thoughts. Imperceptibly they formulated themselves into a temptation—a temptation at first weak and formless, but which grew with each moment more explicit and more fierce.

Ever since they had been breathed into her bent ear—*her* ear alone (for Paul, she had ascertained, had not caught them)—three words spoken by the dead man had been ringing incessant changes, like tormenting bells, in Marie Vandeleur's brain. "Millions of dollars! millions of dollars!"

Dollars! millions of dollars! What did the words mean? What did the thing they represented mean? Rather, what did it *not* mean for the happy possessor? How much would it mean for Marie herself were she the possessor?

It might mean—it *would* mean—in the first place, escape from this solitary spot, and from the rigorous inclemency of another Canadian winter. Yes, it would mean a warmer climate, a wider world, more congenial associates. It would mean novel and, at present, incalculable experiences. It would mean power—power of various kinds—dear to Marie's heart. Within herself, the little woman felt that she was born for eminence and distinction. With such a craving as she possessed for these things, it was out of nature that

they should be denied her. Yet what eminence—what distinction was to be had worth the having—without the “almighty dollar”?

Not, of course, that Madame Vandeleur used this expression in her reflections; since, to begin with, her reflections were clothed in the French language, and moreover, the expression was probably not invented at that date. But she knew and recognised the potency of gold just as well as though she had called it “almighty.” And seeing that she had had such slight opportunity of practically testing its value, the way in which she appraised wealth and its advantages proved, to say the least of it, an extraordinary sagacity and acuteness of apprehension on madame’s part.

“Millions of dollars”! The papers in the leathern case, he had declared, were worth that *to his boy*. To a child of three! To one who would have to wait years and years before he could begin to enjoy them. To an infant who might not even live to enjoy them at all. And in that event, in the event of Claude’s death, to whom would they belong, those millions of dollars? Probably to some one who did not require them. Possibly to some one who had no right to them—no more right than she, Marie Vandeleur, had herself. Why, then, should she not take charge of them in the mean time? Until the child had grown up, or until—. . . Yes, for a long time she had been the child’s guardian—his mother, as it were. Perhaps he would still be left in her care. At any rate, there would be no harm in constituting herself the custodian of his property. In fact, only a simpleton would be willing to part with so much treasure out of hand, without waiting to see whether some advantage was not to be gained from it, whether some share, smaller or greater, might not with safety be appropriated.

But would there be safety in the scheme? Did any one else know of the existence of those papers? Was any one else acquainted with their value? What were the chances for and against detection in case she should retain them?

As these and similar questions pressed themselves upon her excited brain, madame’s head grew hot and her temples throbbed. She put up her arm and loosened the heavy coils of her hair, which spread, when she had shaken them out, like a black mantle over her shoulders and down below her waist. Then, resting her elbows on the table, she covered her eyes with her hands (they were rather large hands for her size), and set herself, with resolute intensity, to face the situation. Removing her hands after an interval, long or short she knew not which, Madame Vandeleur found that the oil lamp had gone out, and that the room was lighted only by the moon. The rays, how-

ever, from that luminary now fell, as they had not done before, straight into the apartment, rendering every object in it visible, but clothing them with that unfamiliar aspect which we have all noticed as the effect of the pale, semi-weird radiancy.

For a second or two, madame gazed around with a faint expression of surprise, but that expression quickly vanished, and there remained a change in her face which was not attributable to the changed light—a set, determined look, which proved that, whether or not she had solved all her difficulties, Marie had, at all events, made up her mind how to act. That this was the case, was speedily put beyond a doubt. Slipping off a pair of moccasin shoes, Madame Vandeleur rose, and approaching the room where her husband slept, listened for a brief space at the door, and softly drew it after her. Stepping then, across the long, low-ceiled living-room, she unclosed the door of her lodger's chamber, which opened from the opposite end, and passed in. Owing to the position of the window, this chamber was in comparative darkness. Turning, after she had entered, Marie set the door of the living-room more widely open, and as she did so, a ray of moonlight fell full on the white face of the dead man.

Marie started, and a cold thrill passed over her as those still, up-turned features appeared for a moment to quiver into life. A few seconds, however, sufficed to reassure her. Madame Vandeleur was not the sort of person to be afraid of a dead man. Taking her courage in hand, she advanced with unhesitating tread into the room, and was presently stooping over the large wooden chest which poor Stephens had pointed to with tremulous finger, only so short a time before. Its contents were of a very miscellaneous character. There were garments belonging both to the dead man and to his boy; there were a number of skins, of moose, red squirrel, and other animals, which had been the young Englishman's property, and which he had meant to have sold. There were toys, too, of various sorts, some of them of very ingenious construction, which the devoted father had spent his leisure moments in carving. There was an old doll, amongst the rest, which the little Claude had carried in his arms when first he had come to the settlement, and which, although the child had long since grown tired of it, Stephens would never permit to be thrown away.

By no means without sensibility, Madame Vandeleur gave vent to a suppressed sob as she came across these touching mementoes of the deceased's affection for his boy, and her eyes filled with tears.

Not for a moment, however, did she dream of relinquishing her

purpose. Brushing away the tears, she went on with her task, and having found, at the very bottom of the box, the leathern case of which she was in search, she set it on the ground and carefully re-arranged everything in the chest before locking it.

Then, with her head turned away, so that she might not again catch sight of that rigid white face, she left the room, case in hand. Breathing more freely, now that she had quitted that unconscious presence, which, despite all her courage, had exercised upon her nerves a decidedly trying effect, Marie carried the case to the window and opened it with the key which she had put into her own pocket, after taking it from the dead Englishman's bosom.

As he had said, the case contained only papers. Marie turned them over with her hand, and her first sensation was one of blank disappointment. The papers were so few ; and amongst them there was no roll of bank notes ! Until she discovered their absence, she hardly knew how the half-expectation of finding some of those dollars in a tangible form had laid hold of her imagination. But Madame Vandeleur was an eminently reasonable little woman, and she had soon argued herself out of a disappointment which had arisen from what she now recognised as a highly absurd supposition. Still, it was with a slight sense of balked hope; and a perceptible cooling down of her inward excitement, that she set herself to examine these documents which the dead man had declared to be so precious.

The first that came to hand proved to be a marriage certificate. Although in English, Marie knew the form of it—" Ah ! *c'est ça*—just as I thought !" she exclaimed, under her breath.

" Mademoiselle Estcourt—*mademoiselle*, indeed ! "

" But what means this ? " Madame had been on the point of refolding the paper, when her eye, glancing over a second name engrossed thereupon, was suddenly arrested. The name was that of her late lodger in part—but only in part. " Hubert Henry Ste . . " so far it was correct, but the name when finished did not spell " Stephens." Was the moonlight deceiving her ? She smoothed out the paper, and gazed at it long and steadily ; but the result was the same. Finally she carried the case and this paper to the table, laid them down, and sought a candle. Madame Vandeleur liked to master facts as she met them. This fact, however, was not to be cleared up or altered through the agency of a tallow candle, or by any amount of deliberate scrutiny. " Ste " . . it began ; but there was no *p* in the name, whilst there was an *o*, and a *u*. No, decidedly the name did not spell " Stephens " !

Forgetting everything else in her temporary surprise, madame sat for some minutes with a puzzled frown upon her brow. Then, placing her finger on that part of the document which contained it, she delivered a *sotto-voce* verdict. "That was his name—the true name!" And accompanying this conclusion with an emphatic nod of the head, she folded the certificate, and took something else from the case.

This time it was not a written or printed record; it was a likeness—a photographic likeness—of a very beautiful girl.

"Mademoiselle Estcourt, *sans doute*," said Marie, laying again a sarcastic stress upon the first word. "But, my faith, how lovely she is! What exquisite features! The little Claude, however, he resembles her not at all." She studied the likeness a little longer, then threw it down impatiently, adding, "But, holy Virgin, what a mystery is the whole thing—and how I hate mysteries!"

Once more madame's hand dived into the leathern box, and came forth with what turned out to be the copy of a birth registry—that of the child Claude, who bore, also, his father's Christian name, Hubert, and who, it appeared, had been christened by the same surname as that on the marriage certificate—the name that began with Ste . . , but did not end as Stephens.

Here, of course, was corroboration, had she required it, of the judgment whereat she had already arrived. Madame did not feel that she had required it, nevertheless it was always a satisfaction to find her intelligent deductions ratified. She executed a little series of nods as she laid aside this paper, but, at the same time, her countenance fell. So far, although she had made discoveries—discoveries which might perchance prove very important ones—she had come across nothing relative to property. And there remained in the case now only one other paper. Marie had left it to the last because it was the largest and most bulky. With eager fingers she drew it forth. But alas! she could make nothing of it. Of the other documents she had been able to comprehend the purport, but of this no part proved intelligible. It was a MS., closely written, and neatly stitched together. The penmanship was that of poor Stephens (so much she did know), but the language in which the manuscript was written was English, and she could not read two words of it in sequence. What were they all about, these close pages—these tiresome, undecipherable signs? Did they contain some occult secret respecting the acquisition of wealth—some directions for the discovery of hidden treasure? Marie smiled at the fatuous notion. Still, she felt convinced that it was upon this writing that the

possession of those "millions of dollars"—or of that which poor Stephens had spoken of as "worth" them—depended.

What would she not have given to be able to read the writing ! It was no use wishing, however—wishing would not help the matter. But Marie could help herself. She could *learn* to read that writing. She *would* learn to read it. And, in the mean time, until she had mastered its secrets, no other eye than her own should ever, if she could help it, catch sight of that manuscript.

Thus resolving, Madame Vandeleur replaced the papers in the case, took up it and her candle, and with her long black hair streaming down her back, passed out of the room by a third door which led down a narrow passage and out at the back of the house. It was some considerable time before she returned ; but when she did so, it was empty-handed.

And now a quite exceptional experience overtook Madame Vandeleur. She began to feel, not exactly frightened, but decidedly nervous and uncomfortable. Now that her deed was done, she realised that it was an ugly deed. She had (yes, she would be candid enough to confess the plain truth to herself), she had robbed the dead ! And she meant to injure the living. At least, she was afraid she meant that, if it could be done with impunity. To put her action in the very mildest form, she had broken a sacred trust. Marie could sit still no longer in this lonely room, with that door, behind which lay the dead man, staring her in the face. She felt cold and a little sick. She pined, somehow, for warm life and human companionship. She would not waken Paul, but she would creep into bed beside him.

This done, Marie slipped her hand under her husband's arm, and nestled close to his side. What a good fellow he was ! She had never felt before *how* good he was—perhaps because she had never been conscious till now of so great a contrast between them in that respect. In her heart of hearts, Marie had always known that she was unscrupulous ; but, hitherto, her virtue had been assailed by no very powerful temptation, and, consequently, there had been nothing in her past life to check the comfortable sense of superiority which she had constantly enjoyed. How was it now ? Actually, Marie felt herself regarding this big husband of hers—who was all heart and body, with so very small a leaven of mind—with a sort of reverence ! Also she felt a phenomenal need of his protection. What had she to be protected against ? The consequences of her deed ? Perhaps so. She could not tell what those consequences might be. The thing had been begun—but who could foresee the end ?

It was characteristic of Madame Vandeleur, that whilst she could, of course, with the most perfect ease, have undone what she had done, and so relieved herself of this unwonted mental disturbance, the course was one which she never for an instant contemplated. In her own view, the opinions and actions of this strange little woman appeared to partake of the nature of the laws of the ancient Medes and Persians. Once formed or entered upon, she regarded them as irreversible.

(To be continued.)

MORE VIEWS OF JANE AUSTEN.

AN author who shall kindle into enthusiasm critics so diverse in character as Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Archbishop Whately, and Lord Macaulay, must—in a literary sense—be in possession of the philosopher's stone. Such an author was the gifted woman whose name appears at the head of this article. Like Shakespeare, she took, as it were, the common dross of humanity, and by her wonderful power of literary alchemy, turned it into pure gold. Yet she was apparently unconscious of her strength, and in the long roll of writers who have adorned our noble literature there is probably not one so devoid of pedantry or affectation, so delightfully self-repressive, or so free from egotism, as Jane Austen. Her life passed calmly and smoothly, resembling some translucent stream which meanders through our English meadows, and is never lashed into anger by treacherous rocks or violent currents. The lover of books, who turns from the rush and strife of existence in quest of intellectual solace and recreation, will discover in this writer a perennial spring of enjoyment and satisfaction.

Miss Austen was the daughter of the Rev. George Austen, Rector of Steventon, in Hampshire; but the family was of Kentish origin, and had been established for upwards of a century and a half before the future novelist's birth in the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks. Like many of the ancient families in the Weald of Kent—some of whose descendants have become large landed proprietors, while others have been ennobled—the Austens were clothiers. To these clothiers was given the generic designation of the Gray Coats of Kent. Miss Austen's father having become an orphan at the age of nine, he was adopted by a wealthy uncle, and received a liberal education, proceeding from Tunbridge School to Oxford. He obtained a fellowship at St. John's College. In 1764 we find him settled in Hampshire, in possession of the joint rectories of Deane and Steventon, and united in marriage to Cassandra, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Leigh, of the well-known Warwickshire family of that name. Miss Austen's faculty of humour probably came from her immediate ancestors on the maternal side. One of the Leighs, who held the Mastership

of Balliol for upwards of half a century, was especially distinguished for his wit. Two of his *jeux de mots*, which were worthy of Sydney Smith in his best days, we must reproduce. A dispute having arisen among the Privy Councillors, it was reported that the Lord Chancellor struck the table with such violence that he split it. "No, no," interposed Dr. Leigh, "I can hardly persuade myself that he *split the table*, though I certainly believe he *divided the Board*!" The other incident occurred only a few days before the Master's death. Having been informed that an old acquaintance had recently married and just recovered from a long illness, the result of eating eggs, and being further told that the wits said he had been *egged* on to matrimony, the Doctor capped the joke by the double pun, "Then may the *joke* sit easy on him!" From which we perceive that there is no necessary divorce between humour and divinity.

A very entertaining Memoir of Jane Austen was given to the world some years ago by her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen Leigh. It is stated in this biography that to Mr. George Austen and his wife was committed the charge of the infant son of the celebrated Warren Hastings. The child, however, did not live long, but at his death Mrs. Austen mourned for him as though he had been her own son. Mr. Austen Leigh furnishes us with a glimpse of rural life in the South of England a century ago. It seems scarcely possible that so short a space of time should have made such a difference, both as regards the enlightenment of the inner and the softening of the rugged and outer aspects of life in the rural districts. We read that, so lately as towards the close of the last century, "a neighbouring squire, a man of many acres," referred the following difficulty to Mr. Austen's decision. "You know all about these sort of things. Do tell us. Is Paris in France, or France in Paris? for my wife has been disputing with me about it." If such was the condition of the tolerably well-to-do, we may form some idea of the ignorance and degradation of the labouring classes. Many of these were totally unacquainted with the names of the most conspicuous figures in history; they knew nothing of God or the Bible; a few had heard of "Billy Pitt"; a rather larger number of "Boney"; but all knew of the existence of the Devil, though serious doubts have recently been thrown upon his personality. Altogether, the life of a country parson in the very secluded districts, where the best man of his acquaintance was only the average squire, could not have been of the most desirable and elevating character. Both Mr. and Mrs. Austen, however, were possessed of no ordinary mental parts, though it was from the latter (who lived to the great age of eighty-eight, dying only in 1827) that Jane Austen derived the genius which

was destined to gain her high literary distinction. Yet the other members of the family were also far above the average in ability. The eldest son, James, had more than a passable career at Oxford, where he manifested considerable literary talent ; while the two youngest, Francis and Charles, after a successful career in the navy, rose to the rank of admiral. The former lived until the year 1865, dying in his ninety-third year, G.C.B. and Senior Admiral of the Fleet. Charles Austen commanded the "Bellerophon" at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre in 1840. He was an especial favourite with all with whom he came into contact, and his death was a great grief to the whole fleet. Strong men wept when they heard of it. In disposition he is said to have greatly resembled his sister Jane. Her knowledge of seafaring matters and men is thus readily traced to its source, and some of the happiest passages in her novels are those in which she delineates and individualises naval character. Happily Jane Austen was not left to the ordinary rural society we have already depicted. There was the refinement of her own home, and to her mother and elder sister Cassandra—women of intellectual power and high and pure tone—Miss Austen was deeply attached. But, besides these home sources of culture and improvement as well as enjoyment, she found in the neighbourhood, as her biographer observes, "persons of good taste and cultivated minds. Her acquaintance, in fact, constituted the very class from which she took her imaginary characters, ranging from the member of Parliament or large landed proprietor to the young curate or younger midshipman of equally good family ; and I think that the influence of these early associations may be traced in her writings, especially in two particulars. First, that she is entirely free from the vulgarity which is so offensive in some novels, of dwelling on the outward appendages of wealth or rank as if they were things to which the writer was unaccustomed ; and, secondly, that she deals as little with very low as with very high stations in life." There is great justice in these observations. Miss Austen did not strive for success through the questionable and meretricious means adopted by many writers ; she had no unhealthy sensationalism on the one hand or essential vulgarity on the other. The greatest tribute to the innate strength of her literary powers is that, taking character as she found it, and without forcing or straining her means in the slightest degree, she achieved so much and preserved through all a consummate ease and naturalness.

It does, in truth, seem almost marvellous that one who for twenty-five years led so retired an existence should have developed in her books such a deep knowledge of human life. But the ways of genius are mysterious and profound. It assimilates knowledge under

apparently insuperable difficulties, and while the ordinary mind is dead and inert it is silently working with sleepless energy. Who can account for the universality of that greatest of all minds—the mind of Shakespeare—or trace the accumulation of its wealth? As in the blind the senses of hearing and of touch are apparently developed to a preternatural degree, so there seems to be given to men of genius a second range of powers whose action is beyond our comprehension, as their results are beyond our achievement. The quiet hedgerows, the rustic shrubberies and gardens, the little rural church, and the lanes and meadows of Steventon—such were the early teachers of Jane Austen. But she possessed that without which neither poet, artist, nor novelist has yet been able to communicate to others knowledge which was worth the having—viz., a keenly observant eye, which embraced everything within its vision. To minds so endowed there is neither small nor great, the mighty does not overshadow the minute, nor is there anything so small or mean in nature as to be viewed with contempt or dismissed with contumely. Genius is ever learning, and not infrequently the humblest sources furnish its loftiest inspirations.

At a very early age the *cacoëthes scribendi* came upon Jane Austen ; but, unlike so many subsequent writers, she modestly concealed her efforts. Her compositions were only intended to amuse the family circle, and within this range they were strictly confined. Mr. Austen Leigh reprints a scene from an unfinished comedy, “The Mystery,” which his relative wrote for the transitory amusement of the family party. It exhibits liveliness and vivacity, but nothing to show that its writer was possessed of original power. Yet this habit of early composition was not a useless one, and it was shortly to bear its legitimate fruit. As we give no thought to the scaffolding when some noble building is being reared, so we dismiss the preliminary processes by which an author first exercises and develops his faculties. Still, some of Miss Austen’s most successful writing “was composed at such an early age as to make it surprising that so young a woman could have acquired the insight into character, and the nice observation of manners, which her novels display.” It is stated that “Pride and Prejudice,” considered by many persons the most brilliant of her novels, was begun in 1796, before she was twenty-one years of age, and completed in about ten months. Genius generally accomplishes its work early and rapidly, while talent develops its results slowly and laboriously. Sir Walter Scott wrote one of his finest novels in three months. It is one of the characteristics of genius to manifest itself under the most dis-

advantageous circumstances, and it is distinguished by an eternal irrepressibility. Certainly, it is not a little remarkable that Jane Austen should have produced one of her most finished works in her twenty-first year. But the groundwork of "Sense and Sensibility" was composed even earlier than this, while "Northanger Abbey" was first written in 1798. In less than the brief space of three years, therefore, and while the author was between her twentieth and her twenty-third year, this trinity of novels, all exhibiting first-class power, was conceived and executed.

The well-known antiquary, Sir Egerton Brydges, has left a sketch of Jane Austen, whom he knew as a little child. "I never suspected," he says, "that she was an authoress; but my eyes told me that she was fair and handsome, slight and elegant, but with cheeks a little too full." In character, she appears to have been all that might be predicated from a close acquaintance with her works. On this point her biographer observes: "Many may care to know whether the moral rectitude, the correct taste, and the warm affections with which she invested her ideal characters were really existing in the native source whence those ideas flowed, and were actually exhibited by her in the various relations of life. I can indeed bear witness that there was scarcely a charm in her most delightful characters that was not a true reflection of her own sweet temper and loving heart. I was young when we lost her; but the impressions made on the young are deep, and though in the course of fifty years I have forgotten much, I have not forgotten that Aunt Jane was the delight of all her nephews and nieces. We did not think of her as being clever, still less as being famous; but we valued her as one always kind, sympathising, and amusing." Readers who delight in tracing the course of love—and how many human hearts are there utterly insensible to the sentiment!—will find considerable space devoted to it in Miss Austen's works. It is but natural, perhaps, that this fact should have led to the query in what degree these numerous passages concerning tender attachments were due to the imagination, or whether they were not the actual reflection of experience. Indeed, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* half a century ago, referring to the passion of Fanny Price for Edmund Bertram, and the silence with which it was cherished, remarked how that "the slender hopes and enjoyments by which it is fed, the restlessness and jealousy with which it fills a mind naturally active, contented, and unsuspecting, the manner in which it tinges every event and every reflection, are painted with a vividness and a detail of which we can scarcely conceive any one but a female, and, we should almost add, a female

writing from recollection, capable." For this conjecture, Mr. Austen Leigh does not believe that any substantial basis exists ; but he adds an autobiographic incident in connection with Jane Austen, which certainly shows that the assumption of the reviewer was by no means an impossible or an unreasonable one. Touching this passage of romance in the novelist's history, "Many years after her death, some circumstances induced her sister Cassandra to break through her habitual reticence and to speak of it. She said that, while staying at some seaside place, they became acquainted with a gentleman, whose charm of person, mind, and manners was such that Cassandra thought him worthy to possess and likely to win her sister's love. When they parted, he expressed his intention of soon seeing them again ; and Cassandra felt no doubt as to his motives. But they never again met. Within a short time they heard of his sudden death. I believe that, if Jane ever loved, it was this unnamed gentleman ; but the acquaintance had been short, and I am unable to say whether her feelings were of such a nature as to affect her happiness." Length of acquaintance is no test of passion, and it is possible that during this brief friendship Jane Austen, who had declined at an earlier period a most eligible *parti*—eligible, that is, as regards individual character and social position—had fallen a victim to the darts of Cupid. Wordsworth says that "poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity ;" and we are aware that many authors have translated into the most vivid language—prose equally with verse—the overmastering emotions and sentiments which at some previous period in their career have held sway over them. We do not affirm that this is so with Miss Austen, but there are many passages in "Mansfield Park" which forbid the supposition from being dismissed as wholly improbable.

In the year 1801 the Austens removed to Bath, where "The Watsons," a story never concluded by the author, was written. Four years later, the Rev. George Austen died, and was buried at Walcot Church. Shortly after this event, Mrs. Austen and her daughters went to reside in Southampton. The residence in Bath had not been without its uses to the novelist, as many scenes in her works abundantly testify. She was, however, acquainted with the fashionable city of the West before it became the residence of her family. Their stay at Southampton was not of long duration, as in 1809, through the kindness of Mr. Knight, of Steventon, they were able to take up their abode at Chawton, in Hampshire. Chawton is described as the second as well as the last home of Jane Austen. The village stands about a mile from Alton, where the road to

Winchester branches off from that to Gosport. At this place Miss Austen resumed the habits of literary activity which had suffered a temporary check during her residence in Bath and Southampton. She now produced in rapid succession, and between the years 1811 and 1816, the three novels "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion." She delighted in working unsuspected by others, and wrote upon small sheets of paper which could readily be put away or covered over on the approach of intruders. It seems that the profits of the four novels which had been printed up to the time of her death did not amount to quite seven hundred pounds—a sum not equal to that which several living novelists now receive for each of their fictions. She did not affect the indifference which many authors profess to feel over the reception of their works. Writing to her sister with respect to "Pride and Prejudice," she observed: "Upon the whole, I am quite vain enough and well satisfied enough. The work is rather too light, and bright, and sparkling; it wants shade; it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had; if not, of solemn, specious nonsense, about something unconnected with the story; an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Bonaparte, or something that would form a contrast, and bring the reader with increased delight to the playfulness and epigrammatism of the style." Mr. Austen Leigh shows how different her life was from that of other authors who are thrown into literary society, and become "the observed of all observers." Miss Austen "lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equalled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions." Her retired lot is contrasted with that of Madame d'Arblay, who was introduced by Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds and other celebrities of the time. Crabbe, also, was received at Holland House, and on one occasion was Sir Walter Scott's guest at Edinburgh; and even Charlotte Brontë, who spent her life on the Yorkshire moors, was greatly sought after upon her visit to London. The fame of Jane Austen was very largely posthumous, and one anecdote is told illustrative of this. Not long ago, a gentleman visiting Winchester Cathedral desired to be shown the grave of the author of "Pride and Prejudice." The verger, in pointing it out, inquired, "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady; so many

people want to know where she was buried?" Nor need we be surprised at this, for is there not a rhyme upon a greater than Jane Austen, which says—

Seven Eastern cities claim great Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Miss Austen's novels were greatly admired by the Prince Regent, who, it seems, read them often, and kept a set in every one of his residences. Their author received an invitation to Carlton House, and her next novel was dedicated to the royal patron, whose literary taste in this instance was sound and true. The Prince's librarian, Mr. Clarke, writing to Miss Austen at the time of the approaching marriage of Prince Leopold to the Princess Charlotte, suggested that "an historical romance illustrative of the august House of Cobourg would just now be very interesting," and might very properly be dedicated to Prince Leopold. To this obliging recommendation, Miss Austen replied in terms which implied that she could not write to order. "I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable to me to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter." Mr. Clarke's was a well-meaning though ludicrous attempt to transfer a round peg into one of the square holes of literature. Miss Austen composed in the natural and only rational manner described by Charlotte Brontë in a letter to a critic who had suggested that she should follow the elder novelist's style. "When authors write best," said the author of "*Jane Eyre*," "or, at least, when they write most fluently, an influence seems to waken in them which becomes their master—which will have its way—putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words, and insisting on their being used, whether vehement or measured in their nature, new moulding characters, giving unthought-of turns to incidents, rejecting carefully elaborated old ideas, and suddenly creating and adopting new ones. Is it not so? And should we try to counteract this influence? Can we, indeed, counteract it?" The answer is emphatically No. Genius is like the free wind of heaven; it bloweth where it listeth, and no man knows its processes, its going and its coming. How could its noblest results be accomplished if it were not thus perfectly unfettered?

It has been matter of frequent remark that works which are now held in high esteem by the world at large absolutely went

begging amongst the publishers. Thackeray, for example, is said to have carried his "Vanity Fair" from house to house, being unsuccessful on no fewer than sixteen or seventeen occasions; and other instances of a like character might be cited. James and Horace Smith's "Rejected Addresses" were refused by a publisher who afterwards purchased the work at thirty times the price he might have had it for in the outset. Success gilds many things. Cadell, the well-known publisher, declined by return of post to give any encouragement to the publication of Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," or even to entertain the proposition to publish the work at the author's risk. "Northanger Abbey" was sold in 1803 to a publisher in Bath for 10*l.*; but so little enamoured was he of the story that he chose to abide by his first loss rather than risk further expense by publishing such a work. The author herself considered that when she received 150*l.* from the sale of "Sense and Sensibility," it was a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her little or nothing. Yet, with her strong judgment and critical faculty, she cannot but have felt astonishment sometimes at the success which attended work inferior to her own. Amongst the enthusiastic admirers of these novels by Miss Austen, which were little regarded by the public generally—were Southey, who held them to be more true to nature than any writings of the age—Coleridge—who described them as perfectly genuine and individual productions—and Miss Mitford, who said that she could almost have cut off one of her hands if it would have enabled her to write like Miss Austen with the other. M. Guizot declared that "Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, &c., form a school which, in the excellence and profusion of its productions, resembles the cloud of dramatic poets of the great Athenian age." The Earl of Carlisle, the noble writer of agreeable verse, referred to her as the "all-perfect Austen." The opinions of other distinguished literary men of much greater weight and power have been alluded to in the outset of this article. One of the best tributes paid to these admirable novels, however, is the picture of Lord Holland lying ill in his bed, with his sister Miss Fox reading aloud to him, as she always did on these occasions, some one of Miss Austen's stories, of which he was never wearied. "I well recollect the time," says Sir Henry Holland, who furnishes the above reminiscence, "when these charming novels, almost unique in their style of humour, burst suddenly on the world. It was sad that their writer did not live to witness the growth of her fame." It is a singular fact that many philosophers have developed a strong predilection for fiction; and the celebrated Whewell (who once wearied of his stay at Carnarvon because he had read the circulating library twice through)

is also to be numbered amongst the warmest admirers of Miss Austen.

In her later years this gifted writer suffered from some internal malady, whose progress was probably hastened by certain family troubles which arose in the year 1816. Her spirits, however, were usually cheerful and buoyant, and the occasions were rare in which she indulged in complaints, or fell into listlessness and mental depression. As the body decayed, indeed, the mind seemed to acquire greater strength. By the beginning of March 1817 it was seen that she was seriously ill. The 17th was the last date upon which she engaged in literary labour. In May she removed to Winchester for the purpose of securing skilful medical advice and attention; but Mr. Lyford, a practitioner of great eminence, seems to have had little hope of her recovery from the first. It was hard to be cut off at the moment when success was crowning her labours, and when her genius had become a source of the purest joy and satisfaction to her. But she did not repine at the prospect of death, any more than she feared it. Here is a testimony to her worth and character, as well as an account of her last moments:—"She was a humble believing Christian. Her life had been passed in the performance of home duties and the cultivation of domestic affections, without any self-seeking or craving after applause. She had always sought, as it were by instinct, to promote the happiness of all who came within her influence, and doubtless she had her reward in the peace of mind which was granted her in her last days. Her sweetness of temper never failed. She was ever considerate and grateful to those who attended on her. At times when she felt rather better, her playfulness of spirit revived, and she amused them even in their sadness. Once, when she thought herself near her end, she said what she imagined might be her last words to those around her, and particularly thanked her sister-in-law for being with her, saying: 'You have always been a kind sister to me, Mary.' When the end at last came, she sank rapidly, and on being asked by her attendants whether there was anything that she wanted, her reply was, '*Nothing but death.*' These were her last words. In quietness and peace she breathed her last on the morning of July 18, 1817." Jane Austen was thus only in her forty-second year at the time of her death. She was laid to rest in Winchester Cathedral, almost opposite to the tomb of William of Wykeham. By all whom she left behind she was regarded with the tenderest affection, mingled with feelings of profound esteem for those talents which were now so clearly

demonstrated, and so conspicuous to the world at large. Her life was but a brief span, and had it been prolonged, a riper experience might have still further expanded powers which were justly the theme of unfeigned admiration on the part of all who accurately gauged their extent and character.

Nothing, probably, is more entertaining than details affecting the life and personal characteristics of distinguished authors ; and fortunately we are not without some record of this nature in regard to Miss Austen. Her nephew says she was not highly accomplished according to the present standard, yet she read French with facility and knew something of Italian. She delighted in music, and was sufficiently proficient in it to sing, to her own accompaniment, many simple old songs now never heard. She had read much history, and even in her youth held strong political opinions, especially about the affairs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. She vehemently defended Charles I., but rather, as Mr. Leigh thinks, from an impulse of feeling than from any inquiry into the evidences by which he and other characters with whom she sympathised must be condemned or acquitted. With regard to the politics of her own day, she took but little active interest in them, though "she probably shared the feeling of moderate Toryism which prevailed in her family." The *Spectator* and all the old periodicals were very familiar to her, and she was *au courant* with Richardson's novels down to the minutest detail. Cowper, Crabbe, and Johnson were her favourite authors, and she also derived great pleasure from the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. An account is given by one of her nieces of her treatment of children. "Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you, and you loved her in return. This, as well as I can now recollect, was what I felt in my early days, before I was old enough to be amused by her cleverness. But soon came the delight of her playful talk. She could make everything amusing to a child. Then, as I got older, when cousins came to share the entertainment, she would tell us the most delightful stories, chiefly of Fairyland, and her fairies had all characters of their own. The tale was invented, I am sure, at the moment, and was continued for two or three days, if occasion served." Miss Austen had a keen sense of the ridiculous, which led her to play with all the commonplaces of everyday life, whether as regarded persons or things ; but her emotions were too deep to allow her to make sport of life's serious duties or responsibilities, nor did she ever turn individuals into ridicule. Her fun was harmless and really amusing, never severely censorious, or, what is still

harder to bear, given to abuse by contemptuous ridicule. Two epigrams are preserved, which show that she could occasionally throw off her pleasantry in verse. Reading in the newspapers, on one occasion, of the marriage of a Mr. Gell to a Miss Gill, of Eastbourne, she wrote down the following *impromptu* :—

At Eastbourne Mr. Gell, from being perfectly well,
Became dreadfully ill, for love of Miss Gill.
So he said, with some sighs, I'm the slave of your *iis* ;
Oh, restore, if you please, by accepting my *ees*.

A better *impromptu* still, perhaps, was the succeeding one, on the marriage of a middle-aged flirt with a Mr. Wake, whom, it was supposed, she would scarcely have accepted in her youth :—

Maria, good-humoured, and handsome, and tall,
For a husband was at her last stake ;
And having in vain danced at many a ball,
Is now happy to *jump at a Wake*.

Having seen the very popular Miss O'Neil as "Isabella," Miss Austen wrote to a friend : "I do not think she was quite equal to my expectation. I fancy I want something more than can be Acting seldom satisfies me. I took two pocket-handkerchiefs, but had very little occasion for either. She is an elegant creature, however, and hugs Mr. Young delightfully." The woman who could laugh and jest with the light-hearted was equally ready to comfort the unhappy or to nurse the sick. Ladies will be glad to know something of her appearance and dress. Mr. Austen Leigh reports that "in person she was very attractive ; her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation. In complexion she was a clear brunette, with a rich colour ; she had full round cheeks, with mouth and nose small and well formed, bright hazel eyes, and brown hair, forming natural curls close round her face. If not so regularly handsome as her sister, yet her countenance had a peculiar charm of its own to the eyes of most beholders. At the time of which I am now writing she never was seen, either morning or evening, without a cap ; I believe that she and her sister were generally thought to have taken to the garb of middle age earlier than their years or their looks required ; and that, though remarkably neat in their dress as in all their ways, they were scarcely sufficiently regardful of the fashionable or the becoming." The portrait prefixed to the collected edition of Miss Austen's works, recently issued, exactly bears out this description. Except through the eye, however, the intellect of

this great writer is scarcely indicated in the portrait ; and ladies of the present day, in observing the style of dress, will be apt to think that they have improved vastly, as regards grace and beauty, upon the costume in vogue with their grandmothers.

The "Letters of Jane Austen," recently edited by Lord Brabourne, add very little knowledge of a personal character to that we already enjoyed. Nor are the letters themselves valuable from the literary point of view, and if Jane Austen were now living she would probably be extremely angry at their publication. If anything could damage the fame of a writer already well established it would be the issue of such works of supererogation as that undertaken by Lord Brabourne. There are, perhaps, twenty pages in the two volumes issued by his lordship which are either amusing or valuable, as illustrating Jane Austen's character and epistolary skill ; but as the world is so very busy, and has so many important things to attend to, it could well have spared the remainder.

But it is now time that we gave a taste of the quality of Jane Austen's writings. Several allusions have already been made to their humour, and we will endeavour to justify them by a quotation from "Emma." It concerns that very voluble lady, Miss Bates, and is in its way as excellent a bit of comedy as could well be found :—

Miss Bates and Miss Fairfax, escorted by the two gentlemen, walked into the room ; and Mrs. Elton seemed to think it as much her duty as Mrs. Weston's to receive them. Her gestures and movements might be understood by any one who looked on like Emma ; but her words, everybody's words, were soon lost under the incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking, and had not finished her speech under many minutes after her being admitted into the circle at the fire. As the door opened she was heard—

"So very obliging of you !—no rain at all. Nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares—Well !" (as soon as she was within the door), "Well ! this is brilliant, indeed ! This is admirable ! Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up ! Jane, Jane, look ! did you ever see anything ? Oh ! Mr. Weston, you must really have had Aladdin's lamp. Good Mrs. Stokes would not know her own room again. I saw her as I came in ; she was standing in the entrance. 'Oh, Mrs. Stokes,' said I, but I had not time for more."

She was now met by Mrs. Weston.

"Very well, I thank you, ma'am. I hope you are quite well. Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache ! seeing you pass by so often, and knowing how much trouble you must have. Delighted to hear it, indeed ! Ah ! dear Mrs. Elton, so obliged to you for the carriage ; excellent time ; Jane and I quite ready. Did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage. Oh ! and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Weston, on that score. Mrs. Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have been,

But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbours. I said to my mother, 'Upon my word, ma'am.' Thank you, my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr. Woodhouse's. I made her take her shawl—for the evenings are not warm—her large new shawl, Mrs. Dixon's wedding present. So kind of her to think of my mother! Bought at Weymouth, you know; Mr. Dixon's choice. There were three others, Jane says, which they hesitated about some time. Colonel Campbell rather preferred an olive.—My dear Jane, are you sure you did not wet your feet? It was but a drop or two, but I am so afraid; but Mr. Frank Churchill was so extremely—and there was a mat to step upon. I shall never forget his extreme politeness. Oh! Mr. Frank Churchill, I must tell you my mother's spectacles have never been in fault since; the rivet never came out again. My mother often talks of your good-nature: does not she, Jane? Do not we often talk of Mr. Frank Churchill? Ah! here's Mrs. Woodhouse. Dear Mrs. Woodhouse, how do you do? Very well, I thank you, quite well. This is meeting quite in Fairyland. Such a transformation! Must not compliment, I know" (eyeing Emma most complacently)—"that would be rude; but upon my word, Mrs. Woodhouse, you do look—how do you like Jane's hair? You are a judge. She did it all herself. Quite wonderful how she does her hair! No hairdresser from London, I think, could—Ah! Dr. Hughes, I declare—and Mrs. Hughes. Must go and speak to Dr. and Mrs. Hughes for a moment. How do you do? How do you do? Very well, I thank you. This is delightful, is it not? Where is dear Mr. Richard? Oh, there he is. Don't disturb him. Much better employed talking to the young ladies. How do you do, Mr. Richard? I saw you the other day as you rode through the town. Mrs. Otway, I protest! and good Mr. Otway, and Miss Otway, and Miss Caroline. Such a host of friends! And Mr. George and Mr. Arthur! How do you do? How do you all do? Quite well, I am much obliged to you. Never better. Don't I hear another carriage? Who can this be? Very likely the worthy Coles. Upon my word, this is charming, to be standing about among such friends! And such a noble fire! I am quite roasted. No coffee, I thank you, for me; never take coffee. A little tea, if you please, sir, by-and-by. No hurry. Oh! here it comes. Everything so good!"

This scene occurred at a ball. When supper was announced, Miss Bates resumed her inconsequent eloquence, and it continued without interruption until her being seated at table and taking up her spoon.

"Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you? Here is your tippet. Mrs. Weston begs you to put on your tippet. She says she is afraid there will be draughts in the passage, though everything has been done—one door nailed up—quantities of matting—my dear Jane, indeed you must. Mr. Churchill, oh! you are too obliging! How well you put it on!—so gratified! Excellent dancing, indeed!—Yes, my dear, I ran home, as I said I should, to help grandmamma to bed, and got back again, and nobody missed me. I set off without saying a word, just as I told you. Grandmamma was quite well, had a charming evening with Mr. Woodhouse, a vast deal of chat, and backgammon. Tea was made downstairs, biscuits and baked apples and wine before she came away: amazing luck in some of her throws: and she inquired a great deal about you, how you were amused, and who were your partners. 'Oh!' said I, 'I shall not forestall Jane; I left her dancing with Mr. George Otway; she will love to

tell you all about it herself to-morrow ; her first partner was Mr. Elton ; I do not know who will ask her next, perhaps Mr. William Cox.' My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there nobody you would not rather?—I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm, and me on the other ! Stop, stop, let us stand a little back, Mrs. Elton is going ; dear Mrs. Elton, how elegant she looks !—beautiful lace !—now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening !—Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps, Jane, take care of the two steps. Oh ! no, there is but one. Well, I was persuaded there were two. How very odd ! I was convinced there were two, and there is but one. I never saw anything equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. I was telling you of your grandmamma, Jane—there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits. Excellent in their way, you know ; but there was a delicate fricassee of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it all out again. Now, there is nothing grandmamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus, so she was rather disappointed ; but we agreed we would not speak of it to anybody, for fear of its getting round to dear Miss Woodhouse, who would be so very much concerned ! Well, this is brilliant !—I am all amazement !—Could not have supposed anything !—such elegance and profusion ! I have seen nothing like it since—Well, where shall we sit ? Where shall we sit ? Anywhere, so that Jane is not in a draught. Where I sit is of no consequence. Oh ! do you recommend this side ? Well, I am sure, Mr. Churchill—only it seems too good—but just as you please. What you direct in this house cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma ? Soup, too ! Bless me ! I should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent, and I cannot help beginning."

Miss Austen is one of those writers who suffer when we attempt to represent their talent through the medium of detached passages. She neither strains after the hysterics of emotion, nor high-sounding descriptions. Her works must be judged of in the whole, and then it will be seen how natural, and therefore how powerful, are her delineations of character. She individualises without effort, and her various personages grow upon us silently, and yet with penetrating force. It has been said that our author never descends to the vulgar—a just remark—though there is a *souffçon* of vulgarity about the character of Thorpe, in "Northanger Abbey." Her drawing of real English gentlemen is most successful—and she has given us a whole gallery of characters whom we may find typified in Bertram and Knightley. As she does not depend upon plot or striking situations for effect, we are unable to extract from her novels passages illustrative of her best qualities, as is the case with most other writers. This sketch of John Thorpe, however—with his touch of braggadocio and snobbery, yet jovial and good-humoured withal—is graphically done, and seems to bring the very man himself before us :—

John Thorpe, who, in the meantime, had been giving orders about the horses, soon joined the ladies, and from him she (Catherine) directly received the amends

which were her due ; for while he slightly and carelessly touched the hand of Isabella, on her he bestowed a whole scrape and half a short bow. He was a stout young man, of middling height, who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome, unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be allowed to be easy. He took out his watch : “ How long do you think we have been running it from Tetbury, Miss Morland ? ”

“ I do not know the distance.” Her brother told her that it was twenty-three miles.

“ Three-and-twenty,” cried Thorpe ; “ five-and-twenty if it is an inch.” Morland remonstrated, pleaded the authority of road books, innkeepers, and milestones ; but his friend disregarded them all ; he had a surer test of distance. “ I know it must be five-and-twenty,” said he, “ by the time we have been doing it. It is now half after one ; we drove out of the inn yard at Tetbury as the town clock struck eleven ; and I defy any man in England to make my horse go less than ten miles an hour in harness ; that makes it exactly twenty-five.”

“ You have lost an hour,” said Morland ; “ it was only ten o’clock when we came from Tetbury.”

“ Ten o’clock ! It was eleven, upon my soul ! I counted every stroke. This brother of yours would persuade me out of my senses, Miss Morland ; do but look at my horse ; did you ever see an animal so made for speed in your life ? ” (The servant had just mounted the carriage, and was driving off.) “ Such true blood ! Three hours and a half, indeed, coming only three-and-twenty miles ! look at that creature, and suppose it possible, if you can.”

“ He *does* look very hot, to be sure.”

“ Hot ! he had not turned a hair till we came to Walcot Church : but look at his forehead ; look at his loins ; only see how he moves ; that horse *cannot* go less than ten miles an hour ; tie his legs, and he will get on. What do you think of my gig, Miss Morland ? a neat one, is it not ? Well hung ; town built ; I have not had it a month. It was built for a Christchurch man, a friend of mine, a very good sort of fellow ; he ran it a few weeks till, I believe, it was convenient to have done with it. I happened just then to be looking out for some light thing of the kind, though I had pretty well determined on a curricule too ; but I chanced to meet him on Magdalen Bridge, as he was driving into Oxford last term : ‘ Ah ! Thorpe,’ said he, ‘ do you happen to want such a little thing as this ? It is a capital one of the kind, but I am cursed tired of it.’ ‘ Oh ! d— it,’ said I, ‘ I am your man ; what do you ask ? ’ And how much do you think he did, Miss Morland ? ”

“ I am sure I cannot guess, at all.”

“ Curricule-hung, you see ; seat, trunk, sword-case, splashing-board, lamps, silver moulding—all, you see, complete ; the ironwork as good as new, or better. He asked fifty guineas : I closed with him directly, threw down the money, and the carriage was mine.”

“ And I am sure,” said Catherine, “ I know so little of such things, that I cannot judge whether it was cheap or dear.”

“ Neither one nor t’other ; I might have got it for less, I dare say ; but I hate haggling, and poor Freeman wanted cash.”

“ That was very good-natured of you,” said Catherine, quite pleased.

“ Oh ! d— it, when one has the means of doing a kind thing by a friend, I hate to be pitiful.”

An admirable sentiment, if somewhat emphatically expressed. But this extract well shows the whole style and character of the man.

How comes it that of all the old novels, so few have survived to our own day? Where twenty have perished, only one lives to be read and remembered. We have Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Goldsmith, and Jane Austen; but the works of other novelists, for which immortality was predicted at the beginning of the century, have sunk beyond revival in the waters of oblivion. There must be some secret power, some salt of the intellect, which preserves alive those works which have reached us, and which seem as fresh and entertaining to us as they appeared to the contemporaries of their various authors. Macaulay indicated some of the reasons for the popularity of Miss Austen in defining the chief qualities of her novels; and at the risk of repeating a passage already familiar to the reader, we will cite this eminent writer's criticism:—"Shakespeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace—all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom: Mr. Edward Ferrars, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edmund Bertram, and Mr. Elton. They are all specimens of the upper part of the middle class. They have all been liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession; they are all young; they are all in love. Not one of them has any hobby-horse, to use the phrase of Sterne; not one has a ruling passion, such as we read of in Pope. Who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other? No such thing. Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate, that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed." In the last sentence, Macaulay has happily described the general impression left upon the mind by the writings of Miss Austen. Her quiet and unobtrusive power produced a similar effect upon Sir Walter Scott. In his diary these words appear, dated March 14, 1826: "Read

again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely-written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going ; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." It is certainly not a little remarkable that an author whose "books contain nothing more exciting than a village ball or the gossip of a village spinster's tea-table ; nothing more tragic than the overturning of a chaise in a soft ditch, or a party being caught in a shower of rain going to church," should thus have extracted eulogies from the finest spirits of the age.

A recent critic has quarrelled with her on the ground that her clergymen are not such clergymen as would satisfy us if they were thus drawn in stories written at the present time. This may be so ; she has drawn the clergy of her own day ; and they were not in the habit of obtruding the cloth, neither did they claim to be æsthetic as the word is now understood. Many of the clergymen Miss Austen has drawn are fine manly fellows ; but in mingling in society they do not make everybody else uncomfortable by continually insisting upon the nature of their profession. Yet it must be admitted that some of them fail in rising to a true conception of the sacred and dignified nature of the office of a parish priest. Since Miss Austen's time, conscience has been quickened in the Church. There is now an earnestness abroad to which the clergy were formerly comparative strangers.

In commenting upon the character of Miss Austen's novels, another writer, who until quite recently was in our midst, deposed that he found little humour in them. This is an extraordinary and almost incredible mistake. There is very considerable humour in the novels, but it is a humour very difficult to define. It does not consist in the observations of the author so much, but radiates from the characters themselves—a result due to their truthful delineation. Miss Austen has invented many persons who cannot be said to talk wittily, or who give expression to isolated *jeux d'esprit*, and yet every one recognises them and classifies them as distinctly humorous characters. As a penetrating critic has well said : " Like Shakespeare, she shows as admirable a discrimination in the character of fools as of people of sense ; a merit which is far from common. To invent indeed a conversation full of wisdom or of wit, requires that the writer should himself possess ability ; but the converse does not

hold good, it is no fool that can describe fools well ; and many who have succeeded pretty well in painting superior characters, have failed in giving individuality to those weaker ones which it is necessary to introduce in order to give a faithful representation of real life. They exhibit to us mere folly in the abstract, forgetting that to the eye of the skilful naturalist the insects on a leaf present as wide differences as exist between the lion and the elephant. Slender, and Shallow, and Aguecheek, as Shakespeare has painted them, though equally fools, resemble one another no more than Richard, and Macbeth, and Julius Cæsar ; and Miss Austen's Mrs. Bennet, Mr. Rushworth, and Miss Bates are no more alike than her Darcy, Knightley, and Edmund Bertram." The faculty of humour was, in fact, very strongly developed in Jane Austen, but she was fastidious in the use of it. Her minuteness of detail has been objected to ; but while on the part of a tyro this would undoubtedly become wearisome, the same cannot be said with regard to the author of "Pride and Prejudice." Dutch painting may be high art, notwithstanding its minutiae ; and faithfully to depict the trivial may require a genius equal to that which shall adequately describe the magnificent and the sublime.

The principal reasons, therefore, for Miss Austen's hold upon the reading public—a hold which we may reasonably believe will be constant and enduring—are not far to seek. Adopting a totally different course from Mrs. Radcliffe and her school, she substituted reality for excitement. The change was agreeable and refreshing. It has been observed that, although novels are supposed to give a false picture of life and manners, this is not necessarily so. As regards many novelists, unquestionably the accusation is true, but no one can really feel its applicability to the works of Jane Austen. Her characters are not unnatural, neither are her incidents in the least degree improbable. She too thoroughly understands human nature to exaggerate its sentiments beyond recognition. Miss Austen is also a moral writer in the highest sense—that is, there is a high tone pervading all her works ; this is no more than the natural outcome of her own life and character. But she has also great literary claims. Besides her capacity for minute detail as affecting her *dramatis personæ*, already insisted upon, she has vivid powers of description, all the more effective, perhaps, because they are held in check by a sound judgment and a well-balanced imagination. She never exhausts a scene by what is called word-painting. She indicates its main features, and describes the general effect it produces upon the spectator, rather than recapitulates the size, weight, and

colour of its various component elements. To say that she has a strong insight into female character is almost superfluous. George Eliot does not enter more deeply into the workings of the female mind and heart than she does. Add to all these claims that our author's novels are perfectly unexceptionable from every point of view, and that they combine rational amusement with no small degree of instruction, and we have advanced tolerably sufficient grounds for the continuous favour with which they have been and are still regarded.

The critic who said that these novels added a new pleasure to existence was not wide of the mark. In Miss Austen's later books, the most exacting may discover a maturity of thought and a felicity of expression seldom attained by members of her craft ; and these augured still greater achievements in the future had her life been spared. In no instance is it possible to sum up the claims and characteristics of a writer of the first rank in a single phrase ; but if it were demanded that we should attempt this in the case of Jane Austen, we should aver that her writings have not become obsolete, and never will become obsolete, because they are just and faithful transcripts of human nature. It is in this all-important respect that she is able to touch the hand of Shakespeare.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

ON GETTING UP EARLY.

JULIUS said to me the other day, "You must have a very bad conscience if you can't lie in bed in the morning." Julius is a young man, with just enough to live on without working, and so he does nothing—nothing for his living, I mean—and nothing worth doing besides. His friends sometimes tell him that it is possible to play billiards too much; that in these days, when horses do not always win on their own merits, besides it being difficult to find those merits out, betting even in a mild way had better be avoided by a person whose income is at once fixed and moderate. In vain. Julius is of the easy-going, nerveless, flabby-minded sort. He is not exactly wicked, but prone to self-indulgence; and, perhaps for want of something better to do, he has an inveterate habit of lying in bed in the morning.

"Many statesmen do the same," he remarks. "Beaconsfield —" Stop, my friend; had you been debating in the House till three or four, you would have as good a reason for lying in bed as many statesmen; as it is, your mind and body are deteriorating because you have no outward pressure to make you use the talents you possess, and no inward motive powerful enough to enable you to resist your constitutional idleness. Julius, in fact, belongs to the lie-abed class.

Now, I am quite aware that some people—especially women—require a great deal of sleep; but, depend upon it, as we all habitually eat and drink too much—so say the doctors—we, most of us who can at all afford to do so, sleep too much. Sleep, like any other appetite, can be cultivated and pampered; and just as every mouthful of food more than we really want is waste, and something worse, so every wink of sleep more than we need is a dead loss, and that without the redeeming quality of over-eating and drinking, viz. pleasure. For to be asleep is not pleasure, simply dead loss. To sleep from eleven till nine the next morning is too much; from eleven till six should be, and is for one averagely healthy and normally constituted, quite enough. The point I want to fix on especially is those two precious hours before breakfast. . How many people only begin their day after

breakfast, say about ten o'clock ! I myself lived for nearly forty years without realising that I had thrown away about 21,900 hours of good working life. Of course the candle cannot be burned at both ends. You must get your sleep. I have known more than one professional man succumb to the habit of retiring too late and rising too early. That was the beginning of my poor friend the late Baron Amphlett's collapse. As Q.C. he never should have gone into Parliament, and when he retired from the House on a judgeship the mischief was done. He used to be up late with briefs, or down at the House till two and three, rise at six, light his own fire, and work till nine. All such over-pressure is, of course, bad. Young men may stand it for a few years—young men can stand almost anything for a few years—but it is a vicious principle. Give the body its dues, or the body will revenge itself. Still, to acquire the habit of early rising is worth an effort. I recommend it for health and pleasure as well as for profit.

I remember one glorious summer morning when I was a boy. I thought, "Instead of lolling in bed from five till eight, I will have a 'speer.'" I got up soon after five, dressed, stole down stairs and out along the glistening hedgerows, full of May bloom and twittering birds. I made my way (it is thirty-five years ago, ah me !) down to those country roads, then flanked with fields and woods, now adorned with crowded smart villas, towards the great square piece of water which formed the reservoir of the old Croydon Canal. Brambles, willows, May trees, and wood roses drooped over its margin. There were rushes and water-lilies, haunted by blue dragon-flies and early bees, in abundance. A wide grassy path went all round the lake—it was about a mile round—and a forest of low fir trees and tangled copses shut it in from the adjacent meadow-lands. It was a boy's paradise. There I remained bird's-nesting till about eight o'clock. I never smelt such fresh balmy air ; the sun seemed to distil health and pleasure into my veins. And I thought, and have often thought since, of the snoring thousands who might have such an experience as this, and be richer all their lives afterwards as I have been, who yet, as old Watts has it,—

Waste all their days and their hours without number,

and who, if you should attempt to rouse them, would probably only exclaim, in the words of the same well-known poet,—

You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again !

I like to hear of young men who are out on horseback for a ride before breakfast, before the family meal, instead of those witless creatures who come lolling into the deserted breakfast-room about eleven o'clock—just out of bed, and with a cigar already in their mouths.

No one knows how radiant and vigorous Nature looks who has not cared to assist at her early toilet, and seen her bathing herself in crystal dew, and decking herself with opening blossoms between four and six o'clock on a midsummer morning.

So much and how much more for the pleasure-seeker? but the early rising worker all the year round is rewarded by an increase of produce, an economy of time, and an invigoration of mind and body.

Get up at half-past six on a dark winter morning. It is cold, but you can turn on your gas stove, or pop your round wheel of resined firewood on the grate. It is dark, but you light your lamp, settle yourself, wrapped in a good rug, in your arm-chair, with a book, or if you write, take your Field & Tuer's author's pad, and write away with an ink pencil. Not a soul will come near you for two hours; you will have no temptation to be going from room to room, or to be doing anything except just what you have settled to do overnight. You may easily yield to an extemporised early breakfast, but I do not advise it. Left to itself, the vigour of your brain after sleep, which you have no opportunity of frittering in any way, will be quite enough to carry you on till about half-past eight or nine o'clock, when you can breakfast; but if you *must* be set going, there is your Etna close by, and you can warm yourself up a cup of tea left in the pot on the hob overnight. *Apropos* of this early cup of tea, if you have never tried it, your model early morning cup will be produced thus. Overnight pour out half a cup of the strongest tea, fill up with milk, and add sugar; cover with a saucer, and place on the hob first to simmer, and then as the fire goes out to cool. When you rise, warm it up in the Etna, and you will find a mixture, owing to the long and complete amalgamation of ingredients, something between tea and chocolate in taste, far more nutritive than tea, less clogging than chocolate, and more stimulating than coffee. But if you begin this you will get to depend upon it, and my advice is, except upon perfectly awful mornings, do without it. Also do without fire when you can; wrapping up is ten times better for the *morale* of the body, as well as for the vigour of the mind.

Morning literary work is usually characterised by freshness, continuity, grasp, and vigour; night-work by fever, excitement, and less condensation. This I believe to be the rule; and with exceptions, in speaking thus generally, it is of course impossible to deal.

Of one thing I am certain, that for all head workers, especially literary men, the following rules will be found golden:—

To bed before twelve.

To work before seven.

As little liquid as possible, and no smoking before breakfast.

H. R. HAWEIS.

LE BONHOMME CORNEILLE.

THE Marquis de Dangeau wrote, in his journal for the 1st of October, 1684 : "Aujourd'hui est mort le bonhomme Corneille." The illustrious dramatist was an old man, for he had been born in 1606. He was a good old fellow in his way, being always an honest and upright man, though the appellation "le bonhomme" was less frequently given to him than to La Fontaine.

Had it been as much the fashion fifty years ago as now to honour great men by anniversaries, in the year 1836 a more gracious homage might have been paid to the author of *Le Cid*. At Christmas-time in that year this play burst upon Paris. As a bombshell carries with it destruction, the *Cid* gave sudden and unexpected delight to all who saw it. It is the first of French tragedies that has left a mark ; no earlier tragedy is now generally remembered. Corneille woke up to find himself famous. It appears that, though he was by no means a novice, he was as much astonished as anyone at the great success of his play. The Court liked it, and the town liked it. It was at once translated into many languages. In France people learnt passages of it by heart, and for a while there was a popular saying, "Cela est beau comme le *Cid*." If the good folk in Paris had only bethought themselves in 1836 of celebrating the bi-centenary of the appearance of the *Cid* the event would have sounded happier than of now celebrating the author's death. But fashion rules much in this world. It has not yet become fashionable to recollect the date of a great man's great work—fifty years ago it had not become fashionable to have centenaries at all ; so that now, all other excuses failing, we must seize upon the bi-centenary of Corneille's death as a date upon which to honour him. Let us hope that on the 6th of June, 1906, the ter-centenary of his birth, a more joyful note may be sung.

We have said that Pierre Corneille was a good old fellow in his way, but it was his misfortune that his way was not more like that of other men. He was very poor during the last ten or twelve years of his life. He walked out one day with a friend, and went into a shop to have his shoe mended. During the operation he sat down upon a plank, his friend sitting beside him. After the cobbler had finished

his job Corneille took from his purse three bits of money to pay for his shoe, and when the two gentlemen got home Corneille's friend offered him his purse, but he declined all assistance. Corneille was of a proud and independent nature. He is reported to have said of himself, "Je suis saoul de gloire, mais affamé d'argent." He has been accused of avarice—unjustly, we think—because he tried to get as much money as he could for his plays. If a man wants money he will try to obtain that which he thinks should belong to him. And if he wants it badly, his high notions of dignity—if it be only mock dignity—will go to the wall. No fine gentleman nowadays would think it beneath him to take £100 from a publisher or from a theatrical manager after it had been fairly earned. Some ask for their £100 before it has been earned. Two hundred years ago a poet was supposed to be paid with honour and glory, but, unfortunately for himself, Corneille wanted more solid acknowledgment. And two hundred years ago the rights of authorship were not so well understood as now. In France, as in England, very few men could have lived by their pen alone. It is true that the dramatists were among the most fortunate, but many years had elapsed since Corneille's plays had been popular at the theatre. In 1670 Molière, as theatrical manager, had given him 2,000 francs for a piece. This was considered a large sum, and it may be doubted if Molière's company ever got back their money. The play was *Tite et Bérénice*, and it was played alternately with *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. We may judge which of the two plays we should like to see best. Corneille had to make the most of his 2,000 francs, for his pension, supposed to be paid to him every year from the Civil List, was always delayed. The year was made to have fifteen months! Sometimes the pension was not paid at all. So that poor Corneille was hard pressed for money in the latter years of his life, from 1672 to 1684, while his years of greatest triumph had been from 1636 to 1642. And he had small resources except what had come to him from writing. His two sons went into the army, and he had to provide for them at a time when his payments from the theatre were diminishing. There is no evidence which should make us think he was avaricious or greedy for money.

In his manner Corneille was apt to be awkward and ungainly. A contemporary says that when he first saw him he took him for a tradesman at Rouen. Rouen was his birthplace, and there he lived until his avocations compelled him, against his will, to live in Paris. Like La Fontaine, he made a poor figure in society. He did not talk well. He was not good company, and his friends were bound

to confess that he was rather a bore. Those who knew him well enough would hint to him his defects, at which he would smile, and say, "I am none the less Pierre Corneille." But his physiognomy, when observed, was far from commonplace. His nephew, Fontenelle, says of him : " His face was pleasant enough ; a large nose, a good mouth, his expression lively, and his features strongly marked and fit to be transmitted to posterity in a medal or in a bust." Corneille begins a letter to Pellisson with the following verses, describing himself :—

En matière d'amour je suis fort inégal,
Je l'écris assez bien, je le fais assez mal ;
J'ai la plume féconde et la bouche stérile,
Bon galant au théâtre et fort mauvais en ville ;
Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui
Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.

This is a charming little bit of autobiography. And in the same letter, after the verses, the old poet says, " My poetry left me at the same time as my teeth."

All this he writes, laughing in his sleeve. But often enough he was melancholy and depressed. Again we quote from Fontenelle : " Corneille was of a melancholy temperament. He required stronger emotions to make him hopeful and happy than to make him mournful or despondent. His manner was brusque, and sometimes rude in appearance, but at bottom he was very easy to live with, and he was affectionate and full of friendliness." When he heard of large sums of money being given to other men for their plays, for pieces that the world liked perhaps better than his own, he got unhappy, for he felt that his glory was departing from him. Need we go back two hundred years to find instances of men who have become unhappy from similar causes ? There are many such in London and in Paris at this moment. Early in his career, before the days of the *Cid*, he was proud of his calling. He gloried in being one of the dramatic authors of his time. He says :—

Le théâtre est un fief dont les rentes sont bonnes.

And also :—

Mon travail sans appui monte sur le théâtre,
Chacun en liberté l'y blâme ou l'idolâtre.

Then he had the ball at his feet, and all the world was before him. He had just made his name, and was honoured by Richelieu—being appointed one of his five paid authors. But minister and poet did not like each other. The autocrat was in something of the same position towards his inferior as is the big boy towards the little boy who gets

above him at school. The big boy wanted to thrash the little boy, and the little boy wouldn't have it ; but at last he had to suffer for his precociousness. The big boy summoned other little boys to his assistance, and made them administer chastisement to the offender. This was the examination of the *Cid* by the Academy.

“ En vain, contre le *Cid* un ministre se ligue,
 Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue ;
 L'Académie en corps a beau le censurer,
 Le public révolté s'obstine à l'admirer.”

Corneille was a voluminous writer. He wrote nearly as many plays as Shakespeare, but his later ones are not equal to those of his best days. And he wrote a translation in verse of the *Imitatione Christi*. This was a pecuniary success. The book was bought and eagerly read, though now it is rarely taken down from the shelf. But his prose, unlike Racine's, which charms by its grace, is insignificant. And, unlike Racine, his speech when he was received into the French Academy was dull, and disappointed everybody. An Academical reception is one of the occasions in which Frenchmen have always expected that the recipient of honour should distinguish himself. But it was not in Corneille's power to please his audience by making a speech. We need not be too heavy upon him because his glory was not universal. As he said of himself, he was none the less Pierre Corneille. Readers have generally extolled Corneille too highly, or have not given him his due praise. This is partly from the fact that after his great success he wrote much that was unworthy of his former self ; and partly, we believe at least, that even in his best plays he is too spasmodic. His fine lines come out too much by starts, amidst much that is uninteresting. The famous “*Qu'il mourût*” (*Horace*, Act III., sc. 6) is very grand, and the next line, though not English in sentiment, is fine. But the four succeeding lines are washy, and take away from the dignity of what has just gone before. Instinctively Corneille was a dramatist, and had it not been for the laws of the unities which bound him down to conventional and unwise rules, he would in all probability have risen higher in the world's esteem. He was also a poet, having the gift of poetical expression more at his command than the larger measure of composition in prose. His lines are often sweet and very stirring, for he was moved towards his subject with a true feeling of poetic chivalry. None of his lines is more quoted than one in which he proudly spoke of himself :—

Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée.

THE TUSCAN BERANGER.

NO man since him who first sung of the other world in a tongue previously despised in this, has exercised so powerful an influence on the Italian language as the modern satirist of the Tuscan hills. What Dante effected for the spoken vernacular of his own day, raising it to be the model of classical diction, Giuseppe Giusti did for the rural idiom of his native mountains, rendering it the ideal standard of speech, and this too at the very time when the national aspirations for political unity made some such common standard a necessity for Italy.

Born of a family of provincial gentry, in the little town of Monsummano, perched high above the green amphitheatre of the Val di Nievole, it was his favourite recreation from boyhood to wander on foot among the encircling Apennines, and there he gathered from the lips of the peasantry, those poignant touches of wit and pathos, keen-whetted as by the sharp air of the uplands, with which he has enriched modern Italian. Like the mediæval craftsman who elaborated from the homeliest types of nature the exquisite ornamentation of his foliated shafts, Giusti has wrought into his polished lines, with consummate effect, the shrewd proverbs interchanged in fence and foil of rustic wit by the hardy mountaineers of Pistoia, and rude shepherds of the Maremma. So entirely indeed is his vocabulary drawn from the dialect of his rural fellow-countrymen, that while it is regarded as the purest ideal of Italian Attic, it has been found necessary to publish a specially annotated edition of his poems to render them intelligible to non-Tuscan readers.

The present prevailing fashion in Italian literature tends towards an exaggeration of Giusti's peculiarities of style, and the reaction led by him against the pedantry of pseudo-classicism threatens to carry public taste into another extreme, that of giving literary currency to all the familiar colloquialisms of Florentine street slang. The idiom of the Mercato Nuovo may be a very quaint and forcible vehicle for popular wit and eloquence, yet, at the same time, quite incapable of giving utterance to all the ideas of a higher range of culture.

The name of Béranger, borrowed by his countrymen for their

favourite lyrist, refers in reality to but one aspect of his character, that of a poet of the people. The sunny singer of the Bohemian life of Paris has no chord on his joyous lyre that vibrates to those gulfs of human nature, whence the Italian satirist draws his deeper pathos—his sterner moral. In the Tuscan character, through all classes and degrees, a keen and caustic sense of humour is associated with a profound sensibility to melancholy impressions. This dual nature, in which the sources of laughter and tears seem placed close together, was reproduced in Giusti in its most intensified form, and he repeatedly analyses its twofold aspect in his writings. Thus in the lines to Gino Capponi he describes himself as expressing

This seeming mirth, which is but grief belied.
(Questo che par sorriso ed è dolore.)

while to Girolamo Tommasi he writes in the same strain,

But ah ! a laugh that echoes not within,
For like the starving mountebank am I,
Who gnawed by want to please the crowd must try
With gibe and grin.

It is this tragic sense of the incongruities of life that gives its trenchant incisiveness to Giusti's verse, sharpened like a two-edged sword with the double keenness of ridicule and wrath ; the vehicle, now of denunciation, trumpet-tongued as the blast of an accusing angel, now of pungent raillery levelled at injustice or abuse with the seemingly unconscious pleasantry of Pulcinella. Half harlequin, half Mephistopheles, he launches jests or sneers indifferently, and is either grim or jocose, as the humour takes him, but ever with such unfailing mastery of his weapons that neither sneer nor jest misses its mark.

No kindred spirit to Béranger, with the fresh bubble and sparkle of French vivacity in his effervescing verse, have we in this scathed and scathing moralist, whose airiest lines suggest such deeper meanings as though the fixed and frowning eye of the genius of Tragedy were gazing at us through the disguise of the hollow comic mask. Rather among a people resembling the Tuscans in their shrewd sense and keenly penetrating humour will English readers seek a parallel to the Tuscan poet, and in Giuseppe Giusti's general turn of mind and habit of thought find a curious far-away kinship to those of Robert Burns. Giusti, like Burns, wrote in a rustic popular idiom, though with a polish of style that made it classical ; like Burns, though not from necessity but choice, he lived much with the people, and was the interpreter of their feelings ; like Burns he condemned and scorned the flimsy shams of society, and recognised with the same intensity the common stamp of universal humanity which

they ignore. Both natures were, perhaps, originally compounded of the same metal, but moulded and fashioned by circumstances and surroundings to uses and capabilities as different as are those of a highly tempered Italian rapier from those of a stout and serviceable Scottish dirk.

The active part of Giusti's life was coincident with that incipient phase of the Italian revolution when an ever-growing sense of exasperation in men's minds, a feeling of bitter wrong and burning humiliation, was undermining the structure of foreign domination as surely and silently as the gradual operations of nature sap the foundations of a crumbling ruin. All the vital forces of the country were engaged in preparing the national renovation ; all its intellectual and moral strength were bent to the same purpose ; and art and literature were either pressed into the service of patriotism or neglected altogether. Thus, Giusti, born a poet, was developed into a political satirist by the conditions of the society in which he moved, and concentrated its seething passions into that series of epigrams which were not the least among the myriad influences all working to the same result of national liberation. He belonged to that unfortunate generation of Italians who sowed in blood and tears the harvest which their descendants have since reaped in gladness ; and who, by a series of abortive insurrections and conspiracies, drew down on their country and themselves all the miseries of repression. The poet saw the machinery of mediæval statecraft in full operation around him—the scaffold and the dungeon the familiar implements of oppression—the official spy and paid informer the convenient tools of tyranny ; exile and proscription the wages of patriotic aspiration—and his heart burned within him, and wrath armed his pen with that concentrated energy of diction, which made his epigrams resemble not squibs, but thunderbolts.

He was not, however, a mere political lampooner but a social satirist as well, who has held up to opprobrium the most characteristic vices of his age and country in a series of personifications which resemble Hogarth's caricatures in their vigour and fidelity. A gallery of odious types, all more or less products of political profligacy, are made to pass before us like the slides of a magic lantern, revealed in their native hideousness by the focussed light of his concentrated power of epithet. Thus the vile bargain between money and birth is the theme of "*La Scritta*" ("The Contract") which describes the nuptials of a worthless and impoverished patrician with a usurer's daughter ; the vulgar ambition of the rich tradesman, that of "*La Vestizione*" ("The Investiture,") in which Bécero, the ex-

grocer, is decorated with the insignia and title of "Cavaliere." The base arts of a career in which conscience, honour, and self-respect are sacrificed to worldly advancement, are flagellated in the history of "Giugillino;" the contemptible figure of the political weather-cock is pilloried in the "Brindisi di Girella;" fashionable frivolity and aristocratic inanity are satirised in "Il Ballo" and "Il Giovinetto;" while the demoralising effects of the Government lottery on the rural classes are portrayed in the "Apologia del Lotto" and "Il Sortilegio." So universally recognised were the types he has thus depicted, that the names affixed to them have passed into the language as contemptuous epithets to stigmatise similar characters. Personal satire, however, he held in the greatest abhorrence, and nothing so roused his indignation as the attempts made to identify his typical abstractions with definite individuals.

Giusti's genius was somewhat late in development, and his early years gave no particular promise of ability. Born in 1809, he was sent at seventeen, after a somewhat desultory preliminary education, to the University of Pisa, then rather a school of revolutionary principles and juvenile dissipation, than of learning or morals. The youthful poet graduated much more brilliantly in the former than in the latter course of education, and his father was so disgusted with his conduct that he recalled him from the University at the end of three years, and kept him at home for an equal lapse of time. In 1832 he returned to Pisa, having in the interval begun to try his prentice-hand at verse-making, and after eighteen months more of the old student life of idleness and folly, took his degree in Jurisprudence in June 1834, having devoted fifteen days to reading for his examination. That it did not require a very profound course of preparation may be inferred from the fact that one of the students, about the same time, enlivened the dulness of his legal studies by versifying great part of the Canon Law, and sent up at his examination, on the theme "De Pallio," a paper in rhyming couplets, for which the professors, quite unconscious of the poetical nature of the composition, gave him most favourable marks. This University life, with its friendships and follies, its political enthusiasms, and reckless defiance of discipline and order, had a lasting influence on Giusti's mind and character; and to "The Memories of Pisa," he consecrated the poem which he himself preferred among all his productions, and in which he recalls with undisguised exultation, that he was ever found in the ranks of the most illustrious scapegraces.

Having taken his degree, he established himself in Florence under pretence of practising as a lawyer; but continued the same

round of amusement alternating with desultory reading ; and his subsequent life was passed between the Tuscan capital and the parental roof in Montecatini. In 1835 he wrote the verses which first caused him to be known as a political satirist, under the form of a mock lament for the death of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria. In the autumn of the same year, he suffered the most bitter sorrow of his life, caused by the faithlessness of a lady for whom he felt his first and only serious attachment. To her was addressed the exquisite love poem, 'All' Amica Lontana,' in a brief absence at the seaside during which the poet was superseded in her fickle affections. He went through months of despairing grief, and was so far inconsolable, that he over and over declares that he was never again capable of the same depth of feeling, and that any subsequent wound to his heart was in comparison but a mere graze.

He was next to experience all the terrors of physical suffering, for a long and painful malady of the digestive organs attacked him in 1843, in consequence of a series of nervous shocks acting powerfully on his sensitive fibre. The first was the conflagration of his writing-table under his eyes, owing to the burning down of a candle incautiously left lighting while he slept, an accident which cost him the results of years of labour in notes and memoranda ; the second a protracted attendance on the death-bed of an uncle to whom he was much attached ; and the third an encounter in the streets of Florence with an infuriated cat, which flew at him unprovoked, and attacked him with teeth and claws. The fear of hydrophobia induced by this singular mischance so preyed on his mind as to cause a total disarrangement of the stomach or liver, which produced not only acute pain of body, but also total apathy of mind, and incapacity for intellectual exertion. His letters at this period give a sad picture of his state, and in one of them he replies to the would-be consolatory reflection of a friend, that suffering is always the lot of genius, by saying that "when under the pincers, one would bid adieu to the brain of Galileo."

Travelling was tried as a remedy, and in 1844, he took a trip to Rome and Naples in company with his mother, renewing old and contracting new friendships on the way, and among other notabilities, meeting on intimate terms the brothers Poerio. The return journey was signalled by a pleasant little incident. At a village hotel at Sant' Agata, between Capua and Gaeta, the company, discovering in the course of conversation that our travellers were from Pescia, began to cross-examine them about "the famous poet Giusti," and the truth was finally revealed by the mother's embar-

rassed silence, and conscious glance at her son, when asked if the subject of discourse were handsome.

The distractions of travel procured Giusti a short respite from suffering, but in the following autumn he had so severe a relapse that he believed his death imminent, and wrote a paper containing his testamentary dispositions in regard to his works, as well as a skeleton autobiography, to furnish a groundwork for the history of his life by one of his friends. He however recovered, and in 1845 was able, with the assistance of his friend Mayer, to edit the first edition of his poems for the press ; urged to undertake the task by the publication of a pirated edition at Lugano, in which they appeared mutilated and distorted.

Perhaps the most agreeable phase of his life was that which followed, during which the friendship of Manzoni and Grossi opened up to him a new range of sympathies and affections. It began by the happy accident of his friend Giorgini having persuaded him to accompany him in a trip to Spezia, where the Marchesa d'Azeglio and Vittorina Manzoni (afterwards the wife of Giorgini) were taking the baths. These ladies being about to return home the following day, Giusti and Giorgini, starting in a little carriage to escort them as far as Genoa, finally accompanied them all the way back to Milan, and Giusti during a month spent there under Manzoni's roof, won all hearts by his graces of mind and manner. This episode occurred in the autumn of 1845, and the correspondence which follows shows the close and tender friendship which bound him for the remainder of his life to Grossi and Manzoni, as well as to d'Azeglio, and to Gino Capponi, in whose house he always stayed when in Florence. These men were linked together by the noble aim they had in common in all their labours, the political and moral regeneration of their country.

Manzoni's letters to Giusti breathe, like everything that came from his pen, the most exquisite and lovable soul that ever accompanied so high an order of genius ; a soul whose intellectual and moral attributes were not, as too often happens, in direct antagonism, but in harmonious combination, the one forming the perfect complement of the other. He winds up one such letter of playful tenderness as only he could have written, with the touching request, "and you my dear and good Geppino, make haste to love me, for I am old, and there is no time to lose about it." In another he addresses a grave though affectionate rebuke to Giusti, for having, as was reported, allowed himself to be led away into ridicule of religion, and personal satire ; from both which accusations the poet

writes in all humility to exculpate himself; meeting the second with a point-blank denial, except in the case of public and historical personages, and excusing himself from the first on the plea of inadvertence and want of reflection. This trifling incident shows how the influence of a character like Manzoni's may keep up the whole moral standard of a nation. The Lombard novelist, who devoted ten years' labour to rewriting his immortal work, in order to assimilate its language to the purer Tuscan, frequently applied to Giusti, the great master of that idiom, for his advice and assistance; and many of the letters of the latter are dissertations on the meaning of popular phrases and turns of expression.

It may be imagined how the revolutionary movement of 1848 was hailed by all these votaries of Italian liberty. Giusti raised a company in his native place, which formed part of the heroic band of Tuscan volunteers, slain at Curtatone and Montanara; and regretted only that the state of his health did not admit of his sharing the fatigues and glory of the campaign. He took his place, however, in the ranks of the National Guard, undergoing drill and exercises, and carrying his musket as a private, until he was made a major at the end of a few months. Under the new constitution of Tuscany, he was returned as deputy to the Assembly, and took part in its debates; maintaining as firm an attitude of opposition to the extremes of liberal as he formerly had to those of despotic governments. The fall of the Ridolfi ministry under the repeated attacks of the minority of the Chamber elicited his witty sonnet on "Majorities," beginning, "*I più tirano i meno*," and directed against the apathetic attitude of the more numerous party.

Giusti did not long survive the public misfortunes following close on the brief dream of national emancipation; his health had been declining for some time, and in the autumn of 1849 he was attacked with a severe miliary fever, from which he recovered indeed, but with the fatal germs of tubercular consumption in his system. To the last he continued his literary labours, and his sick room in the Palazzo Capponi was lined with books, and the bed, from which he was to rise no more, strewn with papers and memoranda. The disease made rapid progress, and death came unexpectedly in the end. On March 31, 1850, in his forty-first year, he was suffocated by the bursting of a blood-vessel, and died before the aid of science or of religion could reach him. He lies buried in the Church of San Miniato, on the cypress-studded height overlooking Florence, and the inscription on his monument records that, from the graces of the living idiom of his country, he created a form of poetry never before

attempted, and used it for the castigation of vice without detracting from the belief in virtue.

Giusti's life and character are illustrated by a mass of letters, which are among the greatest models of epistolary style extant in any language, and are invariably recommended to students of Italian as the *ne plus ultra* of vivacity and purity of diction. They give the impression of the most unstudied spontaneity, and seem to reflect the mood of the writer at the moment, now witty, now tender, exalted with the most lofty sentiments of wisdom and morality, bitter with cynical irony, or tragic with the terrible eloquence of suffering. Here is a portion of one addressed to the Marchesa d'Azeglio in October 1844 :

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I write to you from Colle in Val d' Elsa, a little village which, like Pescia, is by courtesy called a town. The air of these districts is good ; the people in the main as good as the air ; and Poldo Orlandini, who has received me into his house, is own brother to that Checco Orlandini whom you saw at the Mayers', and who, in that process of mutual friction that we call social intercourse, has kept his primitive stamp, a shade rough to one accustomed to everything polished, but of sound metal. The touch of these pavements was like the pouring of fresh oil on a dying lamp to my health ; but after eight or ten days' breathing space I am not going to be such an ass as to be caught by the bait of hope which has been dangled before me so long. The untempered wind of Leghorn plays the very mischief with a wretch whose nerves are strained like the strings of a violin. Up here the winds arrive, I might almost say watered, and even that accursed African blast, after the exertion required for reaching these heights, is so changed that it seems as if it were a native of them.

I mount a pony every morning that seems scarcely bigger than a pigeon, and which, being accustomed to carry the doctor, tries to turn down every lane and stop at every door, like the tinker's donkey. These peasants, who look no higher than the beast's legs, call out to me from all sides, "Oh Doctor, is that you ?" Indeed a few days ago a woman brought her child out to me to the road to be physicked, and it was no easy matter to persuade her that I had nothing of the doctor but the mount. From the very first days the animal and I had made a pact of mutual forbearance, and after going five or six miles at a pace suited to my invalid pulse, we return straight home, as pleases heaven. The natives of Colle, whose eyes are not trained to a certain harmony between the horse and rider (only think how indispensable on our Cascine, or your ramparts), see nothing extraordinary in the discrepancy between my Florentine surtout and the Maremman saddle, but unlucky me if I were to stumble upon some summer visitor accustomed to breathe the unadulterated air of the capital ! If I ever wished to split myself in two, after the fashion of St. Anthony, it would be now, and I would give anything to be able to dismount from the saddle in spirit, while I remained there in flesh and blood, to see the fine figure I cut. Not being equal to this, I study myself as best I can in my shadow, and sigh for the pencil of him who drew the vignettes o Don Quixote.

Here is an extract from another written to a friend (Luigi Alberti)

in April 1845, in which he analyses his physical sufferings, and, after some preliminary description, goes on thus :

When in bed it seems as if the time to get up would never come ; when up, every hour seems a thousand before going back to bed ; in the house I feel a mania to go out ; out of doors, a passion to rush back to the house ; when standing I long to sit down, when sitting to stand up ; and so in everything. Add to this, now the most burning desire for life and health, now a weary longing to have done with it once for all ; on one side the dearest memories, the most loved faces, with all the follies, hopes, and seductions of youth crowding on my mind ; on the other the future, now glowing with light, now gloomy with silence and darkness ; now imaged as a place of rest, now as an interminable and unknown track, or again as a black and fathomless abyss. Days of calm that hold me in suspense like a soul in Limbo, and in which my complaints

‘Sound not as wild laments, but gentle sighs ;’

and then again a spasm which has no defined name or locality, which, without being a distinct pain or a recognised affection, mimics and includes all the tortures of a hospital ; resembling in this some of those phrases in vogue, which say nothing, but hint everything. A red-hot pincers rending the vitals—a garment of flax-carding machines—a strait-waistcoat which cramps and racks me from head to foot—are feeble comparisons for this class of tribulation. There are sluggish troubles which delight in sticking close to you in bed ; there are others which have the noble ambition of keeping you company at table, out walking, at the theatre, and even at the ball ; granting you a sort of *habeas corpus*, which never releases your mind from the wretched feeling of having a prosecution hanging over you. Mine is one of those maladies of vagrant tendency which are never believed in, as those other maladies which make themselves your bed-fellows are little believed in until they arrive at the point of setting eight chemists hard at work, four doctors in agitation, and strewing sand before the door.

Giusti’s was, doubtless, one of those obscure maladies in which mind and body act and react on one another in a series of mutual jars, and the sensitive organisation of genius had to discount thus in bodily pain its exalted intellectual privileges. In these letters the poet’s disposition and character are seen under their best aspect, and there are some, such as the letter of advice to a boy entering college, and of consolation to a young cousin afflicted with lameness, which, for their combination of practical wisdom and admirable sentiments, deserve to be written in letters of gold.

Few artists have left so clear and minute an analysis of their creative impulses as Giusti, who had the power of dissecting and detailing, like an indifferent spectator, all the wayward vagaries of inspiration in his own mind. He describes how, in the first frenzy of working out an idea, he would sit at his desk for hours, writing, erasing, sketching out, recasting, in a fever of activity and creation ; then, disgusted with the futility of his attempts at expression, would fling aside his papers in disgust, and abandon all mental exertion for a

phase of wild gaiety and social distraction. Then after an interval, his glance would light accidentally on the notes he had been at work on, and he would find that the fancied failure contained all the elements of completion, and only required in reality a little arrangement and reconstruction to be a presentable addition to his literary offspring. His biographer, Signor Frassi, tells us that when the first idea of a subject kindled in his brain, he began to cast it into shape whatever place or circumstances he might be in ; while walking or in society, listening to conversation or making himself agreeable to a lady, however otherwise engaged, the rhymes and verses went on forming themselves in his mind. As soon as it was thus as it were blocked out, he would read the rough draft to his friends, to ladies, servants, or any audience he could get, judging of its effect not so much from their words as from the expression of their faces or some involuntary gesture of dissent or appreciation. Then modifying and changing whatever had seemed to fall flat or be unintelligible, he would lay it by for some time, until he had forgotten it, and could judge of it from a fresh point of view, when he would put it through another process of reconstruction. He was not less prompt in adopting and assimilating the ideas of others than in taking corrections and suggestions from them, so that his mind, always on the alert, gathered materials everywhere.

The insight his life gives into his method of working is an additional instance of the unwearied patience of genius in pursuing its ideal ; for we find that these playful trifles, apparently spontaneous and facile as though written impromptu, were in reality the result of infinite thought and pains. Each was kept by him for months, during which it received, day by day, the last finishing touches of perfection from his fastidious taste ; attaining by the substitution, here of a more concisely forcible phrase, there of a more felicitous epithet, that consummate degree of polish in which it was finally given to the world. The facsimiles of his manuscripts prefixed to the editions of his works are embroidered with erasures and correction, in which one can see how laboriously the idea struggles into life.

It was not through the ordinary channels of publication that his poems reached their readers, for the rigorous censorship of the press made it impossible to make use of it for their circulation. It was in manuscript form that they left their author's hands ; then passed eagerly from one to the other, they were copied, recopied, multiplied and reproduced until they attained in this primitive fashion a diffusion as great as if they had issued from the press in several editions. Signor Carducci, who has written a brief memoir prefixed

to one edition of these poems, relates how when a boy he was dragged from shop to shop in a remote village to transcribe and recite them. Thus the singular fact came to pass, that Giusti was a famous poet before a line of his had been printed, and that it was only by the surreptitious publication of his works by others that he was himself compelled to edit them for the press.

The mode of action on his mind of the state of society in which he lived, and the forcible impressions he received from its abuses, are vividly portrayed in many of his pieces, which are thus an analysis of the poet's mental processes from his own point of view. They sum up in his own concentrated diction a review of the evolution of his genius, and show how it was bent or warped to satire by bitterness of spirit inspired by the circumstances around him. The poem addressed to Gino Capponi is of this introspective nature, and we subjoin some stanzas of it as an example of his graver style. The metre he has here chosen is, as he says in a note, an old one, which notwithstanding its great difficulty he desired to restore, as the additional line lends greater solemnity and impressiveness to the octave stanza.

As one who mid the torrent's rush doth guide
His bark, while angry currents stem the way,
Seems to stand motionless, while past him glide
Shores, hills, and distant woods in shifting play ;
So doth my mind amid the eddying tide
Of human destinies bewildered stray,
And while the varied scene doth pass before it
Of universal life, feels coming o'er it
Dull stupor that no utterance dare essay.

Till with the dizzy tumult wearied quite
The secret forces of my soul I feel,
And gaze and think, and fail to grasp aright
What to mine eyes intent those sights reveal,
Nor feel within me of such verse the might
As should respond to that wild clarion-peal.
So hurried by the stir and hum around me,
I dream and rave and in its whirl confound me,
Like the dead leaf the wind doth drift and wheel.

But when from men afar I meditate
Some task of subtle fancy breathing warm,
And in the mind's sweet toil would recreate
The heart that weary travail doth inform,
Lo ! to assail me come importunate
As though of insects vile a buzzing swarm,
Past memories clothed in jeers to mock and flout me :
Like spectres armed with scoffs, all crowd about me,
Till they and I in combat strive and storm.

Thus to her room withdrawn, the maiden fair
 In glad intoxication brief and light,
 That left by dance and music lingering there
 Nor sleep nor weariness can put to flight,
 Still seems to hear the hushed and vacant air
 Thrill to the festive clamour of delight,
 Till the impressions left by loving glances,
 The lights, the whirl, the vortex of the dances,
 Change to a troublous vision of the night.

The poet then goes on to describe his mental questionings as in moments when inspiration flagged he seemed to doubt the genuineness of his vocation as a satirist, and almost to loathe the darker view it compelled him to take of life.

Then o'er this sea whose perils thou dost brave
 With sail so feeble and with bark so slight,
 Doth storm-cloud ever lower, and tempest rave,
 And plaints of wretches drowned the hearing smite ?
 Nor e'er doth laugh the sky, or pause the wave ?
 And doth the sun in clouds aye veil its light ?
 And in this dust much burdened and much daring,
 Which on the road to heaven with thee is faring,
 Is naught but vice apparent to thy sight ?

And who art thou with scourge so prompt to smite,
 Who the harsh truth so harshly dost proclaim ?
 And stinting praise to what is fair and bright,
 Dost tune thy acrid verse to wrath and blame ?
 Hast thou thy standard following aright,
 Learned Art's true ministry, and secret aim ?
 And hast thou first from thine own heart uprooted
 Vain pride and folly to thy part unsuited—
 Thou whose rebuke would others' feet reclaim ?

Then stung with grief I breathe a sigh of care,
 And curb my vagrant thoughts to musing slow,
 As calling back the how, the when, the where,
 My brief life-record o'er and o'er I go.
 Ah ! thus the past retracing I cull there
 'Mid thousand thorns but one poor flower ablow.
 With error wroth—with error stained—now soaring
 With the great few supernal heights exploring—
 Now sunk to raving with the vulgar low.

Sad theme of wrath that solely fires me still,
 How is my heart by thee opprest and tried !
 Oh butterfly, who in glad flight at will
 From flower to flower along thy path dost glide,
 And thou sad nightingale, whose voice doth fill
 With love-songs all the woods at even-tide,
 Compared with your sweet tasks how sore doth fret me
 The strife of soul in which doth ever set me,
 This seeming mirth which is but grief belied.

The strange duality of genius, by which it seems to override with irresistible compulsion the will and choice of its possessor, has seldom been more vividly portrayed than in this elaborate piece of mental self-dissection. Similar phases of thought are analysed, in the poet's more ordinary vein of grim humour, in the lines to Girolamo Tommasi, though at too great length for insertion here. One of his common moods of satirical morality is reflected in the following four stanzas, narrating a characteristic incident and entitled "An Involuntary Salute." The metre is one extensively used by the author, but it is not easy to render in another language the fierce bite of Giusti's verse.

Emilio smiled, because, as once we fared
Together through the maniac's dread abode,
Awed by the dreadful spectacle it showed
My head I bared.

But if he would in churlish mode go past,
Without salute, all who are short of brain,
Upon his brows his hat he might retain
Nailed firm and fast.

My wont it is to do misfortune grace,
And without varnish of the Pharisee,
To trace the working of divine decree
In misery's case.

Before the illustrious dunce whom wait upon
Obsequious greetings of the servile mass—
Before fools aping wisdom's mien I pass
Contemptuous on.

The interest of many of Giusti's political satires was necessarily ephemeral, and it is matter of regret that the circumstances of the time should have led him to expend so much of his most brilliant verse on subjects more or less remote from the sympathies of posterity. The piece in which, under the title of "The Boot," he gives an allegorical sketch of the fortunes of his native country, has more of a historical character, and we append the first six stanzas as a sample of his lighter vein of sarcasm.

I am not made of common vulgar leather,
A hob-nailed boot for rustic sole to press,
And though I seem rough-hewn and pieced together,
Who wrought me was no cobbler ne'ertheless :
With double soles and uppers stout to aid me
Through wood and stream, fit for all use he made me.

Though round me, down from calf to heel doth eddy
The humid wave, I spoil not, nor decay ;
Good at the chase, I with the spur am ready,
As many and many an ass full well can say ;
A row of thick-set stitching guards and hedges
My ridgy middle seam and upper edges.

To draw me on is no light undertaking,
 Nor every dolt and fool can compass it,
 Indeed a weakly leg I cramp to breaking,
 And for most limbs am but a sad misfit ;
 None in good sooth is able long to bear me,
 And turn and turn about they mostly wear me.

I spare you here the wearisome recital
 Of those who in desire of me have vied,
 But of the few more famous ones, a title
 Will pick out here and there, as chance may guide ;
 And tell how upside down and topside under,
 They turned me, passed from thief to thief for plunder.

It seems incredible, but once the notion
 I took to gallop off, I know not how,
 And coursed with loosened rein o'er earth and ocean ;
 But having overdone the pace I trow,
 My balance lost, by my own mass o'erweighted,
 I toppled o'er, and lay full length prostrated.

Torn by a mighty scrimmage then I found me,
 And a vast human deluge supervened,
 Of tribes come from a thousand miles around me.
 By counsel of a priest, or the foul fiend ;
 At leg and tassel all made furious snatches,
 And cried aloud, " Good luck to whoso catches."

The poet runs on through twenty-eight stanzas in the same sportive strain, ending by an aspiration for some sturdy wearer to appropriate the tattered boot, repairing its damages and removing the patches that disfigure it. Thus the invariable moral of Italian patriotism closes the satire, pointing its significance as a thinly veiled tirade against foreign domination. This piece, in common with many of his productions, illustrates Giusti's preference for the most familiar similitudes to illustrate his meaning, or, in his own language, donning "the rustic blouse to write in instead of a full-dress coat unlike so many others who deck themselves in a suit of gold lace for the purpose."

This hatred of all artificial disguise was, indeed, the keynote of his character, and his writings are little more than protests in various forms against all phases of affectation and hypocrisy. His constant aim was that absolute artistic sincerity which is one of the distinguishing marks of genius, for it is only to strong natures that complete power of self-revelation is given, and the disguises of feebler souls are worn, like a pauper's uniform, rather from poverty than from choice. So in Greek sculpture, gods and heroes stand undraped, while lesser mortals wear the trappings and trimmings of an inferior order of being.

Social no less than political shams are the constant subject of Giusti's invective, and fashionable follies are derided by him in some of his most scourging satires. To this class belong the stanzas written "For a Singer's Influenza" and addressed to a popular tenor, a former college companion of the poet. They have his usual condensed bitterness, and begin as follows :—

While thou dost warble, reaping by thy lays,
In guise so pleasant, meed of fame and gold,
There wake in one who listens, memories old
Of Pisan days.

When he with thee duet and serenade
Along the echoing street at eve would bawl,
Delighting to her balcony to call
The love-sick maid.

And boast of ear fine-strung in tuneful mode
Did, by decree of friends, to him belong,
And from his youthful throat the facile song
Mellifluous flowed.

Ah fool ! who deemed that fame and fortune's favours
Might with a stale and dusty tome be won,
And chose for alphabetic signs to shun
Crotchets and quavers.

Now thou, turned Midas in a night, dost use,
Borne on swift wheel, thy rapid way to cleave,
And smil'st on him who in the mud doth leave
His broken shoes.

On him, who, smiling back in glad surprise,
Feels ancient friendship warm his heart again
For thee, who on his face dost not disdain
To cast thine eyes.

The social successes of the singer are then delineated without much exaggeration, and he is described as entering a fashionable drawing-room, creating a rapturous sensation among its inmates which is intensified when he condescendingly consents to perform.

Prayed and implored, he yields with aspect sweet,
As one who does his suppliants a grace.
Twirls his moustache, pulls off his gloves apace,
And takes his seat.

The faded miss, hysterically gay,
Gurgles *très bien* in jarring phrase polite,
While rattling o'er the keys in rapid flight
His fingers stray.

And in her ravished ear the hybrid cant
Of limp Adonis at her elbow dies,
Who in bald semi-French doth improvise
Phrases gallant.

The piece concludes with five vigorous stanzas portraying the degeneracy of taste, in an invocation put into the mouth of the modern public.

For us, our yawns of boredom to assuage,
Let throat and uvula in motion be,
To Dante born again three pauls¹—to thee
Six statesmen's wage.

Oh Thou, who for the sheep close-shorn and nude
Dost give to January the breath of Spring,
And clip'st, to suit her coat, the frozen wing
Of Boreas rude,

Save, save the cultured art of song, and hear
Our cry (so pit and boxes loudly rave)—
Mercy upon a windpipe, Lord, we crave
That costs so dear.

The organs of the skull that yield not bread
Be maimed and stunted, and their life effete
Upon the bronchiæ all its vital heat
And virtue shed.

Boys, learning is in vogue, but how insane
Who money to your schooling doth devote.
'Tis throat and ear are wanted—ear and throat—
Plague take the brain !

That Giusti's command of the language of tenderness was not less complete than his mastery of that of satire is sufficiently proved by the lines addressed "All' Amica Lontana" ("To my Love Afar"), no other than the lady whose faithlessness exercised so baneful an influence over his life. To this disappointment, with its permanently blighting influence on his affections, is doubtless to be ascribed the absence of a greater number of such pieces among his works.

Little as there is in his writings to recall those of Dante, he himself ascribes the development of his poetic faculty to his early and incessant study of the father of Italian song. One of his first infantine tasks was the learning by heart of the story of Ugolino, and the last work that occupied him at the time of his death was a Commentary on the Divina Commedia. This essay, though left in a fragmentary state, ought, if carefully edited and arranged, to be of considerable literary interest.

We cannot better sum up Giusti's career as a whole than in the sonnet addressed by him to Tommaso Grossi in 1841, embodying the epitaph he would have chosen for himself, to which, indeed, the unvarying consistency of his life fairly entitles him.

¹ A paul, half a franc.

Behold me, Grossi, aged thirty-five,
With my wild oats at last entirely sown,
And on my head these strands of silver strown,
To chasten the few follies that survive.

At a less stormy age I now arrive,
Half prose, half poetry—to thought now prone,
And now to sober mirth. In part alone
'Twill pass, in part amid the human hive.

So downward, at this pace habitual grown,
Still humouring the crowd with jest and brag
Till death shall come to still each noisy tone.

Too happy if the long and weary fag
Of life's highroad have earned my grave a stone
With the inscription "Faithful to his Flag."¹

E. M. CLERKE.

¹ The translation of this sonnet has been already published by the writer in a volume entitled "The Flying Dutchman and other Poems." The other translations in the article are now printed for the first time.

A VERSATILE HAWK.

BESIDES that hypothetical kind of variation in instincts called "spontaneous," there are other common variations in everyday habits due simply to experience and tradition ; and by tradition I mean the example of parents, or other adults, imitated by the young. The intelligence of a species or of a family, however, is seldom found distributed over the whole range of its actions, but more frequently develops itself in one particular line, or set of actions ; for it is here, as with structure, where one organ acquires the "habit of varying," while all other parts remain unchanged. This, at any rate, can be said of the *Milvago chimango*, which in seeking food has acquired a character to distinguish it even in a strikingly versatile sub-family.

Azara says of the caracara eagle : "All methods of subsistence are known to this bird : it pries into, understands, and takes advantage of everything." These words apply best to the *chimango*, which has probably the largest bill of fare of any bird, and has grafted on to its own peculiar manner of life the habits of twenty diverse species. By turns it is a falcon, a vulture, an insect-eater, a vegetable-eater. On the same day you will see one bird in violent hawk-like pursuit of its living prey, with all the instincts of rapine hot within it, and another less ambitious individual engaged in laboriously tearing at an old cast-off shoe, uttering mournful notes the while, but probably more concerned at the tenacity of the material than at its indigestibility.

A species so cosmopolitan in its tastes might have had a whole volume to itself in England ; being only a poor foreigner, it has had no more than a few unfriendly paragraphs bestowed upon it. For it happens to be a member of that South American sub-family—*Polyborinæ* by name—of which even grave naturalists have spoken slightly, calling them vile, cowardly, contemptible birds ; and the *chimango* is nearly least of them all—a sort of poor relation and hanger-on of a family already looked upon as bankrupt and disreputable. Despite this evil reputation, I do not shrink from writing its biography, nor do I overrate the importance of my subject ; for throughout an extensive portion of South America it is the commonest bird we know ; and when we consider how closely connected are the lives of all living

creatures by means of their interlacing relations, that the predominance of any one kind, however innocuous, necessarily causes the modification, or extinction even, of surrounding species, we are better able to appreciate the importance of this despised fowl in the natural polity. Add to this its protean habits, and then, however poor a creature our bird may seem, and deserving of strange-sounding epithets from an ethical point of view, I do not know where the naturalist will find a more interesting one.

The chimango is always to be seen at the Zoological Gardens ; but as few birds less interesting in appearance are to be found in our modern Noah's Ark, the reader will have little recollection of it. In size and figure it closely resembles the hen-harrier, and the plumage is uniformly of a light sandy-brown colour ; the shanks are slender, claws weak, and beak so slightly hooked it seems like the merest apology of the falcon's tearing weapon. It has an easy loitering flight, and when on the wing does not appear to have an object in view, like the hawk, but wanders and prowls about here and there, and when it spies another bird it flies after him to see if he has food in his eye. When one finds something to eat, the others try to deprive him of it, pursuing him with great determination all over the sky ; if the foremost pursuer flags, a fresh bird takes its place, until the object of so much contention—perhaps after all only a bit of skin or bone—is dropped to the ground, to be instantly snatched up by some bird in the tail of the chase ; and he in turn becomes the pursued of all the others. This continues till one grows tired and leaves off watching them without seeing the result. They are loquacious and sociable, frequently congregating in loose companies of thirty or forty individuals, when they spend several hours every day in spirited exercises, soaring about like martins, performing endless evolutions, and joining in aërial mock battles. After that they all settle down, to remain for an hour or so perched on the topmost boughs of trees or other elevations ; and at intervals one bird utters a very long leisurely chant, followed by a series of short notes, all the other birds joining in chorus and uttering short notes in time with those of their soloist or preceptor. The nest is built on trees or rushes in swamps, or on the ground amongst grass and thistles. The eggs are three or four in number, nearly spherical, blotched with deep red on a white or creamy ground ; sometimes the whole egg is marbled with red ; but there are endless varieties. It is easy to find the nest, and becomes easier when there are young birds, for the parent when out foraging invariably returns to her young uttering long mournful notes, so that one has only to listen and mark the spot where she alights. After visiting

a nest, I have always found the young birds quickly disappear, and as the old birds vanish also, I presume the chimango has the habit of removing its young when the nest has been discovered—a rare habit with birds.

Chimangos abound most in settled districts, but a prospect of food will quickly bring numbers together even in the most solitary places. On the desert pampas, where hunters, Indian or European, have a great fancy for burning the dead grass, the moment the smoke of a distant fire is seen there the chimangos fly to follow the conflagration. They are, at such times, strangely animated, dashing through clouds of smoke, feasting amongst the hot ashes on roasted covies, and other small mammals, or boldly pursuing the scorched fugitives from the flames.

At all times in all places the chimango is ever ready to pounce on the weak, the sickly, and the wounded. In other regions of the globe these doomed ones fall into the clutches of the true bird of prey; but the salutary office of executioner is so effectually performed by the chimango and his congeners where these false hawks abound, that the true hawks have a much keener struggle to exist here. This circumstance has possibly served to make them swifter of wing, keener of sight, and bolder in attack than elsewhere. I have seen a buzzard, which is not considered the bravest of the hawks, turn quick as lightning on a Cayenne lapwing, which was pursuing it, and grappling it bear it down to the ground and despatch it in a moment, though a hundred other lapwings were uttering piercing screams above it. Yet this plover is a large, powerful, fierce-tempered bird, and armed with sharp spurs on its wings. This is but one of numberless instances I have witnessed of the extreme strength and daring of our hawks.

When shooting birds to preserve, I used to keep an anxious eye on the movements of the chimangos flying about, for I have had some fine specimens carried off or mutilated by these omnipresent robbers. One winter day I came across a fine *Tæniptera variegata*, a pretty and graceful tyrant-bird, rather larger than the common thrush, with a chocolate and silver-grey plumage. It was rare in that place, and anxious to secure it I fired a very long shot, for it was extremely shy. It rose up high in the air and flew off apparently unconcerned. What, then, was my surprise to see a chimango start off in pursuit of it! Springing on to my horse, I followed, and before going a mile noticed the tyrant-bird beginning to show signs of distress. After avoiding several blows aimed by the chimango, it flew down and plunged into a cardoon bush. There I captured it, and, when skinning it to

preserve, found that one small shot had lodged in the fleshy portion of the breast. It was a very slight wound, yet the chimango with its trained sight had noticed something wrong with the bird from the moment it flew off, apparently in its usual free buoyant manner.

On another occasion I was defrauded of a more valuable specimen than the tyrant-bird. It was on the east coast of Patagonia, when one morning while seated on an elevation, watching the waves dashing themselves on the shore, I perceived a shining white object tossing about at some distance from land. Successive waves brought it nearer, till at last it was caught up and flung far out on to the shingle, fifty yards from where I sat; and instantly, before the cloud of spray had vanished, a chimango dashed down upon it. I jumped up and ran down as fast as I could, and found my white object to be a penguin, apparently fresh killed by some accident out at sea, and in splendid plumage; but, alas! in that moment the vile chimango had stripped off and devoured the skin from its head, so that as a specimen it was hopelessly ruined.

As a rule, strong healthy birds despise the chimango; they feed in his company—his sudden appearance causes no alarm, and they do not take the trouble to persecute him; but when they have eggs or young he is not to be trusted. He is not easily turned from a nest he has once discovered. I have seen him carry off a young tyrant-bird (*Milvulus violentus*), in the face of such an attack from the parent birds that one would have imagined not even an eagle could have weathered such a tempest. Curiously enough, like one of the boldest of our hawks (*Tinnunculus sparverius*), they sometimes attack birds so much too strong and big for them that they must know the assault will produce more annoyance than harm. I was once watching a flock of coots feeding on a grassy bank, when a passing chimango paused in its flight, and, after hovering over them a few moments, dashed down upon them with such impetuosity that several birds were thrown to the ground by the quick successive blows of its wings. There they lay on their backs, kicking, apparently too much terrified to get up, while the chimango deliberately eyed them for some moments, then quietly flew away, leaving them to dash into the water and cool their fright. Attacks like these are possibly made in a sportive spirit, for the milvago is a playful bird, and, as with many other species, bird and mammal, its play always takes the form of attack.

Its inefficient weapons compel it to be more timid than the hawk, but there are many exceptions, and in every locality individual birds are found distinguished by their temerity. Almost any shepherd can

say that his flock is subject to the persecutions of at least one pair of lamb-killing birds. They prowl about the flock, and watch till a small lamb is found sleeping at some distance from its dam, then rush upon it, and, clinging to its head, eat away its nose and tongue. The shepherd is then obliged to kill the lamb; but I have seen many lambs that have been permitted to survive the mutilation, and which have grown to strong, healthy sheep, though with greatly disfigured faces. One more instance I will give of the boldness of a bird of which Azara says that it might possibly have courage enough to attack a mouse, though he doubts it. But Azara is an authority only outside of the countries about which he wrote; we read him for the charm of his simple, quaint style; he is the Gilbert White of South America. Close to my house, when I was a boy, a pair of these birds had their nest near a narrow path leading through a thicket of giant thistles, and every time I traversed this path the male bird, which, contrary to the rule with birds of prey, is larger and bolder than the female, would rise high above me, then dashing down, strike my horse a violent blow on the forehead with its wings. This action it would repeat till I was out of the path. I thought it very strange the bird never struck *my* head; but I presently discovered that it had an excellent reason for what it did. The gauchos ride by preference on horses never properly tamed, and one neighbour informed me that he was obliged every day to make a circuit of half a mile round the thistles, as the horses he rode became quite unmanageable in the path, they had been so terrified with the attacks of the chimango.

Where the intelligence of the bird appears to be really at fault is in its habit of attacking a sore-backed horse, tempted thereto by the sight of a raw spot, and apparently not understanding that the flesh it wishes to devour is an inseparable part of the whole animal. Darwin has noticed this curious blunder of the bird; and I have often seen a chafed saddle-horse wildly scouring the plain closely pursued by a hungry chimango determined to dine on a portion of him.

In the hot season, when marshes and lagoons are drying up, the chimango is seen associating with ibises and other waders, standing knee-deep in the water, and watching for tadpoles, frogs, and other aquatic prey. He also wades after a very different kind of food. At the bottom of pools, collected on clayey soil after a summer shower, an edible fungus grows of a dull greenish colour, and resembling gelatine. He has found out that this fungus is good for food, though I never saw any other creature eating it. In cultivated districts he

follows the plough in company with the black-headed gulls, molothri, Guira cuckoos, and tyrant-birds, and clumsily gleans amongst the fresh-turned mould for worms and larvæ. He also attends the pigs when they are rooting on the plain to share any succulent treasure-trove turned up by their snouts ; for he is not a bird that allows dignity to stand between him and his dinner. In the autumn, on damp, sultry days, the red ants, that make small conical mounds on the pampas, are everywhere seen swarming, and rising high in the air they form a little cloud or column, and hang suspended for hours over the same spot. On such days the milvagos fare sumptuously on little insects, and under each cloud of winged ants several of them are to be seen in company with a few fly-catchers, or other diminutive species, briskly running about to pick up the falling manna, their enjoyment undisturbed by any sense of incongruity.

Before everything, however, the chimango is a vulture, and is to be found at every solitary rancho sharing with dogs and poultry the offal and waste meat thrown out on the dust-heap ; or, after the flock has gone to pasture, tearing at the eyes and tongue of a dead lamb in the sheepfold. When the hide has been stripped from a dead horse or cow on the plains, the chimango is always first on the scene. While feeding on a carcass it incessantly utters a soliloquy of the most lamentable notes, as if protesting against the hard necessity of having to put up with such carrion fare ; long, querulous cries, resembling the piteous whines of a shivering puppy chained up in a bleak back yard and all its wants neglected, but infinitely more doleful in character. The gauchos have a saying comparing a man who grumbles at good fortune to the chimango crying on a carcass ; an extremely expressive saying to those who have listened to the distressful wailings of the bird over its meat. In winter a carcass attracts a great concourse of the black-winged gulls ; for with the cold weather these vultures of the sea abandon their breeding places on the Atlantic shores to wander in search of food over the vast inland pampas. The dead beast is quickly surrounded by a host of them, and the poor chimango crowded out ; one at least, however, is usually to be seen perched on the carcass tearing at the flesh, and at intervals with outstretched neck and ruffled-up plumage uttering a succession of its strange wailing cries, reminding one of a public orator mounted on a rostrum and addressing harrowing appeals to a crowd of attentive listeners. When the carcass has finally been abandoned by foxes, armadillos, gulls, and caracaras, the chimango still clings sorrowfully to it, eking out a miserable existence by tearing at a fringe of gristle and whetting his hungry beak on the bones.

Though an inordinate lover of carrion, a wise^r instinct has taught it that this aliment is unsuited to the tender stomachs of its fledglings ; these it feeds almost exclusively on the young of small birds. In November, the chimangos are seen incessantly beating over the cardoon bushes, after the manner of hen-harriers ; for at this season in the cardoons breeds the *Coryphistera alaudina*. This bird, the sole member of its genus, and called *téru-réru del campo* by the natives, is excessively shy and mouse-like in its habits, seldom showing itself, and, by means of strong legs and a long, slender, wedge-like body, is able to glide swiftly as a snake through and under the grass. In summer one hears its long melancholy trilling call-note from a cardoon bush, but if approached it drops to the ground and vanishes. Under the densest part of the cardoon bush it scoops out a little circular hollow in the soil, and constructs over it a dome of woven grass and thorns, leaving only a very small aperture : it lines the floor with dry horse-dung, and lays five buff-coloured eggs. So admirably is the nest concealed that I have searched every day for one through a whole breeding season without being rewarded with a single find. Yet they are easily found by the chimango. In the course of a single day I have examined five or six broods of their young, and, by pressing a finger on their distended crops, made them disgorge their food, and found in every instance that they had been fed on nothing but the young of the *téru-réru*. I was simply amazed at this wholesale destruction of the young of a species so secret in its nesting habits ; for no eye, even of a hawk, can pierce through the leafage of a cardoon bush, ending near the surface in an accumulated mass of the dead and decaying portions of the plant. The explanation of the chimango's success is to be found in the loquacious habit of the fledglings it preys on, a habit common in the young of *Dendrocolaptine* species. The intervals between the visits of the parent birds with food they spend in conversing together in their high-pitched tones. If a person approaches the solid fabric of the ovenbird, *Furnarius rufus*, when there are young in it, he will hear shrill laughter-like notes and little choruses like those uttered by the old birds, only feebler ; but in the case of this species, no harm can result from the loquacity of the young, since the castle they inhabit is impregnable. Hovering over the cardoons, the chimango listens for the stridulous laughter of the fledglings, and when he hears it the thorny covering is quickly pierced and the dome broken into.

Facts like this bring before us with startling vividness the struggle for existence, showing what great issues in the life of a species may depend on matters so trivial, seemingly, that to the uninformed mind

they appear like the merest dust in the balance which is not regarded. And how tremendous and pitiless is that searching law of the survival of the fittest in its operations when we see a species like the *Coryphistera*, in the fashioning and perfecting of which nature seems to have exhausted all her art, so exquisitely is it adapted in structure, coloration, and habits to the one great object of concealment, yet apparently doomed to destruction through this one petty oversight—the irrepressible garrulity of the fledglings in their nest! It is, however, no oversight at all; since the law of natural selection is not prophetic in its action, and only preserves such variations as are beneficial in existing circumstances, without anticipating changes in the conditions. The settlement of the country has no doubt caused a great increase of chimangos, and in some indirect way probably served to quicken their intelligence; thus a change in the conditions which have moulded the *Coryphistera* brings a danger to it from an unexpected quarter. The situation of the nest exposes it, one would imagine, to attacks from snakes and small mammals, from bird-killing spiders, beetles, and crickets, yet these subtle ground foes have missed it, while the baby-laughter of the little ones in their cradle has called down an unlooked-for destroyer from above. It might be answered that this must be a very numerous species, otherwise the milvago could not have acquired the habit of finding the nests; that when they become rarer, the pursuit will be given over, after which the balance will readjust itself. But in numbers there is safety, especially for a feeble hunted species, unable from its peculiar structure to vary its manner of life. “Rarity,” observes Darwin, “is the precursor to extinction.”

W. H. HUDSON.

JOUFFROY, THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

FRANCHE-COMTÉ is a land of mountains and forests, famous for the pastures on its hill-sides, and chiefly rich in its herds of cattle ; a land almost half of which is even now heath and marsh. In the middle of the last century the province, as a consequence of its nature and its history, was perhaps the most backward in France, of which it had only become a part under Louis XIV. Old feudal châteaux still stood amid lands tilled by the labour of serfs, and the manners of an elder day still lingered in the hamlets. There were no special industries, save cheese-making on the farms, charcoal-burning in the forests, and clock-making around Besançon, the chief town ; indeed, in all enterprise the province seemed left hopelessly behind. The great canal of the Rhone and Rhine was not made till after the war of American Independence, when it gave employment to the soldiers who had come back ; while the river Doubs was only navigable by small boats, and at certain seasons of the year. Yet it was on this river that Jouffroy tried his first steamboat, and it was from one of the old châteaux of Franche-Comté that there came an invention which revolutionised the commerce of the world.

To us the eighteenth century seems characterised by the movement of destruction which led up to the final outburst of the Revolution ; but the century of Voltaire and Rousseau was also that of Priestley and Lavoisier, of Arkwright and Watt. In fact it was in this century, as a result of the physical discoveries of the preceding, that the great application of science to industry took place, that man converted to his use the forces of the inorganic world—the greatest material advance since our nomad ancestors made subject allies of other animal races. In its effect on the workers, indeed, it was perhaps less noticeable than their personal emancipation, or than the subsequent separation of the functions of master and workman ; but even thus considered, it is difficult to overestimate the change effected, the facilities for combination and for the spread of new ideas afforded by the massing of the hands in large

factories and large cities, and by the improvement in the means of communication. To it we owe the extinction of that industry of the cottage, where the father taught his sons their trade, and the family worked together in the home. By it great marts have arisen on the shores of the Pacific, and western Europe has come face to face with the old civilisations of China and Japan ; by it the barren valleys of Lancashire and Yorkshire have become densely peopled, while the life of the city with its aspirations and its dangers has become more and more attractive. So in our material progress good and evil are now blended ; but the race which made war amenable to social discipline, so that the character of the warrior became a noble type, can have little difficulty in making peaceful industry also submit to this discipline ; and then these triumphs of the industrial spirit, which now seem so ambiguous, will take their proper place as part of the rich inheritance of the past.

But in all discoveries a long anterior preparation is needed. The application of science to practical life required a previous elaboration of theory, which was only completed after the lapse of ages. In this all sorts and conditions of men took part : priests of the Sun and Alexandrian mathematicians, Christian monks and Arab philosophers, astrologers and alchemists. At length there came the physical investigations of Galileo : Stevin, Torricelli, and Pascal discovered that the air had weight, and Boyle, the law of its elasticity ; and then in the fulness of time arose the idea of steam as a power in industry. Hero, in the great days of the school of Alexandria, had noted the force of heated air ; but no advance in this direction was possible until the seventeenth century. Legend, however, has been busy with the early history of the steam-engine. In Germany there is shown the idol of the great god Perkunas, in which, apparently by steam, astonishing effects were wrought, to the terror of the Wendic peoples, that they might know that Perkunas was god ; whence the invention has been placed in the primeval forests of the North. Again, according to some, Blasco de Garay crossed the harbour of Barcelona in a vessel moved by steam, a century before the great discoveries in physics ; and later, Marion Delorme and the Marquis of Worcester encountered mad Salomon de Caus on the threshold of his cell in Bicêtre, boasting that with boiling water alone he could make chariots move and weights rise up. Salomon, indeed, is known to have used heat to raise the water in fountains ; but, unfortunately for the story, he seems not to have been in Bicêtre at the time supposed. With Worcester's name we at last emerge into the light, for in his "Century of Inventions,"

published in 1663, he has left a vague and ambiguous account of a new method of raising weights, which is generally thought to be the first proposal to use steam for that purpose. But the first to actually make a machine worked by steam was Papin, a Huguenot exile, who in 1685 made experiments with his condenser before the Royal Society. This first attempt prepared the way for others : Papin's condenser was followed by Savery's steam-pump, and that again by Newcomen's ; and this being given to Watt to repair, became in the hands of that great inventor the double-acting steam-engine which has had so much effect on modern industry.

There was, however, one application of steam which from the time of Papin had been tried in vain ; and it was in France that the first successful steamboat was constructed. Nor was this fortuitous : internal navigation had always been of more importance there than in England ; and canals had existed in that country more than a hundred years before the first was constructed here. The most important school of the century, that of the Encyclopedists, was as far as possible aiming at construction rather than destruction ; and while the greater minds made scientific discovery their aim, the lesser found a congenial task in applying science to industry. So strong was this movement that it was not confined to the progressive classes: the inventor of the steamboat was not an emancipated *philosophe* like Vaucanson, nor a revolutionary manufacturer like Montgolfier, but a young noble who all his life opposed that general transformation of society in which, as regards one particular movement, he took so notable a part.

Claude François Dorothée, eldest son of the Marquis de Jouffroy d'Abbans, was born in 1751. The family of Jouffroy had once been of great account in Franche-Comté, and one branch had become possessed of the lands of Abbans and the old château there, built in the eleventh century to guard the road leading up to the Jura. A few miles off, at Quingey, there was a Dominican convent, where the boys from the château went to school, and the eldest early showed a taste for mathematics. Strange things were coming to pass in those very years. Beyond the range of the Jura, which bounded the southern horizon, lay Switzerland, and Geneva, and Ferney ; and Paris was but 200 miles away—nay, the state of the serfs in Franche-Comté itself was already kindling the generous anger of Voltaire. Yet probably the tumults of the world without little troubled the good Dominicans of Quingey and their scholars ; for “while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest shall not cease.” But when such seed is sowing, who shall foretell the harvest ? In his childhood,

however, Jouffroy felt other influences besides the effete remains of Feudalism and Catholicism. At Quingey dwelt an old officer named D'Auxiron, who with the help of his friend Marshal Follenay had invented a steamboat, which, as we shall see, had little success ; yet through their efforts young Jouffroy was first attracted to the work of his life. For the rest, he was a studious boy, much given to joinery, wood-turning, and other mechanical pursuits.

Had he not been noble, he might perhaps have been left to prepare himself thus for his strange career, with such help as his friends at Quingey could afford ; but as it was, he had to go through a certain routine. At thirteen he became page to Madame la Dauphine, and as soon as he was old enough entered the army. What was his course of life when at court we do not know, though we may imagine that the boy had many wistful thoughts of his books and his carpentry in the old château. His career in the army was short and unfortunate. To one of his temperament, at once practical and independent, the duties of an officer in time of peace, the minute regulations, the drills and parades, which bore so little relation to the actual necessities of war, were irksome in the extreme : his neglect led to a strong remonstrance from his colonel, which was immediately followed by a challenge from the subaltern ; and in a few days Jouffroy was on his way to the Îles Marguerites under a *lettre de cachet*, his military life at an end for the time being. His prison was that in which the Man of the Iron Mask had worn out his mysterious life, and from which on the very threshold of the Revolution fiery D'Espréménil of the Parlement was to come back loyal, and repentant. Here Jouffroy remained for two weary years ; but the troubles of life depend on what you bring as well as on what you find. To all strong natures it is at least in some small measure true that—

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

He soon found employment well suited to him. Along the shores of the Mediterranean were stationed the galleys to which criminals were sent, and from which the last of the Huguenot prisoners had been released only a few years before. These galleys attracted his attention, yet not on account of their terrible histories : they had moved under the sighs of the wretched, but always in accordance with the laws of mechanics. Jouffroy composed a work as the result of his observations, and thus began his true career.

Set free in 1775, he went to Paris, then in one of the great crises of its history. Fourteen centuries had passed since Julian there

repudiated the new religion of Christ, and put himself under the protection of the immortal gods, making a last vain effort to stay the course of human progress—fourteen centuries during which Christendom had grown and flourished, and Paris had grown and flourished with it, till it became its very heart ; and now in this same Paris, the Paris of St. Genevieve, the capital of the most Christian kings, and the stronghold of the League, there had arisen a spirit more dangerous to Christianity than all the power of the apostate emperor. Nor was the Church alone threatened. Through centuries the Counts of Paris, become kings of France, had laboured on, laying fief to fief and province to province, till they had transformed themselves from the chiefs of a feudal aristocracy into the most absolute of monarchs, and had built up the great France that we know. And now their good city of Paris was ripening for revolt ; Rousseau had succeeded Voltaire ; and the attack on the altar had been followed by the attack on the throne. The old Louis XV. had just been gathered to his fathers, and the new reign was opening with hopes destined never to be realised. The American rebellion was inspiring all lovers of freedom. Philosophic Turgot was ready, like a second Richelieu, to mould the institutions of the old *régime* into harmony with the ideas of the age, and thus effect the revolution from above, if only the young king would support him against the clamours of the court ; and Paris was eagerly watching the outcome of the contest, though none foresaw how terrible a penalty for his weakness Louis would one day pay. But to Jouffroy, who was neither a *philosophe* nor a pensioner, and who foresaw as little as any one what the future had in store for him, there were matters of much more interest than the struggles of Turgot. The steam-engine, with Watt's earlier improvements, had just been introduced into France by Perier, which lent great force to proposals for moving ships by steam, and Jouffroy's old friends from Quiney had come to Paris to push their invention.

The first attempt to apply steam to navigation was made by the inventor of the first rudimentary steam-engine. Denis Papin was born at Blois in 1647, of a distinguished Huguenot family. After taking the degree of doctor of medicine at the Protestant University of Saumur, he settled in Paris, where by his scientific attainments he gained the friendship of Leibnitz and Huyghens. But he soon found that in France there was no career open to a Protestant ; for although the Revocation of the Edict was still some years distant, there were already signs in plenty portending the coming storm. Therefore, just as four years before Chardin had returned to the East,

so in 1675 Papin betook himself to England. There he invented his once-celebrated digester, a machine for softening bones, and his condenser, which was the first steam-engine ; and he was presented to the Royal Society by Boyle, whom he assisted in some important experiments. He was also invited to Venice, to found an academy ; and he was not without honour in his own country, for only five years after the Revocation he was elected a corresponding member of the Académie des Sciences. In 1687 he left England for Marburg, where some of his family had taken refuge, and in the next year Charles of Hesse, "the crowned artisan," made him professor of mathematics in the university there. His position, however, was a very unpleasant one: the other professors looked upon him as an interloper, and intrigued against him at every opportunity ; while, to add to his embarrassment, he became involved in a dispute with the rulers of the Huguenot Church. The causes of this quarrel are not known : perhaps his birth was his only fault ; for he was nearly related to Pajon, who had been expelled from his chair at Sedan on account of his Pelagianism, and a kinsman of the minister Isaac Papin, who in his exile had turned Catholic after reading Bossuet's "Variations of the Protestant Churches." However that may be, the fact remains that the most eminent of the exiles for conscience' sake was expelled from the French Church at Marburg. Thus the Huguenots, who in their days of power, while the willing tools of the Condés and the Rohans, had indeed been notorious for their intolerance, even carried the same spirit into exile with them, a spectacle to the nations. At length, in 1707, he determined to return to England. He had long thought of applying his condenser to navigation, and he now embarked, with his wife, who was one of the fugitives, and his family, on board a steam-vessel of his own construction, to go down the Weser. Having with difficulty reached the frontier of Hanover, he was stopped by the bargees, who accused him of violating their corporate rights. He set off to appeal to a magistrate, and in his absence his boat was broken in pieces by the mob. He died some years afterwards in great misery, having made no further attempt to construct a steam-boat. But had he done so he must inevitably have failed, for navigation by steam, to be really successful, required a steam-engine with constant action, and this had not yet been invented. In fact, experiments were made from time to time, notably by Jonathan Hulls in 1736, but without success ; and when Jouffroy arrived in Paris in 1775 the problem was still unsolved.

In 1772 D'Auxiron had obtained a fifteen years' patent for his steamboat, and had formed, with Follenay's aid, a company to work it.

Perier, who, although himself without originality, had obtained a great reputation by introducing Watt's steam-engine into France, reported against the new steamboat; and this so alarmed the shareholders that he had to be taken into partnership in order to satisfy them. But the opposition of the boatmen and others interested in the existing means of transport proved a more formidable obstacle: the same passions which had destroyed Hargreaves' spinning-jenny at Blackburn and Papin's steamboat in Germany were aroused on the Seine; and on the eve of launching the boat-house was broken open, and the vessel much injured. The members of the company were furious, and attacked D'Auxiron as the most accessible person, a lawsuit being the consequence. Moreover, a serious difference showed itself between Perier and Jouffroy, who had now been admitted to the counsels of the promoters. The former calculated that the force to be exerted by the steam-engine would be equal to that exerted by a horse in towing the same boat; while Jouffroy insisted that it must be greater, in fact four times as much, because the point of application of the force was now in the water. Perier's views prevailed, and Jouffroy, leaving Paris with a confidence soon strengthened by the complete failure of his rival's experiments, returned to his father's house.

There was a curious legend attached to one of the towers of the château. It was related that in days long past a crusading seigneur of Abbans, who had fallen into the hands of the Moslems, lay in prison grieving for his young wife, when a good fakir gave him a ring by means of which he could transport himself home, on condition that he returned before break of day. The peasants believed that the tower was revisited by the ghostly crusader, and that those passing by it at midnight, which none ever did, saw it lighted up and heard the rattle of the prisoner's chains. Now, soon after Jouffroy's return, a great fear fell on all the neighbourhood; for beams of light, as if from a furnace, could be seen issuing from the old tower, and some who lived near even heard the clank of iron. But it was no crusader, borne over the seas by the magic ring of the fakir: it was the making of a new talisman for all peoples; it was Jouffroy constructing the machinery of his first steamboat. He had turned his back on Paris, with its controversies and its intrigues; he had left Perier to try what he could do with all the resources of capital, machinery, and skilful workmanship; and he had come back to the old château, to make a steamboat on his own plan, with no help save that of a village brazier.

Jouffroy had an aunt in a religious foundation at Baume-les-

dames. At her request he had his little vessel, when it was finished, towed up the Doubs to Montbéliard, whence he navigated it down the stream to Besançon, so as to pass her convent. The experiment attracted scarcely any attention among men of science, but the nobles and peasants of the province flocked to the banks of the river, to see the new sight ; and when the vessel was seen to move without sail or rower, the spectators thought the great work accomplished. One alone felt that much more was required before steam could take its place as the great means of transport, and that one was Jouffroy. This first boat was propelled by paddles set in motion by the oscillating action of the steam-engine as it then existed ; but he soon saw that this was very unsatisfactory. Duquet had some time before suggested the use of paddle-wheels in navigation, and Jouffroy now adopted this idea. But, as Benjamin Franklin pointed out to the American inventors, a steam-engine acting continuously was needed to move paddle-wheels. Watt had already made a double-acting one ; but it is the principal title of Jouffroy to fame as an inventor that he was the first to appreciate this difficulty, and the first to solve it by the invention of a steam-engine with constant action. Watt made the same improvement independently, as it seems ; but not until 1786.

However, new difficulties sprang up : when the inventor was found to be himself dissatisfied, such interest as the trial had aroused changed into ridicule ; and his own resources were nearly at an end. He thought of turning his scientific abilities to account by entering the Artillery or Engineers ; but the nobles of the province raised a great outcry at one of their number entering a branch of the service which, unlike the line regiments, was open to all without distinction of birth. They nicknamed him ‘ Jouffroy la pompe ’ ; while even his own family turned against him, so that he was obliged to give up the plan. At length, on D’Auxiron’s death, Jouffroy became a member of the company he had formed, and thus obtained money to make a large steamboat. The place chosen for the trial was Lyons, a city famous in the annals of industry, the staple of which is linked with the inventions of Vaucanson and Jacquard. Here, twenty years before, Bourgelat had set up the first veterinary schools in France ; and here the sluggish Saone afforded a safe course for the new steamboat. Nor was there at Lyons any lack of interest in the matter : children were even named after the inventor ; and when on the 15th of July, 1783, the large steamboat was launched, ten thousand spectators crowded the quays. The dimensions of the vessel were one hundred and fifty feet long by forty broad, and it continued to navigate the Saone for sixteen months. At the end of that time it

broke down ; but only because Jouffroy's poverty had compelled him to have recourse to bad materials. This success induced a financial company to come forward and offer support, on condition that a patent was obtained ; and the inventor therefore applied to Calonne for a thirty years' privilege. The minister referred the matter to the Académie des Sciences, which proved true to the usual character of such bodies. A committee was appointed, of which Perier, Jouffroy's unsuccessful rival, was the leading member ; and a fatal condition was insisted on—a new trial before the august eyes of the Academy on the Seine ; so that Jouffroy, who had already exhausted his resources in the experiment at Lyons, had to give up all hope of a patent.

At home, Jouffroy received little more encouragement. His younger brother, who held a place at court, had lately married one of the Queen's maids of honour, Louis and Marie Antoinette being present at the ceremony ; but the consent of the bride's family had only been given on condition that the elder brother gave up his heritage in the Château d'Abbans. Dependent, with his young wife, whom he had married while at Lyons, on his father's bounty, Jouffroy could not refuse his consent ; and his kinsfolk seem only to have been too glad of an excuse to disinherit the reckless inventor in favour of so much more creditable a member of the family as an exempt of the King's bodyguard. This transaction, which would have been scouted by the smallest squireen in England, may serve to explain the ease with which the revolutionists changed the laws of inheritance, and the strength of the opposition to the *majorat* under the Restoration. In the meantime Jouffroy remained at Abbans, where he built himself a house of wood, in which he lived with his wife, until one day it was burnt down. He continued his efforts to bring the steamboat into notice, and even made advances to Perier, but nothing came of them. He also entered into a law-suit with the unfortunate shareholders in D'Auxiron's company ; but when the judgment was given, Jouffroy was an exile, and could no longer benefit by it. The proceedings were begun under the old Monarchy, which still stood, venerable with the authority of centuries, and the decision was given under the Republic, springing into vigorous life amid the ruin of all that had been accounted greatest in old France.

The day of the great outbreak had at length come. The movement of thought which had been sapping for so long the beliefs on which the old *régime* rested had now done its work, and the Monarchy, which had seemed so imposing, fell almost without

defence, and while the real Republicans were still a small minority. Where the right divine of kings had reigned through the ages, the rights of man were to have their one short span of power, and, that ending amid bloodshed and anarchy, were to make way, as we may hope, for better things. But for the rights of man Jouffroy cared not at all : by birth and education he belonged to the old order, and to the old order he remained faithful throughout his life. The only progress for which he cared was that progress of industry which the convulsions of the Revolution seemed likely to retard. In his life, indeed, there had been many incidents which might have disposed him against the old *régime* : hindered rather than helped by his rank, disinherited, refused a patent for his invention, he had assuredly sufficient private grounds of discontent ; but in the stirring events of the Revolution such personal feelings were forgotten. The conduct in the great crisis of the leaders in science and industry forms an instructive lesson. The great Lavoisier had no personal reason to complain of the existing order, for he had been admitted to the Académie des Sciences when only twenty-five, and had amassed a fortune as a farmer of the revenue. Yet while he was supporting the Mountain in Paris, and Madame Lavoisier representing Nature in atheistic fêtes, Jacquard, a poor weaver of Lyons, who was one day to be a notable inventor, was fighting under a Royalist general in defence of a Girondin municipality. And while Lavoisier held office under the Committee of Public Safety, until a day came when the Republic had no need of chemical experiments, Coulomb, the electrician, who in the old times had been cast into prison for making a too truthful report, threw up all his appointments on the outbreak of the Revolution. Montgolfier, again, joined the Republicans, in spite of the favours he had received from the court, while Jouffroy, who had been treated with continued neglect, was among those who emigrated. In the old days the nobles of Franche-Comté exclaimed against one of their number entering the artillery, but it was as an officer of artillery that Jouffroy fought in Condé's army for the authority of the crown and the privileges of the nobility.

The attempt to suppress the Revolution by force failed. Condé's aristocrats and Brunswick's veterans proved no match for the raw levies of the Republic ; and the *émigrés* were rolled back across the frontier, to spend years in dreary exile. Such vantage has faith over infidelity. In the West the peasants kept up the fight longer ; for there the fierce enthusiasm of Paris was met by the no less fierce enthusiasm of La Vendée. Jouffroy remained in exile until 1801,

when, after the Peace of Lunéville, he was allowed to return. During his absence his father had died, and Abbans had become the property of his brother's children, who had stayed in France. Their guardian let the old château to Jouffroy, who proved a very undesirable tenant, since he pulled down one of the wings, in order to obtain materials and fuel for new experiments. In fact he at once resumed his labours on the steamboat, but with no better result ; for Buonaparte, thinking that any improvement in navigation would in the end be of most advantage to England, as the strongest naval power, refused to countenance any efforts in that direction. Though thirty years of life yet remained to Jouffroy, he was to be little more than a spectator, while another took up his work and carried it to completion.

In the year 1765, when the boy Jouffroy had just become a page at court, Robert Fulton was born at Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. When three years old he lost his father, one of those Irish Presbyterians who emigrated in such numbers during the last century, carrying with them the same hatred of England as the Catholic emigrants of to-day. Brought up on a small farm at the uttermost bounds of civilisation, his nurture and education were of the roughest ; yet he soon showed very decided tastes. What spare time the boy had he spent in the workshops of the mechanics of Little Britain, and his skill in drawing attracted even more attention ; for many remembered how a Quaker lad had grown up amongst them in Pennsylvania, who was in these very years painting pictures for the King in London. When he grew older, his friends sent him to Philadelphia, where he made such progress that he was soon able to support himself by portrait-painting, and even to save enough to buy his mother a farm. This done, he set off for London, and became the guest of his countryman, Benjamin West. But in London he soon saw that he could never become a great artist whatever the good people of Philadelphia might think. As an inventor he was more successful. He went over to Paris to bring the torpedo, which he had invented, before the Directory ; and while there he assisted Joel Barlow with the first panorama. After some years of waiting, as he had got no definite answer from the French Government regarding the torpedo, he turned his attention to steam navigation, and constructed a steamboat of larger size than that of Jouffroy, but worked on the same principle ; and with this in 1802 he made a successful trial on the Seine, the money being provided by Livingstone, the American Minister at Paris, who held a patent for steam navigation in the State of New York. Fulton's attempts

to interest the French, and afterwards the English, Government in the torpedo, kept him in Europe for some time longer, but he at length returned to America, and in 1807 constructed a steamboat, which made its first journey up the Hudson from New York to Albany. On the day of the trial a large crowd assembled to see the expected failure, so many had been the unsuccessful attempts of the same kind in America. A few days before, Fulton had offered for sale a third of the patent, now the joint property of Livingstone and himself, but no one could be found to buy. However, to the surprise of all, the success was from the first complete. The importance of being able to navigate the American rivers by steam had led many inventors to essay the same problem, and to give it up in despair ; and Fulton, more fortunate than Jouffroy, had several of his rivals as the witnesses of his triumph. It might be said—

The invention all admired, and each, how he
To be the inventor missed ; so easy it seemed
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible.

From that day navigation by steam rapidly gained the ascendant, and was soon extended to the sea, Fulton himself constructing the first vessel of war so moved. In spite of the raftsmen and the whole riverside population, steam was introduced on the Mississippi in 1811, changing its whole aspect. The place of the numberless small craft, which gave life to its banks from St. Louis to New Orleans, was taken by gigantic steamers, passing on from town to town, till, with a new application of the steam-engine, there came the railways to leave the great rivers nearly silent and deserted. Fulton died in 1815. His last years were embittered by lawsuits, but the final decision whereby his patent was annulled was not given till after his death.

To whom, then, was the invention of the steamboat due? A curious competitor has been found in Spain. In the reign of Charles V. a certain Blasco de Garay is said to have tried a vessel, moved by steam, in the harbour of Barcelona ; and if this were so, he must have been the greatest of inventors ; for, in addition to anticipating the discoveries of Stevin, Boyle, and so many other physicists, he must have brought the steam-engine to a degree of perfection only attained after the continuous labours of Papin, Savery, Newcomen, Watt, and Jouffroy—in fact he must have condensed the labours of two centuries into a single lifetime. Such a story could only have obtained credence in an age unobservant of the real course of scientific discovery ; in an age like that in which Pope could say—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light,

But those who have ceased to think that discoveries come forth complete from a single brain, like Minerva from the head of Jove, will put the tale aside as an idle fiction. In fact the principal stages in the application of steam to navigation are very clearly marked : first, Papin conceived the idea of using the steam-engine for that purpose, and tried to do so ; then, Jouffroy rendered this practicable by inventing a steam-engine with constant action, and successfully worked a steamboat for sixteen months ; finally, Fulton brought the steamboat into general use. Some other claimants have come forward: in Scotland, Miller and Symington constructed a vessel moved by steam, making use of the engine with constant action which Watt had invented independently some years after Jouffroy's success ; but this vessel was not completed until 1791, and then had no especial success. In America a claim has been made on behalf of Fitch, who attempted to overcome the difficulty by availing himself of the oscillating movement of the old pumping-engine ; but, as Franklin had pointed out, the steam-engine was not adapted for use in navigation until its action was made constant. This difficulty Jouffroy was the first to recognise, and the first to remedy.

There are some, however, who insist that he is the true inventor who first brings an invention into general use. As Sydney Smith puts it, "That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing ; but he who says it so long, and so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him ;" and if this be so, Fulton has indeed a strong claim. But to make an invention generally accepted depends on qualities very different from those needed to conceive and execute it. In our days the former usually requires only the capacity to successfully promote a joint-stock company, which scarcely entitles a man to rank among great inventors. On the other hand, several to whom great improvements in industry are due have been notoriously deficient in the ability to force their machines on the public notice, as in the cases of Vaucanson and Jacquard. In fact, the suggestion of a new process, putting this suggestion into execution, and bringing it into general use, may each be worthy of honour ; but it is the second step, the passing from theory to practice, that properly constitutes the invention. We have, moreover, the conclusive testimony of Fulton himself to the paramount claims of Jouffroy. The former, after his experiment on the Seine, became involved in a controversy with Desblancs, a watchmaker, who had tried a steamboat of his own, at Trévoux, with very little success. In his answer to Desblancs, Fulton wrote : "Let M. Desblancs reassure himself. Is it a question of profit, of lucre ? I shall enter into no competition.

It is not on the rivulets of France, but on the great rivers of my country, that I shall carry out my navigation. Is it a question of invention? Neither M. Desblancs nor I invented the steamboat. If that glory belongs to any one, it is to the author of the experiments of Lyons, of the experiments made in 1783, on the Saone." Thus by the testimony of his rival the glory of the invention belongs to Jouffroy, though its introduction on the great rivers of his country will keep alive the memory of Robert Fulton.

After the Restoration Jouffroy made a last attempt to retrieve his position. He succeeded under the patronage of the Comte d'Artois in forming a company to run steamers on the Seine; but a competing line having been set up, both were ruined. He struggled no more. In the words of Prometheus, that true prototype of all those who have enriched human life with arts, though he had taught men how to navigate the tall barks bounding o'er the waves, yet lacked he the wisdom to free himself from his afflictions.¹ Some years later, after his wife's death, he found himself obliged to enter the Invalides, where he passed the remainder of his days. The story of his death, as told by his grandson, the Marquis Isidore de Jouffroy, is characteristic.² Every week he went to visit his sister, who lived near the Porte St.-Martin; for he loved to talk with her about Franche-Comté, his youth, his family, his labours, and his invention. As the distance to the Invalides was very long for the old man to walk, his sister was wont, at his departure, to put into his hand a little money, so that he might drive home. One day he walked all the way, in order to save the money to buy sweetmeats for his grandchildren. He reached the Invalides cold and weary, a fit prey for the cholera, which was then raging; and in a few days he was dead. He lived to see his invention in use throughout the world; he died, over eighty years of age, a pensioner in the Invalides.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.

Eight years after his death, which took place in 1832, the Académie des Sciences, with tardy justice, recognised him as the

¹ θαλασσόπλαγκτα δ' οὔτις ἄλλος ἀντ' ἐμοῦ
λινόπτερ' εὔρε ναντίλων ὀχήματα.
τοιαῦτα μηχανήματ' ἐξευρών τάλας
βροτοῖσιν αὐτὸς οὐκ ἔχω σόφισμ' ὕψω
τῆς νῦν παρούσης πημονῆς ἀπαλλαγῶ.—*Æschylus.*

² Une Découverte en Franche-Comté au XVIII^e siècle. Par Isidore, marquis de Jouffroy d'Abbans. Besancon. 1881.

inventor of the steamboat. His eldest son, Achille de Jouffroy, became known as an ardent Legitimist and a skilful inventor.

Thus sadly closed a life of great promise but imperfectly fulfilled, and one the failures of which cannot be attributed to any want of character or intellect. Jouffroy's perseverance was inexhaustible, and his courage was equal to his perseverance ; again and again in his zeal he faced ruin ; again and again he recommenced the labours that seemed so fruitless. In prudence, indeed, he was by nature deficient, but even prudence came to him where his invention was concerned, as is shown by his willingness to be reconciled to Perier, if he could thereby disarm his opposition. In intellect, too, he was far superior to many of the most successful inventors, as Arkwright for instance. No, there were other causes at work. "Intellectual conditions, then, will not alone account for a life so promising to science falling short of its powers and opportunities. We can only explain this grievous anomaly by the retrograde tendencies which prevented this great mind from frankly accepting the general movement of his age." So spoke Auguste Comte at the grave of the biologist Blainville, and in the same considerations we have the real secret of Jouffroy's life. His social feelings were not strong enough to break through the influence of his birth and education ; and so, except as an inventor, he remained a stranger to the progressive spirit of his time. Thus divided in his allegiance, he never attained that unity of life needful alike for success and happiness. But this, although the chief, was not the only cause of failure. There is no necessary connection between inventive ability and the capacity to direct large industrial undertaking ; nay, the former will probably, as education spreads, be found more and more among the workmen ; yet under our present system, an inventor, if he wishes to bring his invention into use, has to become a capitalist, or at least to form a joint-stock company, though, like Jouffroy, he may be very unfit for such work. But this question is really only a part of a much larger one—that of the moralisation of industry. The magic ring of the fakir, in the legend, was given through pity ; but the forces of nature neither love nor hate. They are neither good nor bad, save as they are used ; and on their use it depends whether the great advances of modern industry are a blessing or a curse. The power which is wrung from nature by man's intellect it is for man to employ in the service of love.

SHAPLAND HUGH SWINNY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON'S UNIVERSAL JELLY.

IN "Science in Short Chapters" are reprinted two papers that I wrote thirteen years ago on "Mathematical Fictions" and "World Smashing." They are a protest against the assumptions of Sir William Thomson, who, in addressing popular audiences as President of the British Association, described the transcendental imaginings of ultra-physical mathematicians as demonstrated physical facts, thereby misleading his audience, and misrepresenting modern science in a manner calculated to bring it into contempt.

I now learn, from a report published in *Nature* of November 27, that he has been "at it again," in a lecture delivered at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on September 29 last, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute. The lecture was on the Wave theory of Light, and I need scarcely add that, like everything else that is done by Sir William Thomson, it was brilliantly done, and therefore the more mischievous if wrong. He said to his audience, "You can imagine particles of something, the *thing* whose motion constitutes light. This *thing* we call the luminiferous ether. That is the only *substance* we are confident of in dynamics. One thing we are sure of, and that is the *reality* and *substantiality* of the luminiferous ether." (The italics are mine.)

This is a reckless perversion of the first principles of philosophy and the accepted use of language. Everybody who understands English knows perfectly well that only a sensible, tangible object can be properly described as a "thing" having "substance." In applying such a description to the luminiferous ether, affirming such superlative confidence concerning its substantial reality, and telling his audience to "regard the existence of the luminiferous ether as a reality of science," as "an all-pervading medium, an elastic solid with a great degree of rigidity," Sir William Thompson was misleading them in a manner that demands unceremonious protest on the part of all who seriously respect the sanctity of scientific truth.

This all-pervading elastic rigid solid, this universe of "jelly" in which we live and move and have our being, and through which all the heavenly bodies travel (according to Sir William Thomson and

others), has no more actual or substantial reality than the Cartesian vortices that preceded it, and were made by similar efforts of mathematical imagination to occupy its place in space, and, like the rigid jelly with its "cracks" (recently communicated from the brain of Sir William Thomson) were patched and modified to fit the astronomical phenomena then known, and which, by the aid of such ingenuity, they did fit well enough to serve their temporary purpose.

Descartes, however, was more modest than Sir William Thomson. He perceived that the mere fitting of an hypothesis to facts does not demonstrate the substantial reality of the hypothetical material. Instead of dogmatically affirming this, he argued apologetically for it by saying that "it can hardly be that an hypothesis which thus explains phenomena can be false; to say this would seem to be an imputation on the Deity; namely, the supposition that He made us so imperfect that a right use of reason might lead us to deceive ourselves." Here Descartes does admit the true character of *his* dynamical hypothesis; he describes it as a human invention framed by human reason in its efforts to solve some of the mysteries of creation. Not so Sir William Thomson; he exalts a mere fiction of the imagination above all the realities of Nature; by describing it as "the only substance we are confident of."¹

Such superlative confidence is by no means supported by the lessons that may be learned on contemplating the history of science. The leading characteristic of its progress has been the casting away of ultra-material ethers, and all other imaginary, invisible, intangible, unweighable outside essences or agencies, supposed to act *upon* matter otherwise inert. We are gradually and steadily advancing towards the conception of intrinsically active matter, having physical life, akin to organic life, without inventing physical souls or imponderable ethers or other active essences to set it a-going.

The primitive savage imagined an ethereal soul or spirit inhabiting each individual object. The more recently imagined instigators or agents of material activity, such as phlogiston, caloric, the electric, the galvanic, and magnetic fluids, or "ethers," as Davy called them, the nervous fluid, the vital fluid, &c., were but wider generalisations of the primitive individual spiritual entities. The only extant residuum of all these physical superstitions is the luminiferous ether.

¹ In the article "Aether," in the old *Cyclopedia* of E. Chambers (1786), the writer, after describing various theories, says: "In effect, *aether* being no object of our sense, but the mere work of imagination, introduced only for the sake of hypothesis, or to solve some phenomena, real or imaginary; authors take the liberty to modify it how they please."

What should we now think of the prospects of a young aspirant to scientific fame who should put forth his claims for distinction by publishing the following :—"Light is a body in a peculiar state of existence. Its particles are so amazingly minute, that they pass unaltered through the pores of diaphanous bodies." "Light enters into the composition of a number of substances." "It has been demonstrated *that phos-oxygen is light combined with oxygen*" (original italics). "Certain substances give out their combined light on immersion into the mineral acids." "We have supposed the electric fluid to be condensed light. Thus we have another cogent reason for supposing that the nervous spirit is light in an ethereal gaseous form." "During living action water, carbonic acid, and nitrogen are liberated from the animal, and probably electric ether and some other products."

The fact that these statements and a multitude of others of similar character were made and published by Humphry Davy, and that the essays containing them laid the foundation of his scientific eminence, should teach us how very fragile is the life of all hypotheses based upon invented ethers, and that no amount of frantic dogmatism, emanating from whoever it may, should lead us to admit the *physical substantial* existence of anything that cannot be submitted to the scrutiny of our senses. Hypotheses are indispensable weapons of scientific conquest when used *as hypotheses*, but become instruments of scientific suicide when handled as facts.

DAVY'S EARLY WORK.

THE volume from which I have quoted in the above note is a curious one. Its title is "ESSAYS ON HEAT, LIGHT, and the combinations of LIGHT ; with a new theory of RESPIRATION. On *The Generation of OXYGEN GAS*, and the causes of the COLOURS of ORGANIC BEINGS. By HUMPHRY DAVY."

A large number of experiments are described, the second and third of which are those, now celebrated, on the friction of ice, demonstrating that the heat thereby produced and exerted in melting the rubbed surfaces could not be any kind of substance such as the "caloric" of the period, or it must have melted the cylinders of ice in passing through them to the rubbing faces. He concludes that heat "may be defined a peculiar motion," and that "it may with propriety be called repulsive motion."

The bulk of the work (230 pp. octavo) is devoted to proving the materiality of light as a chemical element, describing and illustrating by experiments its combinations with other elements. He says:

"This substance is subject to the common laws of matter, and requires no principles but attraction and repulsive motion, to account for its appearances and changes. It enters into combination with bodies. In the phosphorescent bodies it exists in a state of loose combination. In phos-oxygen it is intimately combined with oxygen. From the decomposition of phos-oxygen by bodies which attract oxygen, the phenomena of combustion are explained," and further, "Light enters into the composition of living bodies. To understand these combinations is of infinite importance to man. On the existence of this principle in organic compounds, perception, thought, and happiness appear to depend."

Davy's part of the book (205 pp.) is supplemented by an appendix entitled, "SPECIMEN of an ARRANGEMENT of BODIES according to their PRINCIPLES, by the EDITOR." To this title is added, in my copy, "Dr. Beddoes" in Davy's handwriting. This appendix contains a tabular summary of an arrangement of bodies under four great classes: 1. Light; 2. Oxygen; 3. Philoxygena; 4. Misoxygena. In the first class are included "Electric fluid" and "Galvanic fluid" as separate entities.

In this early work Davy had already thrown Caloric overboard very positively and decidedly; a few years more of sound scientific discipline in the laboratory, where fallacies are refuted by precipitates, and academic subtleties are weighed in the balance, led him to cast away in like manner his phos-ether and all its compounds, and as he advanced he appears to have approached nearer and nearer to the simple conclusion that matter is not inert, but eternally active, and that all its chemical and general properties, all the phenomena attributed to imaginary outside entities, such as heat, light, electricity, &c., are the manifestations of different varieties of such eternal activity.

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE.

A VERY interesting paper on "The Origin and Life Histories of the least and lowest living things," by Dr. Dallinger, is published in "Nature." The much debated subject of the beginning of life is there discussed. Dr. Dallinger shows that certain experiments of "a trenchant and resolute advocate of the origin of livings forms *de novo*" (Bastian, I suppose) may have failed; that the temperature to which he exposed his sealed flasks containing an infusion of common cress was not sufficiently high to have destroyed the germs of the monad he found there, though sufficient to have killed the mature creatures.

On the basis of this failure Dr. Dallinger finishes his paper thus:

"Then we conclude with a definite issue, viz. by experiment it is established that living forms do not now arise in dead matter. And by study of the forms themselves it is proved that, like all the more complex forms above them, they arise in parental products. The law is as ever, only that which is living can give birth to that which lives."

Less than thirty years ago precisely the same language as this was current among naturalists in reference to the immutability of species. They then said just as positively that no one species could give birth to another species, that all existing species were created originally as they now are. The reply made to all opposing arguments was simply that nobody had experimentally succeeded in converting any one species of plant or animal into another. Anybody questioning this dogma was a heretical paradoxer.

How stands the law of the permanency of species now? Is "the law as ever"? As we all know, anybody who now questions the unlimited mutability of species is a biological outcast. Even to assert that plants are distinct from animals is now a heresy. As Edward Clodd says in the number of "Knowledge" for November 14, "the distinctions between plant and animal, assumed under the terms Botany and Zoology, are effaced and made one under the term of Biology."

Such being the case, it is very rash and unphilosophical to assert a positive law on the basis of negative evidence; or, in other words, to assert that ignorance supplies knowledge. Was "the trenchant and resolute advocate" omnipotent? Unless he were so the failure of his experiments is no proof of the impossibility of doing what he attempted.

The question of the origin of life appears to me to stand precisely where that of the origin of species stood before Darwin wrote his biological principia. We knew then that new species came upon the world *somehow*; that they followed other species in (generally speaking) ascending order; but the method whereby the evolution of the later from the earlier was effected still remained obscure.

We now know that very low forms of organic matter came upon the world *somehow*, that they followed crystalline and other forms of inorganic matter *somehow*, in ascending order, but the method whereby the evolution of the later from the earlier was effected still remains obscure. The two cases are strictly parallel. We are, at present, unable to convert inorganic forms of matter into organic forms in *our* laboratories; but does that prove its impossibility in the laboratory of Nature?

For aught we know, such conversion may be now proceeding
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either in the soil, or in the ocean, or in the air, or in all of them simultaneously. We are ignorant of these things: let us, therefore, as true philosophers, simply confess our ignorance and continue the search for more knowledge, and never slam the door of dogmatism in the face of research.

POISONING BY PURE WATER.

THE Conference at the Health Exhibition and the Discussions at the Society of Arts have done good service in directing public attention to the vital subject of our water supplies, but there is one aspect of the subject that appears to have been overlooked, although it is very important.

I refer to the possibility of being poisoned by the agency of water which is too pure. This is no far-fetched paradox, but a very serious danger. If London or any other of our large towns were supplied with pure distilled water, we should all be suffering more or less severely from lead colic, or even fatal lead poisoning.

The reason of this is twofold. 1st. Pure water, or water charged only with carbonic acid, and the other atmospheric gases, dissolves a small quantity of lead. 2nd. Lead is a cumulative poison. The small dose we may take to-day remains, and is added to that we may take to-morrow. Then these two doses remain and join a third that may be swallowed on the day after, and so on until serious mischief is done.

The sulphur compounds of lead are remarkably insoluble, and ordinary hard or chemically impure water contains more or less of sulphur compounds, such as sulphates: these give up their sulphur or sulphuric acid to exposed surfaces of lead or lead oxide, and thus coat the insides of our lead pipes and lead-lined cisterns with an insoluble protecting mineral varnish, which saves us from the consequences above named.

A very simple experiment may be made to demonstrate this. Put some well-cleaned leaden shots in a bottle and partially fill it with distilled water. The same in another bottle, but using common hard water such as is usually supplied for household purposes. Leave them both uncorked, and exposed to the same conditions for a month or two. Then shake and examine. The distilled water will be found to have become more or less turbid, the hard water not sensibly altered if kept free from dust, and if the shots were clean.

Close examination will show that the turbidity of the distilled water is due to minute silky crystalline scales, chiefly composed of a peculiar lead carbonate (hydrated oxycarbonate).

The first action of the water is to oxidize the lead, then a little of this oxide is dissolved in the water, which all the while is absorbing carbonic acid from the air. The union of this carbonic acid and water with the dissolved oxide produces the scales above described.

If sulphuretted hydrogen gas is passed through the water thus impregnated with the lead, or if a few drops of ammonium sulphide are added to it, the presence of the lead is indicated by the characteristic blackening of the whole.

Rain water that has been stored in leaden cisterns is a dangerous beverage on this account. In all cases, whatever be the nature of the water supply, the contents of pipes and tanks of a house that has been for some time uninhabited should be poured out completely and all well flushed before using them again.

INTERNAL DISINFECTION.

IN some previous notes I have described the antiseptic action of boric acid and borates, and discussed the question whether small quantities may be taken daily into the system without injury. This is becoming a question of considerable practical importance, now that meat may be preserved by the injection of boric acid in such a manner that the consumer of such meat cannot distinguish it from meat killed without such injection.

M. E. de Cyon has recently laid before the French Academy some further results of his experiments on this subject. He states that borax may be taken internally in quantity amounting to fifteen grammes (more than half an ounce avoirdupois) daily without producing any functional disturbance. As the quantity of boric acid injected into a sheep, in order to preserve the mutton, only amounts to about four ounces, and much of that is withdrawn in the final bleeding, the most carnivorous of human beings could not eat enough of borized meat to do any mischief. But M. de Cyon now goes further, and affirms that the six grammes of borax (one-fifth of an ounce) which he recommended to be taken daily with food will not only exert a direct action on the microbes in the alimentary canal, but will also be absorbed into the blood and attack the bacilli that have penetrated it.

During the violent cholera epidemic which raged in Italy in 1864-65 the workmen employed at the celebrated fumerolles of Larderello, and the seven borax factories connected with them, completely escaped the epidemic, while a village less than two miles distant lost a third of its inhabitants.

These fumerolles are natural jets of steam charged with boric

acid, which are thrown up through fissures. This steam is condensed, and from the solution thus obtained large quantities of borax is manufactured, so much, that until my old friend, Arthur Robottom, opened up the great Californian deposit (*see* Science Note, March 1881), Count Lardarello had a virtual monopoly of this important product. The practical testimony afforded by the immunity of these workmen affords, I think, better evidence than any that is obtainable by laboratory experiments, necessarily limited to a few individuals. It remains equally valid whether cholera is caused by bacilli or other microbia, or by no microbia at all.

FOSSIL MANURE.

IN Dingler's *Polytechnische Journal* is a paper by C. Winkler on the utilisation of the waste gases from coke ovens, more especially relating to the collection of the ammonia. The details are technical, but the general fact that by skilful arrangement large quantities of fertilising material are obtainable is interesting to all.

Winkler estimates the total consumption of coal for mere coking purposes amounts to eighteen millions of tons annually, and that from this quantity 58,600 tons of ammonia are produced and might be collected. This is equal in nitrogenous fertilising material to the whole of the sodium nitrate obtained from South America.

All this, however, is but a trifle compared with that which is actually obtained otherwise from coal but not appropriated. All the coal that is burned gives off nitrogenous compounds of great fertilising value. Although nobody sells or buys these, they must sooner or later fall upon the land or the sea, and exert their fertilising agency in either case.

Thus we are continually bringing to the surface vast quantities of fossil manure, the fatness of the ancient earth, and making it contribute to our present wealth. Not only are we doing this by means of the fossil vegetation of the coal seams, but also by using the coprolites and bones of fossil animals and the potash of granitic rocks.

If the carbonic acid produced by coal combustion remains in our atmosphere without diffusion into space, we are also increasing the stock of respiratory matter which is the chief food of plants and from which the bulk of their solid frame is built up.

The fishes are fed primarily by the vegetation of the ocean and other waters. This food, as well as that derived from the land, must be increasing as the world grows older. Will such increase of primary food-material increase as rapidly as the human race will increase after it has appropriated the vast existing vacancies on the earth?

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS,

TABLE TALK.

POPE AND BETTERTON.

DURING the dark days of December I had the privilege of examining at Caen Wood, the seat of Lord Mansfield, a few relics of Pope, and some other objects of interest which are not easily accessible. These include the bust of Homer, presented to the first Lord Mansfield by the poet. The most important of the relics and the special object of my quest was, however, the portrait of Betterton, which Pope in his early years is known to have painted. That the portrait existed at Caen Wood during the last century was stated in the "*Biographia Britannica*." Recent inquiries as to its existence have, however, been fruitless, and I accepted with adequate acknowledgments the permission to inspect it. The portrait, which is a half-length, hangs in the billiard-room facing the light and immediately beneath a characteristic and known portrait of Pope by Pond. It shows the actor a strong-built man of ripe years, with a bright intelligent face, a high complexion, and a rather burly figure. The original work from which it is taken belonged once to the Duke of Dorset. It is now in the dining-room at Knole, where is also a second portrait, by Kneller, dated 1708, which shows the actor an old man with white hair, in a sea-green gown. In the picture copied by Pope, Betterton is much younger, and wears a black robe. Both the original and the copy were, I am told with characteristic kindness by Mr. Scharf, on view at the Portrait Exhibition of 1867. Pope's workmanship is deficient in vigour and expression. Its colouring, so far as could be judged under the influences of a December sky, is dark and sound. The interest of a work of this kind connecting two men so eminent in their respective ways, who met in the advanced age of the one and the youth of the other, is incontestable. Other paintings to be seen at Caen Wood include *The Village Politicians* of Sir David Wilkie, a superb portrait of the first earl by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a portrait of Lady Stormont by Romney, which may almost be regarded as that artist's masterpiece. Caen Wood is not seen at its best under December influences and when the family is absent. Its rose garden, sheltered from the north

winds by the imposing rows of pines with which the visitor to Highgate is familiar, must, however, be in summer a veritable bower of Arcadia. The library at Caen Wood is a singularly handsome room, well stocked with folios and quartos.

A BRIDGE ACROSS TWO AND A HALF CENTURIES.

IT has been a favourite proceeding with certain writers to point out how few lives separate the living from the illustrious dead. Without estimating very highly this device, I am inclined, for once, to employ it. Between the death of the great first Earl of Mansfield and the birth of the present bearer of the title, to whom reference is made in the previous paragraph, there was an interval of thirteen years. The first Earl of Mansfield was the close friend of Pope, who dedicated to him his "Imitation of the Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace," a poem in which, with a bathos he sorely repented and never equalled, he spoke of the then successful pleader as

"So known, so honoured, at the house of lords."

Pope, as I have shown, painted the portrait of Betterton, who, according to accepted dates, was born nineteen years after the death of Shakespeare. To make the case stronger, indeed, the first Lord Mansfield might easily have spoken to Betterton. In that case I might to-day be in the presence of a man separated by only thirteen years from one who knew another separated by nineteen years from Shakespeare. To place the matter in another light, no more than thirteen years separate the still living earl from the contemporary of Betterton and the friend of Pope. Thirteen years are not much to enable a man to shake hands with one born in 1635 and a second alive in 1885. This case is not, of course, the most curious that could be advanced. The character of those concerned in the computation confers on it, however, special interest.

A JOHNSON COMMEMORATION.

THE centenary of Johnson was celebrated by one festival at least at which Johnson would have been glad, if alive, to have been present. In the fine old room in St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, in which Johnson and Cave were accustomed to work, and in which, it is reported, Johnson took his dinner behind the screen, a number of well-known workers in literature and art belonging to the Urban Club, which is named after Sylvanus Urban, assembled to do honour

to the occasion. The proceedings had, of course, a festive aspect which was naturally not the least agreeable portion. The more serious portion included addresses from Mr. Church, the secretary of the club, who delivered an "oration" upon Dr. Johnson, in course of which he introduced Johnson's letter to Chesterfield upon finishing the Dictionary; from Dr. Lemprière, who, in proposing a toast, read quaint extracts from letters, not easily accessible, which bore upon Johnson; and from Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, who, in his researches, undertaken on behalf of the Record Office into the Clerkenwell sessional archives, had discovered that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the room now rich with memories of Johnson and Garrick, had been used for the Middlesex Sessions. . . . Many other well-known literary men took part in the proceedings, which were of high interest, and formed an appropriate tribute to the great writer and scholar.

MR. RUSKIN'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

LOVERS of literature are glad that Mr. Ruskin is re-writing the History of England. No word that falls from his eloquent lips is wholly destitute of value, and when his views are least convincing the charm of his utterance does not fail. I am a little curious to know what would become of one who took in serious earnest Mr. Ruskin's teaching, and subjected his life to the difficult and in a sense reactionary influences he approves. That faith, for instance, can yet do marvels, none with the career of Gordon in full sight will dream of denying. Is it however, true, that faith in any narrow and applied sense is indispensable to happiness? Very sweetly and seductively for the pleasure thence to be derived does Mr. Ruskin advise you for a year to adopt the principles of Augustine, urging that, "If, then, you are no happier, at least you will be able with more grace and more modesty to be of the same opinion still. If you are minded thus to try, begin each day with Alfred's prayer; then set to work with no thought of ambition, or gain, or pleasure, more than is appointed you, but with a steady determination to do something for the help or honour of your country, resolving not to join in the world's iniquities, nor to turn aside from its miseries. Live thus and believe, that with a swiftness of answer proportionate to the truth of your endeavour, the God of hope will fill you with all peace and joy." In the counsel given in these glowing words, all thoughtful men will join, all such, indeed, to the extent of their influence do join. Is the reward, however, then certain? I could tell Mr. Ruskin of more than one life in which the highest intellectual enjoyment

ever reached was when the clouds of dogma, and superstition, and cruelty, and credulity were passed and the first invigorating draught of mountain air was drunk, with nothing but imperfect vision to hinder a long clear gaze upon the sun of truth. "‘What is truth?’ asked jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer." "What is faith?" is a question to which Mr. Ruskin may find time to reply.

ORIGIN OF THE MYTH.

AGAINST the philological origin of the myth which, advanced by a man of such well-earned eminence as Professor Max Müller, has won in England acceptance all but undisputed, Mr. Lang, in his new volume, "Custom and Myth,"¹ advances some strong arguments. To explain the theory with which he confronts the views of popular mythologists takes Mr. Lang an entire essay. Not easy is it accordingly to compress into a paragraph what is vital in his volume. It may, however, be said that the system Mr. Lang follows is that of tracing by means of Folk Lore a mythological story to some practice of a savage people. Why the civilised Greek in the performance of the mysteries of his religion should dance with harmless serpents in his hands appears incomprehensible. When real rattlesnakes are grasped in a dance by Red Indians *as a proof of courage*, a possible origin for a custom of this kind among the Greeks is suggested. In his treatment of the myth of Cupid and Psyche, a species of Red Indian version of which I have just read in Mr. Charles G. Leland's marvellously interesting book, "The Algonquin Legends of New England,"² Mr. Lang shows how in early days of countries in which the myth in some form is found, it is apparent that for a wife to see her husband without his garments must have been prohibited. In this, rather than in the analyses of the proper names of the parties, he finds the origin of the story. In like manner Mr. Lang sees Totemism in the myth of Apollo and the Mouse, and a development of the bull-roarer of the Australians in a portion of the mysterious rites practised by the Greeks in the worship of Demeter and Dionysos. With the acceptance of Mr. Lang's ingenious propositions will come a disruption of the Pan-Aryanism that has dominated and oppressed English thought. That Mr. Lang will not be without allies in this crusade against the pretensions of the Sanskritists may be found by any one who turns to the note on page 155 of Captain Burton's "History of the Sword."³ The subject is outside my ken, but there is much force in what Mr. Lang urges.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Longmans, Green, & Co.

² Sampson Low & Co.

³ Chatto & Windus.

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THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER V.

"I WILL BE GUIDED BY YOUR ADVICE."

QUEBEC, it has been said, "presents the anomaly of a mediæval European city in the midst of an American landscape."

Built on a lofty promontory, in an angle formed by the juncture of the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, it certainly is a very quaint as well as a very conspicuous object. With its metal roofs and spires glittering in the sun, its massive fortifications and battlements surrounding the "Upper Town," its suburbs clustering around beneath grim cliffs or spreading up the terraced slopes, and its long line of busy wharfs, the city presents, also, a very beautiful object. And in its environing scenery it is no less fortunate than in the maritime strength of its position. Rivers and lakes, hills and woods, fertile plains and distant mountains, clear air and blue skies blend together in the seasons of summer and autumn to form a picture of almost idyllic beauty.

More French than Montreal, or, indeed, than any other of the chief Canadian towns, this fact comes into prominence everywhere in the quaint old city. In the names of the streets and the signboards over the shops there is a curious admixture of the two languages. Behind the counter English goods are sold to you by a Frenchman for English money. The vehicles are of a French make; the dress, the talk, and the physiognomies of the lower orders proclaim their Gallic origin. Unfortunately the two races thus living side by side do not blend readily. Wealthier and more energetic, the English rise like oil to the surface of society. Their dwellings, too, like themselves, dominate those of their less successful neighbours. They

are situated, together with the principal shops, in what is termed the "Upper Town," within the enclosure of the ramparts.

For the most part, these houses (belonging to rich bankers and well-to-do merchants) are not, or at least they *were* not forty years ago, very pretentious in style, and comfort rather than show was considered in their interior appointments. At the date of our story, one of these houses in the "Upper Town," about the largest and most elegantly furnished of them all, belonged to a Mr. Estcourt, an extensive exporter of timber. Mr. Estcourt was likewise partner in a small shipbuilding concern on the Thames, and was reputed to be a man of great wealth. He had lost his wife some five years ago, and the family now consisted of himself and an only daughter, twenty-one years of age.

About a fortnight subsequently to the events of the last chapter, Miss Claudia Estcourt and a young lady two years her junior were alone together in the upper-story drawing-room of her father's house. It was the afternoon of a warm, bright day, but an awning, stretched from the three windows of the room across a balcony that ran outside, threw it into cool and pleasant shadow. Neither of the girls was occupied with any feminine employment. No books or work littered the room, nor for a long time had either of them uttered a syllable. A glance, however, would have sufficed to show that this silence was not the result of apathy. Both girls, it was evident, were under the stress of excitement, and of excitement of no common nature.

Seated on a low chair, her hands clasped together, and her elbows resting on her knee as she leaned forward, one of them was gazing in mute distress at the other. She was rather a plain girl this—with a snub nose, freckled skin, and hazel eyes. Nevertheless her face was an interesting one, and, better still, it was a lovable one. A true index to her nature, it was full of unaffected kindness and frank simplicity.

The other girl was beautiful, with that kind of beauty which is perhaps the most fascinating of all, because it has about it a pathetic element. Tall and slim in figure, she had a delicate, ethereal-looking face, and a complexion of peculiar purity. Her eyes were large, grey in colour, and shaded by long lashes. Their expression was wistful, and, in fact, the whole cast of the countenance was, as a rule, thoughtful, even pensive. There were times, however, when Claudia Estcourt—for this girl was she—would break forth into flashes of sparkling gaiety. And at such times, the winsome smile, which played like summer sunshine over her usually grave features,

had the effect of rendering her perfectly irresistible, not only to the opposite sex, but to her own.

At the present moment, however, although plainly under the influence of a feverish excitement, that excitement was as plainly not the exhilaration of mirth, but something far otherwise.

Dressed in a pale-blue robe of some soft clinging material, which suited her fragile beauty to perfection, and which swept after her in a long train, Claudia was pacing the room to and fro with irregular, uncertain steps.

Suddenly, pausing before a timepiece, she turned to her companion and exclaimed :—

“ Oh, Ella, he will be here in half an hour ! What am I to do ? What *am* I to do ? ”

“ Dear Claudia,” answered the other girl (whose concern was purely sympathetic, not personal), “ you know we have settled that question. You know very well what you have to do—just to tell the simple truth.”

“ The simple truth ! ” echoed Claudia, impatiently. “ Ah, yes, it is easy enough for you to talk, Ella. But you don’t know Douglas Awdry as I do. You can’t understand what it will look like to him—that ‘ simple truth,’ as you call it ! ”

“ Yes, dear, I can understand. I believe that it will be a shock to him, a very great shock. We have both recognised that ; but——”

“ It’s no use ! I couldn’t do it ! The longer I think of it the more impossible it seems,” broke in Claudia. “ Oh, Ella ! ”—she dropped on her knees by her friend’s side—“ why should I tell him at all ? Why should we not bury the past—blot it out as though it had never been ? I have had so much trouble, I *must* have a little happiness now ! ” she went on eagerly—her large eyes glistening with unshed tears. “ I love him so, Ella ; and I know—I know that if I tell him this horrible thing it will be all over between us ! ”

“ Claudia, are we to go over the whole argument again ? ” Ella Thorne put this question in a firm voice, whilst she laid, also, a resolute grasp on her companion’s shoulder. “ I do not believe that the result would be what you say. Captain Awdry has loved you so long and so ardently, that his devotion will stand this test. But even if it were not so—even supposing that——”

“ Don’t suppose it, Ella ! Now that I am free, I could not bear—I really could not bear to lose him.”

“ But, Claudia, you cannot marry him with your secret untold. I thought that was quite, quite decided ? You know that it would be at the risk of your whole future happiness. You know that it

would be to weight yourself with a burden of deception far heavier to bear than it has been in the past, because the consequences of detection would be so infinitely more serious. Oh, Claudia, how can you still waver and hesitate! Apart from the wrong to him, concealment would be the supremest folly on your own account."

"Yes, I know—I know you are right, Ella. But I am such a coward," admitted Claudia, feebly. "And I am so afraid of losing his affection."

"You will not lose it, I feel sure," Ella answered. "But better risk doing so now a thousand times than after marriage. But we have gone over all this before. Claudia darling, I am so sorry for you, but you must be brave, you must be candid."

"If I could only keep back *your* share in it, the confession would be easier," faltered Claudia. "I mean, that if I could assure him that not a soul but myself knew the truth, it would be less annoying to him, I believe."

"Possibly it might. But you cannot keep that back, because you must tell him the whole story, just as it happened. Ah! I wish you *could* do away with my share in it. I feel bitterly ashamed and mad with myself when I recollect what that share was—how that, instead of opposing and discouraging you, I even helped, and thought it all delightfully romantic. I was as much to blame as yourself, Claudia. I had no common-sense in those days—not an atom of common-sense—or I might have saved you. Oh, I shall never be able to forgive myself for it!"

"Nonsense, Ella; you know you were only a child. You were not fifteen. No one could blame *you*," protested her friend. "And how good you have been to me since! How faithfully you have kept my secret! What a relief it has been to me, too, to be able to talk to you about it! Without you, I don't know how I could have borne these dreadful years."

"Then let me be of still further use to you, dear. Let me at least prevent you from getting into worse mischief and deeper trouble than ever," pleaded Ella. "I know you are older than I, but, for pity's sake, listen to me!"

"I am neither so wise nor so good as you, Ella, though I am older," protested Claudia, warmly. "Yes, I *will* be guided by your advice. At all hazards, I will tell Captain Awdry the ~~truth~~ truth. I promise it."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Ella, seizing both her companion's hands. "Only be firm now; don't let your resolution waver again. It will be like a surgical operation—painful for the moment, but when

it is over, darling, you will be free. You will feel such a sense of relief——”

“Or of despair,” added Claudia. “Hush! He is here! That is his step on the stairs!”

“Then let me run away,” said Ella, springing up. “Now, be brave, be courageous. Remember, you have promised me!”

And as a tap sounded on one door of the oblong apartment Miss Ella Thorne escaped by another situated at the opposite end.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DREADED INTERVIEW.

“CAPTAIN AWDRY.”

The serving man who made this announcement having closed the drawing-room door behind him, walked off with a curious smile on his face, and his mouth contracted as though for the emission of a whistle. The occasion of his amused surprise was the fact, or rather the very natural inference which he drew from the fact, that, on glancing into the room to make sure that his young mistress was present, he had seen her rise from a sofa, upon which she had thrown herself at the moment of Miss Thorne's exit, her face suffused to the very temples with a deep blush.

The visitor whom he had introduced noticed, likewise, that tell-tale blush, and the joy it inspired within him was so great that for a moment it took away his power of speech and even of motion. Arrested on his way towards her, he stood gazing at the slender and beautiful girl, from whom never before had his comings or goings elicited the exhibition of such emotion as this. Taking advantage of that brief pause whilst he stands before us, hat in hand, let us snatch a hasty glance at this gentleman's face and form.

Not, however, that a hasty glance can ever suffice to give one an unerring impression of any man's or woman's face. The knowledge of a countenance must grow upon one like the knowledge of a character. Until seen in all the varying moods and tenses of the informing mind that lies behind, there are faces which will ever remain to us virtually unknown. And after having been so seen, it is in certain, not very exceptional, cases most difficult to recover our first impression of a face, because of the unlikeness of that impression to what familiarity has taught us to be the reality.

But to catalogue, so far as can be done, the salient points of

our new acquaintance. Douglas Awdry was neither fair nor dark. His eyes and hair were brown, the latter having something of a chestnut tinge, and he wore a military moustache of the same shade.

In age about twenty-eight, he could boast an upright, well-poised figure, broad shoulders, and powerful muscles. Altogether, from an athletic point of view, a fine specimen of English manhood; his speech and bearing proclaimed him to be also, both by nature and culture, a gentleman.

As for his features, though as far as possible from expressing sensuality, they belonged to a man of strong passions and feelings (even a glance was enough to convey some perception of this fact). In the set of the projecting chin there were indications of ability and determination, whilst in the curve of nostril and lip a practised physiognomist might have detected the existence both of great pride and great sensitiveness.

For four years now Captain Awdry had known Miss Estcourt, and for nearly as long he had been in love, and very deeply in love, with her. Twice during this time he had offered her his hand, and in spite of her refusal had continued, until very recently, to pay her assiduous court. But of late, beginning to despair of ultimate success, he had desisted from his attentions and had kept himself aloof from her society. On the previous evening, however, Claudia and he had met at the house of a mutual friend, and a marked alteration in the young lady's manner towards him had resulted in a sudden revival of Awdry's dead hopes and in this afternoon's visit by appointment. Now as it chanced that about this time there was also a very marked and unlooked-for alteration (for the better) in the Captain's prospects in life, he might, not unnaturally, have attributed the unexpected encouragement he had received to this cause. Not for one moment, however, had the young man harboured such a suspicion in his mind, and in this respect (however it might be with the general high estimation in which he held her) he did the girl no more than justice. Neither avarice nor ambition as regarded social status was Miss Estcourt's besetting sin. Whilst she now faced her lover, trembling and blushing, she was not thinking of the wealth and the high position which it had lately become in his power to offer her, but of something very different. She was studying his expression with a view to discover how he was likely to take that confession she had bound herself to make to him. And as she read in his face the intense admiration, affection, and delight wherewith he was regarding her, the fears she had entertained respecting the interview about to take place in a great measure vanished.

She drew herself more erect, and extended her hand with a smile. Awdry took the hand, and held it in both his own.

"How delightful this is, to be here once more!" he began. "Do you know, Miss Estcourt, that, despite my recent loss, I have been in the seventh heaven of felicity all day!"

"Have you?" returned Claudia, with a coquettish affectation of simplicity. "How is that?"

"Need you ask?" he demanded, pressing her hand and smiling down into her face. "Did you not say I might call this afternoon?"

"To be sure, I did. But I did not mean you to stand all the while, holding my hand," she answered, using a little effort to withdraw it. "Please take a seat."

Awdry drew one opposite to where she had placed herself upon the sofa.

"Claudia," he resumed, bending forward to gaze at her with eyes full of love, "dear Claudia, don't trifle with me! Have I not cause to be happy? Did you not give me reason last night to hope that at last, just as I had abandoned all expectation of it, my long devotion, my unchanging and unchangeable love for you was about to meet with some return?"

Again a warm flush mounted to the very roots of Claudia's hair, and her long lashes drooped over her glowing cheeks, but she made no verbal reply.

"Even yet," he went on, regarding her ecstatically, "I can hardly believe in this great happiness, it has come upon me so suddenly. As I told you then, I was intending last night to say good-bye to you for ever. I only accepted Mrs. Mainwaring's invitation because I knew you were to be her guest also. I wanted to spend just one more evening in your company."

"But you are not leaving Quebec so very soon," broke in Claudia. "I thought it was not to be for several weeks yet?"

"So I thought last night," he answered; "but I have had a letter this morning which makes it advisable that I should return to England with as little delay as possible. My sister-in-law, it appears, has already moved into Maylands, her own jointure-house, although I had begged her to remain at Clavermere as long as ever she chose. So I really ought now to go at once and look after my affairs." He paused for a second or two, and then added, "It will be very hard, however, to have to do so just now, if what I hope be true, though, in that case, the sea, you may be sure, shall not divide us long! Claudia, is it true?"

Anxious to gain time, Claudia fenced with the question.

"Why did you mean to say good-bye to me last evening," she asked, "when you were not then intending to leave for some weeks? Would you really not have called to bid papa and me a proper adieu?"

"No; I had resolved not to do so, though of course I should have taken an opportunity of seeing Mr. Estcourt," he answered. "But you know the reason? You know why I have kept out of your way altogether of late? You know that you had made me feel that my suit was hopeless; therefore, loving you so ardently, dear Claudia, my only chance of bearing my pain manfully was, it seemed to me, by avoiding your sweet presence. I can't understand," he pursued, "how or why this change has come which makes me hope I was mistaken; but I am unspeakably thankful for it. And ah, if you knew how I felt yesterday in looking forward to what I thought would be my last hours with you! Do you remember this from Henry IV.?—'Against ill chances men are ever merry, but heaviness foreruns the good event.' I was 'heavy' enough yesterday, in all conscience! Darling, tell me, am I right to-day in anticipating the 'good event'?"

Captain Awdry had gone on speaking longer than he might have done but for Claudia's very evident embarrassment. Now, however, he paused for a reply. When it did not come, he leaned forward, and, laying his hand on hers, repeated the question in a different form.

"Claudia, do you mean to refuse me again?"

It was no longer possible to put off the crucial moment. "I don't know," she stammered, lifting her eyes for a moment, but letting them fall again beneath his ardent gaze. "I mean, that depends—I don't know yet whether you——" she stopped short.

"But surely," he persisted, paying more heed to her manner than her words, "surely there is some change in your feelings towards me?"

"No, there is not," the girl burst forth with sudden energy. "There is no change in my feelings, Douglas"—she looked him straight in the face now, and pronounced his Christian name with that desperate, spasmodic kind of courage to which naturally timorous people are sometimes prone. "Douglas, whatever happens, whatever is the result of this interview, I must tell you this now. I love you! I love you as much as you love me! I have loved you almost ever since I first saw you."

"Claudia!" Captain Awdry's exultant joy at this acknowledgment was quite equalled by his astonishment. "But why, why, then, would

you never listen to me? Why have you driven me to actual despair?"

"Because I was *obliged* to do it."

"Obliged!" he echoed. "How?"

"I am going to tell you," she answered, faltering again, as her courage began to ooze away. "But it will be very hard to explain. It—it was a secret."

Unconsciously Awdry loosened his grasp of her hand. For a woman to have a secret, to be concerned in a mystery, was an abomination to him. Strictly virtuous and straightforward himself, he held most fastidious and exalted notions as to the purity, the truth, the moral guilelessness of the other sex. A few moments' study, however, of the sweet youthful face opposite to him, covered with those modest-seeming blushes, restored the young man's equanimity.

"Dear Claudia," he said, speaking very softly, "whatever your secret may be, it is, I am convinced, a very innocent one; but please let me hear it."

"You won't think it innocent, I am afraid, when you have heard it," rejoined Claudia. "I was obliged to refuse you before, because—because I could not listen honourably—because there was an obstacle in the way."

"I don't understand," he observed. "Your father, Mr. Estcourt, did not object; in fact, I know he was willing to encourage my proposal, and you have acknowledged now that you loved me. What, then, could the obstacle be?"

"It was not of my father's making, it was of my own. I—I had another tie."

"Another tie!" Again he repeated her words in his surprise. "You do not mean that you have been engaged?"

"No, it is something worse than that," she blurted out desperately. Captain Awdry left loose of her hand entirely now, and sat straight up in his chair.

"Wait a moment," he exclaimed, "wait a moment."

Startled by the change in his voice, Claudia looked up, to be still more startled by the change in her lover's face. With that strange, hard, almost repellent expression, she scarcely knew it. Obeying his request, however, she waited a moment, several moments, and that pause proved fatal to her resolution of telling the exact truth.

"I mean," she interposed at length, "that it was worse than being engaged in an ordinary way, because it was without my father's sanction."

"Oh!" Awdry uttered the interjection in the manner of a groan, but there was something of relief in his air. "Mr. Estcourt knew of it, though, I suppose?"

"No," she returned. "No one knew of it excepting Ella Thorne."

"I am dreadfully puzzled," protested Awdry after a brief silence, which had followed this statement. "I have known you ever since you returned home from school, from Montreal. I have watched you with eyes sharpened by love, but I have never seen you give the slightest encouragement to any fellow."

"I never have encouraged any one," she affirmed.

"But how am I to comprehend, then, what you have told me?" he demanded. "I know, of course, that every man who sees you must admire you—how could he help it? But I know also that Carter and Freemantle have tried their fates with no more success than myself. Indeed it was the conviction that, at any rate, you preferred me to them—that, so far as I could judge, you did not prefer any one else—that kept me resolute through all these years to win you if I could. Claudia, will you tell me this man's name?"

"He is no one whom you have ever seen, nor whom my father has ever seen," rejoined Claudia in a shaking voice. "He does not live in Quebec."

There was another pause. Captain Awdry's face had grown ashen pale, and his hands grasped each other with a force that made the muscles of his wrists rise like cords.

"Do you know that I am suffering agonies?" he asked presently. "For God's sake, Miss Estcourt, tell me all, now that you have told me so much!"

"Yes, I will," she assented; "I will tell you everything—all the story. But, please don't ask me any questions. I—I hate the thought of the whole thing. I want to tell it as quickly as possible, in a few words."

Awdry bowed. "I shall not interrupt you," he said.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS ESTCOURT'S STORY.

BUT even yet Miss Estcourt seemed to find some difficulty in coming to the point. After giving his promise not to interrupt, Captain Awdry had leaned back in his chair, and, with his arms folded across his chest, he was now regarding her in stern and anxious

silence. Unless broken at once, Claudia felt that this silence would become terrible to her. She had pledged herself to tell her story, and the story, in some sort, must be told.

Twice she cleared her throat nervously. Then, with an effort which caused the colour to come and go painfully in her delicate face, she began.

"You know, Captain Awdry, that I was at school in Montreal? I was there for the last two years before my school-life ended. Mrs. Campion, the principal of the establishment, is my father's cousin, and I was sent to her very shortly after poor mother's death. Father, I know, greatly disliked my being away from him ; but he let me go because the school was a good one, and because, I suppose, he wanted to help his relative, and for another reason more important still. This was, that he had to be away in England very frequently about that time on business, for it was just then that Mr. Fildes and he entered into partnership and began the shipbuilding there. On one occasion father had to go to London in my holidays (they were my last holidays), and he made arrangements that I should remain during them under Mrs. Campion's charge. We were not to stay in Montreal, however. It was decided that we were to visit the springs at Saratoga, and Ella Thorne was to go with us. For Ella, to my great delight, had to spend her holidays also under Mrs. Campion's care. She could not return home to Kingston, at least it was thought wiser that she should not do so, because her two younger sisters were only just recovering from an infectious fever. We were in great glee, both of us, about that trip to Saratoga, but, unluckily for me, it never took place. On the very day before we were to start Mrs. Campion fell and broke her leg."

At this juncture Claudia paused to glance at her lover's face. But the latter, who was biting his under-lip in deep impatience of what appeared to him a long, unnecessary preamble to the facts he so wished to arrive at, merely bowed his head.

Once more the crimson tide rose and fell, a visible sign of emotion ; but Claudia resumed her narrative with simulated lightness of tone.

"Owing to that tiresome accident, we were compelled to remain at the school. The governesses, of course, were gone home for their holidays, and nearly all the servants, too, had been allowed leave of absence. There was absolutely no one to look after Ella and me, or to take us for a walk. So we were ordered not to quit the grounds, which were rather extensive, for the house stood quite outside the town. But one day we disobeyed this order. We had,

both of us, a great liking for the docks, and loved to see the vessels there loading and unloading. Well, we kept talking about it and wishing for it, until, at last, just after our early breakfast one morning, we made up our minds to slip out at the garden gate and pay a visit to the docks. Of course, being two years the elder, I was the more to blame on the score of this disobedience. But I was punished enough for it—it nearly cost me my life. It would have cost it quite but for him.”

Captain Awdry unfolded his arms, and gave vent to an inarticulate ejaculation expressive both of dismay and inquiry. But in pursuance of his promise, he offered no further interruption.

“We were watching a vessel being laden with corn, and I know I was standing very near the edge of the parapet, when all at once something caught my feet (Ella told me afterwards that it was a chain some sailors were moving), and the next moment I was in the river. You know what that means, don’t you? I knew very well the dangers of that swift tide and its hidden currents, and I gave myself up to death. I don’t think I uttered a sound, for I believe that I lost consciousness almost immediately through the shock and horror. At all events, I have never been able to recall anything that happened between one moment when I felt the cold waters closing over my head, and another when I realised that I was again upon dry land and clinging with all my force to some one who I knew must have saved me.”

Captain Awdry had ceased by this time to bite his lips. The story had reached for him now a point of interest which swallowed up his impatience and induced other and softer emotions. Still he offered no comment, except by murmuring some words under his breath which sounded like, “Poor child! Thank God!”

“I did not look, at first, what the man was like who had saved me,” pursued Claudia, struggling against an impulse to burst into tears of self-pity at the recollection of her danger, “but I felt as though I dared not let go my hold of him. And very soon I became aware that he was carrying me through a crowd which had gathered about us, and that Ella was clinging to one of my hands, crying piteously. Next thing, we were in a calèche or some kind of vehicle, and he was with us. Ella had given the address, and we were driving towards the school. But before we got there both of us were so far recovered as to know that we must try to hide this dreadful escapade, if we could, from Mrs. Campion’s knowledge. The driver, therefore, was bidden to stop at some little distance, and Ella and I slipped back into the grounds through an orchard which could not be seen from the house. *He*, too, went in with us to the orchard for a

few minutes, and before he left us we had agreed to meet him there again in the evening, in order to let him know whether I was any the worse for my terrible bath.

"In a physical sense, I was none the worse for it. I neither took cold nor suffered in any other way bodily. But it was a long time before I got over the mental strain it induced. Every night I had the most frightful dreams, and all day I was haunted by a sense of the danger I had run. Even yet, I always shudder when I think of it. So you may understand, Captain Awdry, that I must have felt grateful—more than grateful—to my rescuer."

"I see! I begin to see the light!" cried Awdry, his eyes flashing and his nostrils quivering with a new kind of excitement. "That scoundrel, whoever he was, presumed upon his deed. And you, my poor inexperienced child, you let yourself be drawn into some kind of entanglement through your natural sense of obligation—your too excessive gratitude? I begin to understand! But go on," he urged gently. "Go on, please, and tell me all."

Once again Claudia Estcourt changed colour. A brief war of contending impulses went on within her, and she trembled from head to foot. But the issue of the conflict was soon decided.

"No, no," she exclaimed; "you are wrong in calling him a scoundrel. Indeed, indeed he was not that! And he never presumed in the least upon what he had done, though, of course, he had risked his own life to save mine. He would scarcely even let me thank him properly, and after the first time or two that we met he appeared to dislike any allusion to the subject at all. I must do him that justice at least; I am sure he had a generous nature."

"Ah, you have been in love with the fellow! Perhaps are so still?" interjected Awdry, moved by a sudden jealousy.

Claudia raised her wistful eyes, with a grave look in them.

"He is dead," she answered. "He died about a fortnight ago. And I don't think I *ever* loved him—or if I did, I have grown to hate him so much since that I cannot realise how differently I once felt." She drew a long breath, then went on. "But I must tell you the rest more quickly. He came again and again. Ella and I met him in the orchard to talk over our common adventure. At first we did not think of those secret meetings as being in any way imprudent or wrong, though they were held with a young man and a handsome one. And by-and-by, when we did begin to recognise this, we were carried away by the excitement and romance of the thing. Poor Ella was not fifteen, which must be her excuse; whilst, for my part, I was a school-girl, scarcely seventeen, and he was my

first lover. He did seem to be very desperately in love with me, and I know he was so. He had saved my life, and I, of course, was under the strongest obligation to him. Besides, his appearance was attractive, and—and there was a mystery about him——”

“Of that I have no doubt,” sneered the listener, forgetful of his promise not to interrupt. “May I ask how soon the love-making began? and whether this interesting adventurer had a name?”

“Not if you ask in that tone, Captain Awdry,” retorted the girl with dignity. “Recollect, you have no claim upon me that I should give you this confidence.”

“I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon a thousand times!” apologised the young man. “I had, indeed, no right to assume that tone. But I think there is *excuse* for me, although I will not plead that now.”

In her heart, and with her eyes, Claudia acknowledged that there *was* excuse for him—the excuse of his past faithful love, and of the present pain he was so evidently enduring.

“The gentleman’s name,” she resumed in a changed, almost humble, voice, “was Stephens—Hubert Henry Stephens. He was an Englishman, about twenty-three years of age, and, as I have said, very good-looking. His manners were those of a gentleman, and I am certain that he was a gentleman by birth. He never told me anything, however, about his family, excepting that he had quarrelled with them, and that he had left his home for ever. He had been in America, in different parts, for nearly two years, and, having no money, and only—until shortly before I knew him—chance employment, he had been more than once upon the verge of starvation.”

“Good God! Claudia, was I not right in calling the fellow an adventurer?”

“I don’t know—no, no; I don’t think you were,” she amended. “I do not believe—in fact, I am *sure* that it was not for money that he wished to—to secure me. He had been watching me—looking at my face”—the seriousness of the occasion was so great that Claudia spoke thus without a blush—“for fully five minutes before I fell into the river, and he swore, over and over again, that he had fallen in love with me at first sight, even before he had jumped in to save me. Captain Awdry, for three years I have positively detested this man because of the trouble, the deceit, the wretched harrowing anxiety he has brought upon me; but I believe that he loved me. I shall always believe that.”

“May I speak?” demanded Awdry, eagerly. “May I say something?”

"No, no ; please wait ; I have nearly finished. All through those holidays he came every day. His person, his visits, his past history, all seemed shrouded in romance. That romance made up a large part of his attraction for me ; and so the end of it was, that I fancied I loved him, and we were—we became engaged, secretly. The reason that he persuaded me to—to the secrecy was that he feared my father would not consider his position a sufficiently good one. He *had* a position then, and he had great hopes that it might, in time, become a *good* one. But—now I have come to a very wretched part of my story—we had only been [Claudia coughed with nervous suddenness]—been engaged about a week when he was turned out of his situation in a dreadful way. First, though, let me tell you how he came to get the situation. He had been trying for a long time—ever since he had come from England—to find something to do in different parts of the States ; but having been brought up to no occupation—he had been to Cambridge, however, he told me once, and was a wrangler—he had failed there. Then he had come to Canada in the hope of doing better, but had done even worse, and had been reduced at last so low that he had become a sort of porter, or packer, or something of that sort in a warehouse in Montreal. It was a warehouse that shipped things to foreign countries," she explained lucidly, "and they kept a foreign correspondent. Well, one day this foreign correspondent was taken suddenly ill, and no one could be found to do his work, till Hubert, happening to hear of it, said he understood French, and German, and Spanish, and Italian, and that *he* could write the letters. They allowed him to try," she went on hurriedly, "and it turned out that he had spoken the truth about the languages, and also that he could manage the business very well. It was a paralytic stroke that had seized the other man, and as he did not get better the post was, by-and-by, offered to Mr. Stephens, together with a very good salary. He was in great spirits about this, and used to say often that his luck had now turned, and that he meant to carve out a fortune for himself and become a millionaire for my sake. This was how things were when first we met, and it was through his having gone down to the dock on some business for the firm that he was there to save me."

Breathless with rapid speaking, Miss Estcourt again paused. "Why," she asked herself during that pause, "had she been pouring out all this detail? What was urging her to tell so much of the truth, when she did not mean to tell it all—when she meant to keep back the one chief thing—the core and pivot of the whole

story?" A solution of the problem might, perhaps, have been easy enough, but at present Claudia did not wait to seek it.

"As I told you, however, this situation, that he hoped so much from, was lost in a miserable way," she recommenced. "Some money—a hundred dollars in notes—was missed one morning from a private office, where one of the partners had laid it down. Mr. Stephens, it was proved, had been in that office, and he was suspected of having stolen the money. They did not know him, you see, and he could give no references as to character, or, at least, he would not do. All the other clerks and employes had been in the place some time. He was the only stranger. And so (though they would not prosecute, because they had nothing but suspicion to go upon) the partners turned him off ignominiously. After that, he went down, down, down," continued the girl, with a gesture of irritation and repulsion. "He could get nothing to do, nothing suitable. At last, I believe he gave up all hope of success in life, and he died a fortnight ago in a settlement of French peasants, away up in the backwoods. One of the settlers came, at his wish, to tell me about his death. But before that I had heard nothing of him for nearly a year. And now, now, at length, I am free!"

"And that is all?"

Miss Estcourt nodded an affirmative.

"Claudia, I must, I *must* ask you a question. Do you mean to tell me that you have considered yourself bound to that man through all these four years, simply because as a school-girl not seventeen you had given him a promise—a promise, I suppose, of marriage?"

"Yes," faltered Claudia; "yes, I have always considered myself bound to him."

"Is it possible! And yet you have detested this imaginary tie, you say, almost from the beginning? You have learned, also, to love some one else—to love me?"

"Yes," she assented again.

Suddenly Captain Awdry sank on his knees, and took the girl's hands reverently. "I am amazed!" he exclaimed. "I have heard it said that a woman's sense of honour and loyalty was not equal to that of a man. But here is a contradiction, indeed, of such an aspersion! What man could have showed more punctilious fidelity to his word, and against such temptations to a breach of it! Dear Claudia, your notions of constancy—pardon me saying it—are absurdly high-strung, and they have led you into a great mistake. They have been the cause of unhappiness to yourself, and of terrible suffering to me. Also—pardon me again—they have warped your judgment in

reference to the duty which you owed to your father, in that you allowed yourself to be persuaded to keep your supposed engagement a secret from him. You have been very, *very* foolish, dearest ; but it has all happened through your ignorance of the world, your unsophisticated innocence. That I see clearly. And I thank you for your candour in telling me all this at last, Claudia, though, oh, *oh*, that you told it me earlier !” He stooped as he spoke and pressed his lips to her hand.

Claudia burst into tears, half of relief, and half of troubled surprise at this turn of affairs. “Then you are not very dreadfully shocked with me?” she faltered. “You still love me?”

In an instant Awdry was by her side on the sofa, and she was in his arms. “*Still* love you !” he murmured. “My darling, did you think my love could be slain so easily as that? Do you believe that true love ever dies? I do not. As the old lines run, you know—

Pray, how comes love?
It comes unsought, unsent.
Pray, how goes love?
That was not love that went.

No, that was not love of yours, Claudia, for my unknown rival, because it ‘went.’ And, dearest, I have a little secret of my own to tell you. Shall I tell it you now, or will you first promise to be my wife? Ah ! I don’t need the promise, do I? You have confessed that you love me. We understand each other, at last !”

Whether they did, in truth, understand each other or not, it is certain that for a brief half-hour the lovers became supremely happy. In the interchange of mutual assurances of undying affection they almost forgot the revelation just made and listened to. Not entirely, however ; the undercurrent of recollection was there all the time. This afternoon’s conversation had been too exciting and too momentous—though in a different way to each—to be easily erased from their memories.

“Claudia, dear,” remarked Awdry, recurring presently to the subject of it (although not before he had related a certain episode in his own history, to which we may have occasion to refer hereafter),—“Claudia, dear, I am afraid the thought of that fellow may often be a torture to me. Not that I shall ever allow myself to blame you more than I have already done—that is, for keeping silence about the childish scrape you had got into, that preposterous promise which your scrupulous sense of honour made you look upon as binding. No, it is not *you* I blame, but that miscreant, that impostor, that adventurer ! Darling, it is no use protesting that he was not what I call him. All

you have told me about him goes to prove it—his being a man of some attainments, and of respectable appearance and manners, yet in poverty, and with no settled abode or employment, and again, his silence about his relatives and past history. Believe me, it is only your ignorance of the world and its wickedness that prevents your taking my view of the fellow. He was a bad lot, and in my own mind I have not the slightest doubt that he really did take that money from the warehouse."

"Oh, Douglas, please do not say any more!" entreated Claudia. "Think what you like, I will not contradict your opinion. Only let us try to forget the whole affair. Let us agree never, never, to speak of it again."

Captain Awdry reflected an instant. "Very well," he assented; "we will make a compact of silence after to-day. But you must just satisfy my curiosity on one other point, Claudia—I *have* a right to ask questions now, have I not? When did you see this Stephens last, dear, and how has your connection with him been kept up?"

"I have scarcely seen him at all since I left school," answered Claudia; "I only stayed six months with Mrs. Campion after those holidays, then I returned home; but I went away again shortly afterwards on a visit—a visit to Ella Thorne. I saw him *then* once or twice."

"Ah, I remember! You left home almost immediately after I had first been introduced to you, and you were away nearly three months! I recollect thinking you would never come back."

Claudia reddened unaccountably. "Yes, I—I did stay a long time, I know. But Ella and I have always been such good friends."

"And *she* helped you to meet that fellow again? Well, I don't thank her for that, Claudia, at any rate. So he was at Kingston then?"

"No—*yes*, I mean. But—but that was not quite the last time I saw him," pursued Claudia, hurriedly. "He came here to Quebec once. I happened to be looking out of the window one moonlight night, and I saw him standing before the house. I was awfully angry, and I went out to speak to him, and let him know pretty plainly what I felt. He said, however, that he had not meant to compromise me in any way by coming there—that he had only wanted to catch one glimpse of me without being seen himself. I don't know where he was living at the time, or what he was doing, but he declared he had walked nearly a hundred miles just for that. But when he saw how annoyed I was, he promised not to

obtrude upon me again, unless he could do so under very different circumstances. I don't know what he expected could make things very different, but his saying that always kept me a little nervous lest he should appear again. But my fears proved groundless. I have never seen him since. We have written to each other, however, though not often."

"And in his letters, I suppose, he kept up that fiction of an engagement? Really, in many ways, the man's conduct, as you describe it, appears inexplicable. But you may rest assured that he has been actuated throughout by some sinister motive. Probably he was hoping for your father's death—intending then to force his pretended claims upon you, though not daring, with your friends around you, to bring them forward. Gracious heaven! who can tell *what* the fellow meant? But, my darling, you have had a fortunate escape. Things might have been infinitely worse. Supposing that, instead of playing upon your gratitude, taking advantage of your youth and innocence, as he did, by drawing you into a secret engagement, he had persuaded you into a secret *marriage*. What a frightful thing that would have been! Then, indeed, the purity and sweetness of my lily would have been lost for ever. Then—oh, Claudia, Claudia, you are fainting?"

"No, no, I am not," she gasped. "I am not going to faint, but all this has been too much for me. I—I should like to be alone. Please leave me, Douglas—leave me now!"

"My darling, I have been cruel to press the subject so much, and to make such dreadful and impossible suggestions," he exclaimed tenderly. "Forgive me, Claudia. Yes, I will go—I will leave you for the present. But, remember, we have buried the hatchet. This wretched topic shall never be revived again to cause disturbance between us, or to mar our happiness. One kiss, dear, in token of pardon, and I am gone. But only until this evening. I shall return in the evening, Claudia, to see your father."

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOU WILL NOT BETRAY ME?"

AFTER her lover's departure Claudia Estcourt went straight to her own room, and, when there, straight to her mirror. In front of the glass she stood and surveyed herself. How pale she looked, but how beautiful!—even despite those dark circles which mental pain

and exhaustion had drawn around her eyes. How youthful, too, and how—yes, how innocent!

That was the term which he had used—he, the man to whom she had just affianced herself. In that one pleasant interlude in their late conference—those delightful moments after she had promised to be his wife—he had broken out into lover's rhapsodies about her "sweet fragility of appearance." He had declared that she ought to have a name less stately, less regal than Claudia. And then he had gone on, somewhat inconsistently, to protest that he would not have her name altered if he could, because it was *her* name—the one he had always known her by—that he would not have "that, or anything else about her, changed!"

Would he not? Ah! if he could see beneath the fair surface—into the heart that palpitated under that transparent, delicately tinted skin—into the mind that worked behind those liquid eyes—was there nothing that Douglas Awdry would wish changed?

Claudia shuddered. Questions of conduct or principle were not familiar with this young lady. A spoiled darling of fortune, the cardinal rule of her life, so far, had been to seek her own happiness.

She had not always been successful in that search—far from it! But for all miscarriage of her projects or failure of her hopes she had been wont to condemn others rather than herself. She was not conceited (at least, no one had ever accused her of being so, for she displayed none of the petty affectations of the vain), but she had a vast respect for her own personality. To think well of herself she had found to be an important factor of happiness, and she had encouraged herself at all times to think the very best she could of herself. In this agreeable task, also, she had been aided by others. As was natural, with her beauty, her prospective wealth, and her general amiability of disposition, Miss Estcourt's ears had been fed pretty liberally with the honeydew of flattery.

Now, however, as she stood gazing at her reflection in the glass, the girl was being forced into a painful self-disclosure. Rightly or wrongly, it struck home to her conviction that there was little beauty within to correspond with that of her outward aspect. If she could be turned inside out for the inspection of the world—for the inspection of her lover—what then? Where were those virtues that he credited her with—that strict fidelity, that high sense of honour, that resplendent purity? Figments of his own imagination! What was the truth? What like was the real Claudia with her superficial attractions scraped off?

Compelled against her will into this moral revision, the girl

recognised herself, as in a lightning flash of revelation, to be something the very reverse of what Douglas Awdry conceived her to be. She saw that her loveliness was, indeed, "skin-deep"—that in feeling and conduct she was disingenuous, deceitful, selfish—so selfish as to be capable even of brutality. For had she not acted with brutal callousness and ill-feeling towards one whom she knew? And now—what had she done? Committed a fresh wrong! Entered upon a new course of duplicity!

Shuddering and conscience-stricken, Claudia turned away, and throwing herself face downwards on the bed, burst into tears of shame and misery.

But even as she wept her mood changed. Salutory self-condemnation began to give way to passionate blame of another. After all, it was *his* fault—all of it! It was he and circumstances—circumstances which he ought to have foreseen—that had made her what she was. If she had never met him, she would have been all that Douglas Awdry thought her. Her moral deterioration, so far as it existed lay at his door. It was *he*—he—who had spoiled her life!

Poor Claudia! Thus the moment of grace passed away. Self-reproach melted into self-pity. The innate force of her deep self-love reasserted itself. It had been so long her habit to regard her own moral deficiencies through the diminishing end of a telescope, that to have been forced to look at them for a minute through the opposite lens had given her a shock. But she had readjusted the instrument now, and she was getting over the shock a little. Her tears still flowed freely, interspersed with broken sobs; but the fountain was no longer poisoned with the bitterness of shame and self-loathing. Tenderness for her own precious individuality had become the girl's dominant emotion.

It was at this juncture that Ella Thorne, who had, from her own chamber adjoining, been listening with extreme distress to those tell-tale sounds, ventured to enter her friend's room. Approaching the bed, she put her arms softly round Claudia's quivering form; but, for a little while she did not speak. Only one explanation of this demonstrative grief had occurred to her. Captain Awdry's love had not stood the test of learning poor Claudia's secret. In her intense sympathy, Ella felt almost like a mother to the suffering girl. In fact, although two years her junior, it had seemed to her for a long time that she must be older than Claudia. The eldest of a large family of brothers and sisters, and the companion of a sick mother, her own nature had, she knew, developed rapidly in the year or two

since she had left Mrs. Campion's establishment, whilst that of her school-friend appeared to have stood still. And yet, how much more momentous had been Claudia's experiences in life! As she knew, the slender, delicate girl, sobbing there into her pillows with all the abandonment of a child, had been for nearly three years a mother—for nearly four years a wife!

"Claudia, darling," she said at last, "will you not tell me what has happened?"

The sobs ceased suddenly, but Claudia made no reply.

"Oh! I hope it is not as I am fearing? I hope you are not disappointed? But, whatever has been the result, I am quite, quite sure that you will never regret in the end, Claudia, having told the truth."

Claudia writhed away from her friend's embrace. But in another moment she sat up, and, without looking at Ella, blurted out—

"Douglas Awdry and I are engaged."

"Is that so? How glad I am!" (There was no mistaking the genuineness of that exclamation.) "How very glad I am! Then you were only crying, dear, because you were feeling over-wrought? Everything is really right?"

"It is *right* that I am going to marry Captain Awdry, because I love him," Claudia rejoined, still, however, avoiding her companion's gaze.

"But—" Ella hesitated, and her expression changed—"but you have told him *all*?"

"No, I have not. You must know it sooner or later, I suppose, Ella. I couldn't and I didn't tell him *quite* all."

"What did you keep back? Not about Claude, surely?"

"Hush! hush! How loudly you speak, Ella!" Claudia cast an uneasy glance towards the door. "Captain Awdry knows nothing about the child. And he never shall know, never! I told him how I had first met Hubert Stephens, and the whole story of our connection—everything excepting that I had married him."

"*Excepting* that you had married him!" echoed Ella. "Why, that was all there was to tell! Oh, Claudia, then you have not kept your promise? You have allowed Captain Awdry to propose to you, and you have accepted him with your secret untold?"

"Yes, I *have*. I have, because I saw that if I *did* tell him he would not ask me again. He is so fastidious in his notions, so exacting, somehow. Oh, Ella, I did mean to tell him the whole truth, but I couldn't! I really, really couldn't!"

"And if he should find it out afterwards," demanded Ella, sternly,

"after you are married—what do you suppose the consequences would be? Do you think he would ever forgive you?"

"But he *won't* find it out—he can't! Nobody in the world knows about it now, Ella, but you and myself. And *you* will not betray me? Ella," she continued, passionately, "swear that you will not betray me. If you don't, I will throw myself over the battlements! I will not live to be disgraced in his eyes!"

"Claudia, Claudia, you know I will not betray you!" cried her friend, alarmed by this threat. "You know that I have never breathed a whisper of what I have known all these years, and I shall not do so now. But oh, I would give anything to have had you act differently! You are going to commit a great wrong, Claudia, if you carry out your purpose. And I foresee that you are laying up for yourself a store of misery worse than any you have yet known!"

"How unkind you are, Ella!" said Claudia, beginning to weep afresh. "When I am in such trouble, it is too bad of you to croak like that."

"I am not unkind," rejoined the other. "And you seem to forget, Claudia, that I too have suffered through your secret. Ah! it has taught me a lesson. For ever and ever I shall hate anything that is clandestine or underhand."

"It is of no use moralising, Ella, or indulging in useless regrets," Claudia broke in petulantly. "Regrets will not alter the past—I wish they could! What I have to do now is to get rid of all traces of that wretched affair. I—I must dispose of the child somehow. Will you help me to plan? Ella, dear, dear Ella, you must be my friend!"

She held out her hands imploringly, but Ella did not touch them. At this moment Miss Thorne felt as though she had almost ceased to love this friend of her youth, to whom until now she had been so ardently attached.

"It is hard that one should be forced by friendship into such tortuous ways!" she complained. "What *can* you do, Claudia, to dispose of the child? Poor innocent little fellow!"

"I have a plan," answered Claudia. "But I cannot tell it you whilst you look like that, Ella. Oh! how dreadful everything is! How I hate that—that *man* for bringing all this trouble upon me."

"Claudia, it is shocking in you to speak so! Hubert Stephens is dead—and he was your husband," protested Ella with unwonted severity. "I have often marvelled at your injustice; but it seems worse that you should keep it up now that he is gone. You know how matters look to my eyes—how they would look to the eyes of

any fair judge. Of course he was wrong in the beginning, exceedingly wrong, to urge you into that secret marriage. But you know what his motive was, and you know that you were as willing to be secured as he was anxious to secure you. He was older than you, certainly, and therefore ought to have known better. But he was not so much older as to make it fair to lay the entire blame upon him. Then, who has suffered most through the sin? Not you, but *he*. How can you help pitying him? And how can you help acknowledging that his conduct towards you has been generous and noble beyond expression? Think how differently he might have acted! Instead of virtually giving you up after that trouble came upon him; instead of protecting you from every risk of discovery—burdening himself with the entire care and support of the child—starving rather than obtrude upon you once he knew your love was gone (and, by the way, I am satisfied that it was that knowledge which crushed the poor fellow's spirit, and prevented his rising again in the world); think what he might have done instead of all this! Your father was a rich man, and you his only daughter. He was legally married to you. Why did he not come forward and reveal that fact, and claim some help and support from Mr. Estcourt? Because he was too proud to do it when he was penniless and suspected of crime, however unjustly. Because he was too much of a gentleman, too noble of soul, to force himself on you when you had showed him your changed feelings. Because *your* interests were everything to him—his *own* nothing. Dear Claudia, I can understand your having wished to hide the fact of your clandestine marriage, but I never *can* understand your repugnance to poor Hubert Stephens."

"Not when you recollect that all these years the knowledge that I was bound to him has been shutting me out from any hope of happiness with one whom I *did* love? Ella, you might try to put yourself in my place. Then you would understand it well enough. My liking for Hubert Stephens was a childish fancy. My love for Douglas Awdry is real love." (It *was*, so far as Claudia was capable of real love.) "And I have had to refuse him twice. I have had to hide my feelings—to tear out my heart-strings!" she added melodramatically. "But, thank God, I am free at last! Ah, you cannot understand—you have no sympathy."

Miss Thorne smiled a little contemptuously. "I think, Claudia, you can hardly bring that accusation against me very reasonably," she observed.

"No, I cannot," retracted Claudia, hastily. "I beg your

pardon, Ella. You are the dearest and most sympathetic friend that ever was in the world! Only, this afternoon you have seemed rather hard on me, you know. But never mind that. Ella, be my friend still! Promise that you will always be my friend?" she implored.

"Poor Claudia, I am afraid the time will come when you will need a friend," answered the younger girl sadly. "Yes, I will keep faithful to you. I will always be your friend."

A warm embrace followed this compact.

"And now, darling," said Claudia, turning a sweet, anxious face, which looked like that of a suffering angel, towards the commonplace countenance of her companion—"now let us discuss my plans."

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

TWO widely different conceptions of military discipline are contained in the words of an English writer of the seventeenth century, and in those of the French philosopher, Helvetius, in the eighteenth century. There is a fine ring of the best English spirit in the sentence of Gittins : "A soldier ought to fear nothing but God and dishonour." And there is the true French wit and insight in that of Helvetius : "Discipline is but the art of inspiring soldiers with more fear for their own officers than they have for the enemy." ¹

But the difference involved lies less in the national character of the writers than in the lapse of time between them, discipline having by degrees gained so greatly in severity that a soldier had come to be regarded less as a moral free agent than as a mechanical instrument, who, if he had any fear left for God and dishonour, felt it in a very minor degree to that he cherished for his colonel or commander. This is the broad fact which explains and justifies the proposition of Helvetius ; though no one, recollecting the evils of the days of looser discipline, might see cause to regret the change which deprived a soldier almost entirely of the moral liberty that naturally belonged to him as a man.

The tendency of discipline to become more and more severe has of course the effect of rendering military service less popular, and consequently recruiting more difficult, without, unhappily, any corresponding diminution in the frequency of wars, which are independent of the hirelings who fight them. Were it otherwise, something might be said for the military axiom, that a soldier has none of the common rights of man. There is therefore no gain from any point of view in denying to the military class the enjoyment of the rights and privileges of ordinary humanity.

The extent of this denial and its futility may be shown by reference to army regulations concerning marriage and religious worship. In the Prussian army, till 1870, marriages were legally null and void

¹ *L'Esprit*, i. 562.

and the offspring of them illegitimate in the case of officers marrying without royal consent, or of subordinate officers without the consent of the commander of their regiments. But after the Franco-German war so great was the social disorder found to be consequent upon these restrictions, that a special law had to be made to remove the bar of illegitimacy from the marriages in question.¹ In the English army the inability of privates to marry before the completion of seven years' service, and the possession of at least one badge, and then only with the consent of the commanding officer, is a custom so entirely contrary to the liberty enjoyed in other walks of life, that, whatever its incidental advantages, it can scarcely fail to act as a deterring motive when the choice of a career becomes a subject of reflection.

The custom of what is known in the army as Church Parade affords another instance of the unreasonable curtailments of individual liberty that are still regarded as essential to discipline. A soldier is drummed to church just as he is drummed to the drill-ground or the battle-field. His presence in church is a matter of compulsion, not of choice or conviction; and the general principle that such attendance is valueless unless it is voluntary is waived in his case as in that of very young children, with whom, in this respect, he is placed on a par. If we inquire for the origin of the practice, we shall probably find it in certain old Saxon and imperial articles of war, which show that the prayers of the military were formerly regarded as equally efficacious with their swords in obtaining victories over their enemies; and therefore as a very necessary part of their duty.² The American articles of war, since 1806, enact that "it is earnestly recommended to all officers and soldiers to attend divine service," thus obviating in a reasonable way all the evils inevitably connected with a purely compulsory, and therefore humiliating, church parade.³

It would seem indeed as if the war-presiding genii had of set purpose endeavoured to make military service as distasteful as possible to mankind. For they have made discipline not merely a curtailment of liberty and a forfeiture of rights, but, as it were, an experiment on the limits of human endurance. There has been no tyranny in the world, political, judicial, or ecclesiastical, but has had its parent and pattern in some military system. It has been from its armies more than from its kings that the world has learnt its

¹ *Strafgesetzbuch*, Jan. 20, 1872, 15, 75, 150.

² Fleming's *Vollkommene Teutsche Soldat*, 96.

³ Benet's *United States Articles of War*, 391.

lesson of arbitrary tribunals, tortures, and cruel punishments. The Inquisition itself could scarcely have devised a more excruciating punishment than the old English military one of riding the Wooden Horse, when the victim was made to sit astride planks nailed together in a sharp ridge, and in rough resemblance to a horse, with his hands tied behind him, and muskets fixed to his legs to drag them downwards; or again, than the punishment of the Picket, in which the hand was fastened to a hook in a post above the head, and the man's suspended body left to be supported by his bare heel resting on a wooden stump, of which the end was cut to the sharpness of a sword point.¹ The punishment of running the gauntlet (from the German *Gassenlaufen*, street running, because the victim ran through the street between two lines of soldiers who tormented him on his course) is said to have been invented by Gustavus Adolphus; and is perhaps, from the fact of thus bringing the cruelty of many men to bear on a single comrade, the most cowardly form of torture that has ever found favour among military authorities.²

But the penal part of military discipline, with its red-hot irons, its floggings, and its various forms of death, is too repulsive to do more than glance at as testimony of the cruelty and despotism that have never been separated from the calling of arms. The art of the disciplinarian has ever been to bring such a series of miseries to bear upon a man's life that the prospect of death upon the battle-field should have for him rather charms than terrors; and the tale of the soldier who, when his regiment was to be decimated, drew a blank without the fatal D upon it, and immediately offered it to a comrade for half-a-crown, who had not yet drawn, shows at how cheap a rate men may be reduced to value their lives after experience of the realities of a military career.

Many of the devices are curious by which this indifference to life has been matured and sustained. In ancient Athens the public temples were closed to those who refused military service, who deserted their ranks or lost their bucklers; whilst a law of Charondas of Catana constrained such offenders to sit for three days in the public forum dressed in the garments of women. Many a Spartan mother would stab her son who came back alive from a defeat; and such a man, if he escaped his mother, was debarred not only from public offices but from marriage; exposed to the blows of all who chose to strike him; compelled to dress in mean clothing, and to wear his beard negligently trimmed. And in the same way a Norse

¹ Grose, ii. 199.

² See Turner's *Pallas Armata*, 349, for these and similar military tortures.

soldier who fled, or lost his shield, or received a wound in any save the front part of his body, was by law prevented from ever afterwards appearing in public.¹

There are, indeed, few military customs but have their origin and explanation in the artificial promotion of courage in the minds of the combatants. This is true even to the details and peculiarities of costume. English children are, perhaps, still taught that French soldiers wear red trousers in order that the sight of blood may not frighten them in war-time; and doubtless French children imbibe a similar theory regarding the English red coats. The same reason was given by Julius Ferretus in the middle of the sixteenth century for the short red frock then generally worn by the military.² The first mention of red as a special military colour in England is said to have been the order issued in 1526 for the coats of all yeomen of the household to be of red cloth.³ But the colour goes, at least, as far back as Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, who chose it, according to Xenophon, because red is most easily taken by cloth and most lasting; according to Plutarch, that its brightness might help to raise the spirits of its wearers; or, according to Ælian and Valerius Maximus, in order to conceal the sight of blood, that raw soldiers might not be dispirited and the enemy proportionately encouraged.

The bear-skin hats, which still make some English regiments ridiculous and unsightly, were perhaps in their origin the inventions of terrorism. Evelyn, writing of the year 1678, says: "Now were brought into service a new sort of soldiers called Grenadiers, who were dextrous in flinging hand-grenades, every man having a hand full. They had furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce; and some had long hoods hanging down behind as we picture fools." We may fairly identify the motive of such headgear with the result; and the more so since the looking fierce with the borrowed skins of bears was a well-known artifice of the ancient Romans. Thus Vegetius speaks of helmets as covered with bear-skins in order to terrify the enemy,⁴ and Virgil has a significant description of a warrior as

Horridus in jaculis et pelle Libystidis ursæ.

We may trace the same motive again in the figures of fierce birds or beasts depicted on flags and shields and helmets, whence they

¹ Crichton's *Scandinavia*, i. 168.

² Grose, ii., 6.

³ Sir S. Scott's *History of the British Army*, ii. 436.

⁴ II., 16. Omnes autem signarii vel signiferi quamvis pedites loricas minores accipiebant, et guleas ad terrorem hostium ursini pellibus tectas.

have descended with less harmful purpose to crests and armorial bearings. Thus the Cimbri, whom Marius defeated, wore on their plume-covered helmets the head of some fierce animal with its mouth open, vainly hoping thereby to intimidate the Romans. The latter, before it became customary to display the images of their Emperors on their standards, reared aloft the menacing representations of dragons, tigers, wolves, and such like ; and the figure of a dragon in use among the Saxons at the time of the Conquest, and after that event retained by the early Norman princes among the ensigns of war,¹ may reasonably be attributed to the same motive.

Lastly under this head should be mentioned Villani's account of the English armour worn in the thirteenth century, where he describes how the pages studied to keep it clean and bright, so that when their masters came to action their armour shone like looking-glass and gave them a more terrifying appearance.² Was the result here again the motive, and must we look for the primary cause of the great solicitude still paid to the brightness of accoutrements to the hope thereby to add a pang the more to the terror desirable to instill into an enemy?

Such were some of the artificial supports supplied to bravery in former times. But there is all the difference in the world between the bravery appealed to by our ancestors and that required since the revolution effected in warfare by the invention of gunpowder. Before that epoch, the use of catapults, bows, or other missiles did not deduct from the paramount importance of personal valour. The brave soldier of olden times displayed the bravery of a man who defied a force similar or equal to his own, and against which the use of his own right hand and intellect might help him to prevail ; but his modern descendant pits his bravery mainly against hazard, and owes it to chance alone if he escape alive from a battle. However higher in kind may be the bravery required to face a shower of shrapnel than to contend against swords and spears, it is assuredly a bravery that involves rather a blind trust in luck than a rational trust in personal fortitude.

So thoroughly indeed was this change foreseen and appreciated that at every successive advance in the methods of slaughter curious fears for the total extinction of military courage have haunted minds too readily apprehensive, and found sometimes remarkable expression. When the catapult³ was first brought from Sicily to Greece, King

¹ Scott, ii. 9.

² *Ibid.* i. 311.

³ Said to have been invented about 400 B.C. by Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse

Archidamus saw in it the grave of true valour; and the sentiment against firearms, which led Bayard to exclaim "*C'est une honte qu'un homme de cœur soit exposé à périr par une misérable friquennelle*," was one that was traceable even down to the last century in the history of Europe. For Charles XII. of Sweden is declared by Berenhorst to have felt keenly the infamy of such a mode of fighting; and Marshal Saxe held musketry fire in such contempt that he even went so far as to advocate the reintroduction of the lance, and a return to the close combats customary in earlier times.¹

But our military codes contain no reflection of the different aspects under which personal bravery enters into modern, as compared with ancient, warfare; and this omission has tended to throw governments back upon pure force and compulsion, as the only possible way of recruiting their regiments. The old Roman military punishments, such as cruelly scourging a man before putting him to death, afford certainly no models of a lenient discipline; but when we read of companies who lost their colours being for punishment only reduced to feed on barley instead of wheat, and reflect that death by shooting would be the penalty under the discipline of most modern nations² for an action bearing any complexion of cowardice, it is impossible to admit that a rational adjustment of punishments to offences is at all better observed in the war articles of the moderns than in the military codes of pagan antiquity.

This, at least, is clear, from the history of military discipline, that only by the most repressive laws, and by a tyranny subversive of the commonest rights of men, is it possible to retain men in the fighting service of a country, after forcing or cajoling them into it. And this consideration meets the theory of an inherent love of fighting dominating human nature, such as that contended for in a letter from Lord Palmerston to Cobden, wherein he argues that man is by nature a fighting and quarrelling animal. The proposition is true undoubtedly of some savage races, and of the idle knights of the days of chivalry, but, not even in those days, of the lower classes, who incurred the real dangers of war, and still less of the unfortunate privates or conscripts of modern armies. Fighting is only possible between civilised countries, because discipline first fits men for war and for nothing else, and then war again necessitates discipline. Nor is anything gained by ignoring the conquests that have already been won over the savage propensity to war. Single

¹ Mitchell's *Biographies of Eminent Soldiers*, 208, 287.

² Compare article 14 of the German *Strafgesetzbuch* of January 20, 1872.

states no longer suffer private wars within their boundaries, like those customary between the feudal barons ; we decide most of our quarrels in law courts, not upon battlefields, and wisely prefer arguments to arms. A population as large as that of Ireland and about double as large as that of all our colonies in Australia put together lives in London alone, not only without weapons of defence in their hands, but with so little taste for blood-encounters that you may walk for whole days through its length and breadth without so much as seeing a single street-fight. If then this miracle of social order has been achieved, why not the wider one of that harmony between nations which requires but a little common-sense and determination on the part of those most concerned in order to become an accomplished reality ?

The limitations of personal liberty already alluded to would of themselves suffice in a country of free institutions to render the military profession distasteful and unpopular. The actual perils of war, at no time greater than those of mines, railways, or merchant-shipping, would never alone deter men from service ; so that we must look for other causes to explain the difficulty of recruiting and the frequency of desertion, which are the perplexity of military systems still based, as our own is, on the principle of voluntary not compulsory enlistment.

What then makes a military life so little an object of desire in countries where it can be avoided is more than its dangers, more even than its loss of liberty, its irredeemable and appalling dullness. The shades in point of cheerfulness must be few and fine which distinguish a barrack from a convict prison. In none of the employments of civil life is there anything to compare with the unspeakable monotony of parades, recurring three or four times every day, varied perhaps in wet weather by the military catechism, and with the intervals of time spent in occupations of little interest or dignity. The length of time devoted to the mere cleaning and polishing of accoutrements is proved by the fact that the common expression applied to such a task is "soldiering" ; and the work which comes next in importance to this soldiering is the humbler one of peeling potatoes for dinner. Even military greatcoats require on a moderate estimate half an hour or more every day to be properly folded, the penalty of an additional hour's drill being the probable result of any carelessness in this highly important military function.

Still less calculated to lend attractiveness to the life of the ranks are the daily fatigue works, or extra duties which fall in turn on the men of every company, such as coal-carrying, passage cleaning, gutter clearing, and other like menial works of necessity.

But the long hours of sentry duty, popularly called "Sentry-go," constitute the soldier's greatest bane. Guard duty in England, recurring at short periods, lasts a whole day and night, every four hours of the twenty-four being spent in full accoutrement in the guard room, and every intervening two hours on active sentry, thus making in all—sixteen hours in the guard-room, and eight on the sentry post. The voluntary sufferings of the saints, the tortures devised by the religious orders of olden days, or the self-inflicted hardships of sport, pale before the two hours sentry-go on a winter's night. This it is that kills our soldiers more fatally than an enemy's cannon, and is borne with more admirable patience than even the hardships of a siege. "After about thirty-one or thirty-two years of age," says Sir F. Roberts, "the private soldier usually ages rapidly, and becomes a veteran both in looks and habits;"¹ and this distinguished military commander points to excessive sentry duty as the cause.

But, possible as it thus is, by rigour of discipline, to produce in a soldier total indifference to death, by depriving him of everything that makes life desirable, it is impossible to produce indifference to tedium; and a policy is evidently self-destructive which, by aiming exclusively at producing a mechanical character, renders military service itself so unpopular that only the young, the inexperienced, or the ill-advised will join the colours at all; that 10 per cent. of those who do join them will desert; and that the rest will regard it as the gala day of their lives when they become legally entitled to their discharge from the ranks.

In England about 10 per cent. of the recruits desert every year, as compared with 50 per cent. in the United States. The reason for so great a difference is probably not so much that the American discipline is more severe or dull than the English, as that in the newer country, where subsistence is easier, the counter-attractions of peaceful trades offer more irresistible inducements to desertion.

Desertion from the English ranks has naturally diminished since the introduction of the short-service system has set a visible term to the hardships of a military life. Adherence to the colours for seven or eight years, or even for twelve, which is now the longest service possible at the time of enlistment, and adherence to them for life, clearly place a very different complexion on the desirability of an illegal escape from them. So that considering the reductions that have been made in the term of service, and the increase of pay made in 1867, and again in 1873, nothing more strongly demonstrates the national aversion of the English people to arms than the

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, November 1882: "The Present State of the Army."

exceeding difficulty with which the ranks are recruited, and the high average of the percentage of desertions. If of recent years recruiting has been better, the explanation is simply that trade has been worse ; statistics of recruiting being the best possible barometer of the state of the nation, since the scarcity or abundance of recruits varies concomitantly with the brisk or slack demand for labour in other employments.

In few things has the world grown more tolerant than in its opinion and treatment of Desertion. Death was once its certain penalty, and death with every aggravation that brutal cruelty could add. Two of Rome's most famous generals were Scipio Æmilianus and Paulus Æmilius ; yet the former consigned deserters to fight with wild beasts at the public games, and the latter had them trodden to death by elephants.

A form of desertion, constituting one of the most curious but least noticed chapters in the history of military discipline, is that of Malingering, or the feigning of sickness, and self-mutilation, disabling from service. The practice goes far back into history. Cicero tells of a man who was sold for a slave for having cut off a finger, in order to escape from a campaign in Sicily. Vegetius, the great authority on Roman discipline, speaks of soldiers who simulated sickness being punished as traitors ;¹ and an old English writer on the subject says of the Romans : "Whosoever mutilated their own or their children's bodies so as thereby designedly to render them unfit to carry arms (a practice common enough in those elder times when all were pressed to the wars), were adjudicated to perpetual exile."²

The writer here referred to lived long before the days of the conscription, with which he fancied self-mutilation to be connected. And it certainly seems that whereas all the military codes of modern nations contain articles dealing with that offence, and decreeing penalties against it, there was less of it in the days before compulsory service. There is, for instance, no mention of it in the German articles of war of the seventeenth century, though the other military crimes were precisely those that are common enough still.³

But even in England, where soldiers are not yet military slaves, it has been found necessary to deal, by specific clauses in the army regulations, with a set of facts of which there is no indication in the war articles of the seventeenth or eighteenth century.⁴ The

¹ *De Re Militari*, vi. 5.

² Bruce's *Military Law* (1717), 254.

³ See Fleming's *Teutsche Soldat*, ch. 29.

⁴ See the War Articles for 1673, 1749, 1794.

inference therefore is, that the conditions of military service have become universally more disagreeable. The clauses in the actual war articles deserve to be quoted, that it may appear, by the provisions against it, to what lengths the arts of self-mutilation are carried by despairing men. The 81st Article of War provides punishment against any soldier in Her Majesty's army "who shall malingering, feign or produce disease or infirmity, or shall wilfully do any act or wilfully disobey any orders whether in hospital or otherwise, thereby producing or aggravating disease or infirmity or delaying his cure, . . . or who shall maim or injure himself or any other soldier, whether at the instance of such other soldier or not, or cause himself to be maimed or injured by any other person with intent thereby to render himself or such other soldier unfit for service, . . . or who shall tamper with his eyes with intent thereby to render himself unfit for service."

That it should be necessary thus to provide against self-inflicted injuries is surely commentary enough on the condition of life in the ranks. The allusion to tampering with the eyes may be illustrated from a passage in the "Life of Sir C. Napier," wherein we are told how in the year 1808 a private of the 28th regiment taught his fellow-soldiers to produce artificial ophthalmia by holding their eyelids open, whilst a comrade in arms would scrape some lime from the barrack ceiling into their eyes.¹ For a profession of which such things are common incidents, surely the wonder is, not that it should be difficult, but that it should be possible at all, to make recruits. In the days of Mahomet Ali in Egypt, so numerous were the cases in which the natives voluntarily blinded themselves, and even their children, of one eye in order to escape the conscription, that Mahomet Ali is said to have found himself under the necessity of raising a one-eyed regiment. Others for the same purpose would chop off the trigger finger of the right hand, or disable themselves from biting cartridges by knocking out some of their upper teeth. Scarcely a peasant in the fields but bore the trace of some such voluntarily inflicted disfigurement. But with such facts it seems idle to talk of any inherent love for fighting dominating the vast majority of mankind.

The severity of military discipline has even a worse effect than those yet alluded to in its tendency to demoralise those who are long subject to it, by inducing mental habits of servility and baseness. After Alexander the Great had killed Clitus in a fit of drunken rage, the Macedonian soldiery voted that Clitus had been justly slain, and desired that he might not enjoy the rights of sepulture.² Military servility could scarcely go further than that, but such baseness

¹ 82.² *Quintus Curtius*, viii. 2.

is only possible under a state of discipline which, to make a soldier, unmakes a man by depriving him of all that ennobles his species. Under no other than military training, and in no other than the military class, would the atrocities have been possible which used to be perpetrated in the barrack riding-school, in the old flogging days. Officers and privates needed the debasing influence of discipline to enable them to look on as patient spectators at the sufferings of a helpless comrade tortured by the cat-o'-nine tails. Sir C. Napier said that as a subaltern he "frequently saw 600, 700, 800, 900, and 1,000 lashes sentenced by regimental courts-martial and generally every lash inflicted;" a feeling of horror would run through the ranks at the first blows and some recruits would faint, but that was all.¹ Had they been men and not soldiers, they would not have stood such iniquities. A typical instance of this martial justice or law (to employ the conventional profanation of those words) was that of a sergeant who in 1792 was sentenced to 1,000 lashes for having enlisted two drummers for the East Indian Company whom he knew to belong already to the Footguards; but the classical description of an English flogging will always be Somerville's account of its infliction upon himself in his "*Autobiography of a Working Man.*"² There you may read how the regiment was drawn up four-deep inside the riding-school; how the officers (men of gentle birth and breeding) stood within the lines of the men; how the basin of water and towels were ready prepared in case the victim should faint; how the hands and feet of the latter were fastened to a ladder by a rope; and how the regimental sergeant-major stood with book and pencil coolly counting each stroke as it was delivered with slow and deliberate torture till the full complement of a hundred lashes had been inflicted. The mere reading of it even now is enough to make the blood boil, but that men, brave and freeborn, should have stood by in their hundreds and seen the actual reality without stirring, proves how utterly all human feeling is eradicable by discipline, and how sure is the training it supplies in disregard for all the claims of humanity.

Happily, floggings in the English army now count among the curiosities of military discipline, like the wooden horse or the thumb-screw; but the striking thing is that the discipline, in the sense of the good conduct of the army in the field, was never worse than in the days when 1,000 lashes were common sentences. It was precisely when courts-martial had the legal power to exercise such tyranny that the Duke of Wellington complained to Lord Castlereagh that the law was not strong enough to maintain discipline in an army

¹ *Military Law*, 163.

² 285, 290.

upon actual service.¹ Speaking of the army in the Peninsula he says : "It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops ; . . . there is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have received us as friends by soldiers who never yet for one moment suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation. . . . We are an excellent army on parade, an excellent one to fight, but we are worse than an enemy in a country." And again a few months later : "I really believe that more plunder and outrage have been committed by this army than by any other that was ever in the field." In the general order of May 19, 1809, are these words : "The officers of companies must attend to the men in their quarters as well as on the march, or the army will soon be no better than a banditti."²

Whence it is fair to infer that severity of discipline has no necessary connection with the good behaviour or easy control of troops in the field, such discipline under the Iron Duke himself having been conspicuous for so lamentable a failure. The real fact is, that troops are difficult to manage just in proportion to the rigour, the monotony, and the dulness of the discipline imposed upon them in time of peace ; the rebound corresponding to the compression, by a moral law that seems to follow the physical one. This fact is nowhere better noticed than in Lord Wolseley's narrative of the China war of 1860, where he says, in allusion to the general love of pillage and destruction characterising soldiers : "The wild moments of enjoyment passed in the pillage of a place live long in a soldier's memory. . . . Such a time forms so marked a contrast with the ordinary routine of existence passed under the tight hand of discipline that it becomes a remarkable event in life and is remembered accordingly."³

The experience of the Peninsular war proves how slender is the link between a well-drilled and a well-disciplined army. The best disciplined army is the one which conducts itself with least excess in the field and is least demoralised by victory. It is the hour of victory that is the great test of the value of military regulations ; and so well aware of this was the best disciplined state of antiquity that the soldiers of Sparta desisted from pursuit as soon as victory was assured to them, partly because it was deemed ungenerous to destroy those who could make no further resistance (a sentiment absolutely wanting from the boasted chivalry of Christian warfare), and partly that the enemy might be tempted to prefer flight to resistance. It is a reproach to modern generalship that it has been powerless to restrain

¹ *Despatches*, iii. 302, June 17, 1809.

² Compare also *Despatches*, iv. 457 ; v. 583, 704, 5. ³ *China War*, 225.

such excesses as those which have made the successful storming of cities rather a disgrace than an honour to those who have won them. The only way to check them is to make the officers responsible for what occurs, as might be done, for instance, by punishing a general capitally for storming a city with forces so badly disciplined as to nullify the advantages of success. An English military writer, speaking of the storming of Ismail and Praga by the Russians under Suwarrow, says truly that "posterity will hold the fame and honour of the commander responsible for the life of every human being sacrificed by disciplined armies beyond the fair verge of battle ;" but it is idle to speak as if only Russian armies were guilty of such excesses, or to say that nothing but the prospect of them could tempt the Russian soldier to mount the breach or the scaling-ladder. The Russian soldier in history yields not one whit to the English or French in bravery, nor is there a grain of difference between the Russian storming of Ismail and Praga and the English storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, or San Sebastian, that tarnished the lustre of the British arms in the famous Peninsular war.

And should we be tempted to think that successes like those associated with the names of those places may be so important in war as to outweigh all other considerations, we must also not forget that the permanent military character of nations, for humanity or the reverse, counts for more in the long run of a people's history than any advantage that can possibly be gained in a single campaign.

Enough has, perhaps, been said of the unpopularity of military service, and of the obvious causes thereof, to make it credible that, had the system of conscription never been resorted to in Europe, and the principle of voluntary enlistment remained intact and universal, the difficulty of procuring the human fighting material in sufficient quantities would in course of time have rendered warfare impossible. As other industries than mere fighting have won their way in the world, the difficulty of hiring recruits to sell their lives to their country has kept even pace with the facility of obtaining livelihoods in more regular and more lucrative as well as in less miserable avocations. In the fourteenth century soldiers were very highly paid compared with other classes, and the humblest private received a daily wage equivalent to that of a skilled mechanic ;¹ but the historical process has so far reversed matters that now the pay of the meanest mechanic would compare favourably with that of all the fighting grades lower than the commissioned and warrant ranks. Consequently, every attempt to make the service popular has as yet been futile, no ame-

¹ Scott's *British Army*, ii. 411.

loration of it enabling it to compete with pacific occupations. The private's pay was raised from sixpence to a shilling during the wars of the French Revolution ; ¹ and before that it was found necessary, about the time of the war with the American colonies, to bribe men to enlist by the system (since abolished) of giving bounties at the time of enlistment. Previous to the introduction of the bounty system, a guinea to provide the recruit with necessaries and a crown wherewith to drink the king's health was all that was given upon enlistment, the service itself (with the chances of loot and the allied pleasures) having been bounty enough.² Even the system of bounties proved attractive only to boys ; for as the English statesman said, whose name is honourably associated with the first change in our system from enlistment for life to enlistment for a limited period, "men grown up with all the grossness and ignorance and consequent want of consideration incident to the lower classes" were too wary to accept the offers of the recruiting department.³

The shortening of the term of service in 1806 and subsequently the increase of pay, the mitigation of punishments, must all be understood as attempts to render the military life more attractive and more capable of competing with other trades ; but that they have all signally failed is proved by the chronic and ever-increasing difficulty of decoying recruits. The little pamphlet, published by authority and distributed gratis at every post-office in the kingdom, showing forth "the Advantages of the Army" in their rosiest colours, cannot counteract the influence of the oral evidence of men, who, after a short period of service, are dispersed to all corners of the country, with their tales of military misery to tell, confirming and propagating that popular theory of a soldier's life which sees in it a sort of earthly purgatory for faults of character acquired in youth, a calling only to be adopted by those whose antecedents render industry distasteful to them, and unfit them for more useful pursuits.

The same difficulty of recruiting was felt in France and Germany in the last century, when voluntary enlistment was still the rule. In that curious old military book, Fleming's *Vollkommene Teutsche Soldat*, is a picture of the recruiting officer, followed by trumpeters and drummers, parading the streets, and shaking a hat full of silver coins near a table spread with the additional temptations of wine and beer.⁴ But it soon became necessary to supplement this system by coercive methods ; and when the habitual neglect of the wounded

¹ *Wellington's Despatches*, v. 705.

² See Windham's Speech in the House of Commons. Ap. 3, 1806.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ P. 122.

and the great number of needless wars made it difficult or impossible to fill up the ranks with fresh recruits, the German authorities resorted to a regular system of kidnapping, taking men as they could get them from their ploughs, their churches, or even from their very beds.

In France, too, Louis XIV. had to resort to force for filling his ranks in the war of the Spanish succession ; although the system of recruiting remained nominally voluntary till very much later. The total cost of a French recruit amounted to ninety-two livres ; but the length of his service, though it was changed from time to time from periods varying from three to eight years, never exceeded the latter limit, nor came to be for life as it did practically in England.

The experience of other countries proves, therefore, that England will sooner or later adopt the principle of conscription or cease to waste blood and money in Continental quarrels. The conscription will be for her the only possible way of obtaining an army at all, or one at all commensurate with those of her possible European rivals. And the conscription, whether under a free government or not, means a tyranny compared to which the tyrannies of the Tudors or Stuarts were as a yoke of silk to a yoke of iron. It would matter little that it should lead to or involve a political despotism, for the greater despotism would ever be the military one, crushing out all individuality, moral liberty, and independence, and consigning to the soul-destroying routine of petty military details all the talent, taste, knowledge, and wealth of our country, which have hitherto given it a distinctive character in history, and a foremost place among the nations of the earth.

In the year 1702 a woman served as a captain in the French army with such signal bravery that she was rewarded with the Order of St. Louis. Nor was this the only result ; for the episode roused a serious debate in the world, whether, or not, military service might be expected of, or exacted from, the female sex generally.¹ Why then should the conscription be confined to one half only of a population, in the face of so many historical instances of women who have shown pre-eminent, or at least average, military capacity ? And if military service is so ennobling and excellent a thing, as it is said to be, for the male population of a country, why not also for the female ? Or as we may be sure that it would be to the last degree debasing for the latter half of the community, may we not suspect that the reasoning is altogether sophistical which claims other effects as the consequence of its operation on the stronger sex ?

¹ Fleming, 109.

What those effects are likely to be on the further development of European civilisation, we are as yet scarcely in a position to judge. We are still living only on the threshold of the change, and can hardly estimate the ultimate effect on human life of the transference to the whole male population of a country of the habits and vices previously confined to only a section of it. But this at least is certain, that at present every prediction which ushered in the change is being falsified from year to year. This universal service which we call the conscription was, we were told, to usher in a sort of millennium; it was to have the effect of humanising warfare; of raising the moral tone of armies; and of securing peace, by making the prospect of its alternative too appalling to mankind. Not only has it done none of these things, but there are even indications of consequences the very reverse. The amenities that cast occasional gleams over the professional hostilities of the eighteenth century, as when, for instance, Crillon besieging Gibraltar sent a cart-load of carrots to the English governor, whose men were dying of scurvy, have passed altogether out of the pale of possibility, and given place to a hatred between the combatant forces that is tempered by no courtesy nor restrained by the shadow of humanity. Whole nations, instead of a particular class, have become familiarised with deeds of robbery and bloodshed, and parted with a large part of their leisure once available for progress in industry. War itself is at any given moment infinitely more probable than it used to be, from the constant expectation of it which comes of constant preparation; nothing having been proved falser by history than the commonplace that has descended to us from Vegetius that the preparation for war is the high road to peace.¹ And as to the higher moral tone likely to spring from universal militarism, of what kind may we expect it to be, when we read, in a work by the greatest living English general, destined, Carlyle hoped, one day to make short work of Parliament, such an exposition as the following of the relation between the moral duties of a soldier and those of a civilian: "He (the soldier) must be taught to believe that his duties are the noblest which fall to man's lot. He must be taught to despise all those of civil life."²

Erasmus once observed in a letter to a friend how little it mattered to most men to what nationality they belonged, seeing that it was only a question of paying taxes to Thomas instead of to John, or to John instead of to Thomas; but it becomes a matter of even less importance when it is only a question of being trained for

¹ Preface to b. iii. "Ergo qui desiderat pacem, præparet bellum."

² Lord Wolseley's *Soldier's Pocket Book*, 5.

murder and bloodshed in the drill-yards of this or that government. What is it to a conscript whether it is for France or Germany that he is forced to undergo drill and discipline, when the insipidity of the drill and the tyranny of the discipline is the same in either case? If the old definition of a man as a reasoning animal is to be exchanged for that of a fighting animal, and the claims of a country upon a man are to be solely or mainly in respect of his fighting utility, it is evident that the relation is altered between the individual and his country, and that there is no longer any tie of affection between them, nor anything to make one nationality different from or preferable to another. This is clearly the tendency of the conscription; and it is already remarkable how it has lessened those earlier and narrower views of patriotism which were the pretext formerly for so many trials of strength between nations. What then are the probable ultimate effects of this innovation on the development and maintenance of peace in Europe?

The conscription, by reducing the idea of a country to that merely of a military despotism, has naturally caused the differences between nations to sink into a secondary place, and to be superseded by those differences of class opinions and interests which are altogether independent of nationality, and regardless of the barriers of language or geography. Thus the artisan of one country has learnt to regard his fellow-worker of another country as in a much more true sense his countryman than the priest or noble who, because he lives in the same geographical area as himself, pays his taxes to the same central government; and the different political schools in the several countries of Europe have far more in common with one another than with the opposite party of their own nationality. So that the first effect of that great military engine, the conscription, has been to unloosen the bonds of the idea of nationality which has so long usurped the title to patriotism; and the chances of war have been to that extent diminished by the undermining of the prejudice which has ever been its mainstay.

But the conscription in laying one spectre has raised another; for over against Nationalism, the jealousy of nations, it has reared Socialism, the jealousy of classes. It has done so, not only by weakening the old national idea which kept the rivalry of classes in abeyance, but by the pauperism, misery, and discontent which are necessarily involved in its addition to military expenditure. Thus in France the annual military expenditure is now about twenty-five million pounds, whereas in 1869, before the new law of universal liability to service, the total annual cost of the army was little over

fifteen millions, or the average annual cost of the present army of Great Britain. "Nothing," said Froissart, "drains a treasury like men-at-arms;" and it is probably below the truth to say that a country is the poorer by a pound for every shilling it expends upon its army. Thus by the nature of things is Socialism seen to flow from the conscription; and we have only to look at the recent history of Europe to see how the former has grown and spread in exact ratio to the extension of the latter. That it does not yet prevail so widely in England as in France or Germany is because as yet we have no compulsory military service.

The growth of Socialism in its turn is not without an effect that may prove highly beneficial as a solvent of the militarism which is the uncompensated evil of modern times. For it tends to cause the governments of our different nationalities to draw closer together, and, adopting some of the cosmopolitanism of their common foe, to enter into league and union against those enemies to actual institutions for whom militarism itself is primarily responsible, owing to the example so long set by it in methods of lawlessness, to the sanction so long given by it to crime. With Socialistic theories permeating every country, but more especially those that groan under the conscription, international jealousies are smothered and kept down, and must, if the cause continues, ultimately die out. Hence the curious result, but a result fraught with hopefulness for the future, that the peace of the world should owe itself now, in an indirect but clearly traceable manner, to the military system which of all others that was ever invented is the best calculated to prevent and endanger it. But since this is merely to say that the danger of foreign war is lessened by the imminent fear of civil war, little is gained by the exchange of one peril for another. Socialism can only be averted by removing the cause which gives birth to it—namely, that unproductive expenditure on military forces which intensifies and perpetuates pauperism. So that the problem of the times for us in England is not how we may obtain a more liberal military expenditure, still less how we may compass compulsory service; but how most speedily we can disband our army, and how we can advance elsewhere the cause of universal disarmament.

ANOTHER GOETHE CORRESPONDENCE.

THE prodigious productivity of Goethe included a quite surprising amount of correspondence. We are almost at a loss to conceive how he should have found time for so many *Briefwechsel* when we consider his ceaseless activity as a writer. His early and middle time was the day of correspondence throughout Europe. The sentiment of the time was coupled with the comparative slowness of the post and difficulty of travelling, especially on the continent ; and men did not hesitate to put their best thoughts into letters addressed to worthy correspondents. An idea of the number of letters that Goethe wrote may be formed from Strehlke's "Verzeichniss," or catalogue, of Goethe's epistles. But the list is by no means complete. It is now impossible to collect together all the letters which he wrote in various periodicals ; and it is well known that the Goethe heirs possess a large quantity of his correspondence which has not yet been edited or published.

Meanwhile, another contribution to our knowledge of his letter-writing has just been made by Dr. Richard Maria Werner, who has published, in Berlin, "Goethe und Gräfin O'Donell, Ungedruckte Briefe nebst dichterischen Beilagen, mit zwei Portraits." The letters from Goethe to the Countess are eighteen in number, and they extend over the years between 1812 and 1823 ; that is, over eleven years. The letters from the Countess to Goethe have not yet been found, and we can but guess at their contents. The gaps in the correspondence give rise to the supposition that the whole of Goethe's letters to the lady have not been recovered ; but the eighteen letters in question are now, for the first time, made public by Dr. Werner. His collection comprises one hitherto unprinted letter from Goethe to Titine de Ligne, who afterwards became a Countess O'Donell. The O'Donells of Tyrconell are of an old Irish family which has long been settled in Austria. Count Moritz (Maurice) O'Donell—the name should doubtless be O'Donnell—possesses at his seat at Lehen, near Salzburg, the letters of Goethe to the Countess Josephine

O'Donell, and has inherited many of the drawings and sketches, also some of the poems which Goethe inclosed in his letters. The present Count gave to Dr. Werner permission to examine, to copy, to publish these literary treasures; and both Count and Doctor—the one for liberality, the other for careful labour—deserve the thanks of all those who take an interest in anything that the author of “Faust” wrote.

The letters of Goethe to the fair and brilliant Countess are characterised, not by the flame of passion, but by the gentler glow of warm and genial friendship. They are full of courtly courtesy, and of playful pleasantry. They are tender, graceful, easy; and the “red thread” which runs through them all is admiration for the Empress, Maria Ludovica, of Austria; but they are decidedly inferior in interest and in value to many of the letters which Goethe wrote, on loftier themes, and to more intimate and more intellectual friends. The charm of Goethe's style is, however, to be found in them. The first letter begins, “Liebe, neue Freundin” (dear, new friend); the last concludes, “In treuer Anhänglichkeit verharrend treulichst, J. W. v. Goethe.”

The portrait of Goethe which Dr. Werner now first presents to the public is from a work in sepia, painted by an amateur artist, the Graf von Schönberg-Rothschönberg. It is to some extent a likeness, but it lacks the force and grace, the regal dignity, which distinguished the great poet. It is emphatically the work of a “dilettante” in portrait-painting, and is not of very distinctive mark or value. It was painted, it is believed, in 1810. The portrait of the Countess Josephine, which is by an unknown hand, is a far better work. We see clearly a lady of rank and of fine manners, with delicate feminine features, which are full of expression and meaning, and which make upon us the impression of a graceful lady of culture, of birth, clever, and of lively charm. The nose and mouth are very individual, and it is plain that the likeness has been well caught. The face is depicted in repose, and the sitter looks as if she were listening with interest while a reply is gathering on her lips. The Countess wears a cap of lace studded with flowers, which surmounts thickly clustering curls arranged after the fashion of the first quarter of the century. The work is sketchy, but satisfactory.

In the year 1812, in which the acquaintance began, Goethe, born 1749, was sixty-three; while the lady, born 1779, was thirty-three. She was a widow. Born Countess of Gaisrück, she became the second wife of Count Joseph O'Donell, who, born 1756, died 1810. The Count's first wife was his cousin, Countess Therese O'Donell, who

left to her widowed husband one son, Moritz, who married, in 1811, the granddaughter of the Prince de Ligne. Count Joseph O'Donell stood in high repute in Austria as a financier, and was, when he died, busy with a scheme for arranging the deranged national finances. The Emperor Francis ranked the Count's services and talents very highly, and when he died the Emperor wrote a letter of appreciative regard for the deceased to his widow, on whom the State conferred a large pension.

Goethe called the Prince de Ligne *der fröhlichste Mann des Jahrhunderts*, "the cheerfullest man of the century," and one whose appearance confirmed his reputation. Goethe paints him as always gay, intelligent, and as a man of the world, who was everywhere welcome and at home. Goethe and the prince had met already in 1807, in Karlsbad, and were again together in 1810 in Teplitz. The poet and the prince exchanged verses. The prince wrote :—

Je vous salue, Apôtre et soutien du bon goût,
Digne du Duc aimable, honneur de sa patrie !

The Duc was, of course, Karl August. Goethe replied in the little poem, "In früher Zeit, noch froh und frei."

And here we may interpolate a pretty little story. Goethe lost, at the races, to Christine de Ligne (called in family intimacy, "Titine"), a wager of two gulden. He paid his debt by means of a *Wiener-Stadt Banco-Zettel*, of the value of two gulden ; but on the back of the bank-note the poet wrote :—

Ein klein Papier hast Du mir abgewonnen,
Ich war auf grösseres gefasst ;
Denn viel gewinnst Du wohl worauf Du nicht gesonnen,
Warum du nicht gewettet hast.

Goethe.

Tepliz, d. 2. Sept., 1810.

Christine preserved carefully the memorable little bank-note, which is to-day in the possession of the O'Donell family.

The year 1812 belongs to that sad time in which dismembered and disunited Germany lay at the feet of the insolent French victor. It was, however, the dark hour before the dawn, as the *Befreiungs-Krieg*, the War of Independence, occurred in 1813, which was also the year of the battle of Leipzig. In 1812, Napoleon projected his Russian campaign, and he summoned the principalities and powers of Germany to meet him at Dresden, there to receive his orders. Characteristic of the manner in which Napoleon treated German royalties is the anecdote related of him by Amalia von Sachsen.

At a dinner, after a boar-hunt, at Moritzburg, Napoleon considered that the entertainment was lasting too long, and suddenly cried out, *Que l'on serve le dessert*, a proceeding which greatly vexed "Aunt Elizabeth," who saw herself compelled to forego her cutlets.

In 1810 Napoleon had married Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I. of Austria, and the Empress was with the French Emperor at Dresden. On the 18th May, 1812, the Emperor Francis, with his young third wife, his cousin, the Empress Maria Ludovica Beatrix, also arrived at Dresden, which was full of all the great and little German potentates. The Austrian Empress, a daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este, was born 14th December, 1787. She was beautiful and charming, impulsive, bright, amiable, and had singular tact and refinement. When she was in Dresden in 1812, crowds used to collect under her window in order to see the beautiful Empress. When General Berthier went to Vienna to ask for the hand of Marie Louise for his master, Napoleon, the general was so enchanted with the Empress that it soon became, he said, high time to leave Vienna.

Madame de Staël bears her testimony to the charm of the fair Empress ; who, later, at the Congress of Vienna, won all hearts. Goethe says of her that she was extremely affable, cheerful and friendly. He found that her nose and chin were hereditary, resembling those of her race. Her eyes were full of life and spirit. She spoke, he says, on all sorts of subjects ; and he praises her for being always original and never eccentric. In short, the great poet entertained a feeling of romantic homage for the womanly worth and charm of the Empress Maria Ludovica.

It was the intention of the Empress, after leaving Dresden, to seek health in the Bohemian baths of Karlsbad and Teplitz. In the *suite* of the Austrian Empress, as *Hofdame*, or lady-in-waiting, travelled the Countess Josephine O'Donell. The two ladies came to Karlsbad, and there Goethe, for the first time, met his future correspondent.

Goethe was then occupied with geology, and busy with the first part of his autobiography, "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*." In Karlsbad, on the 12th June, 1812, he met his old friend, Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg, who writes : "I had not seen him (Goethe) for eight-and-twenty years, and found him, naturally, very much changed. He who used to be so slim and pale, has grown stout and rosy, and looks very healthy."

Goethe was extremely fond of the "*Gelegenheits-Gedicht*," or poem inspired by occasion ; and the poetic prodigality of his affluent nature always tended to overflow into song. Hence we soon find

him pouring forth song-drops in honour of the fair Empress who so strongly impressed his imagination.

He addressed a poem to Marie Louise, one to the Emperor Francis, and several to his beloved Empress. The *Oesterreichische Beobachter* (a very old "observer") of July 16, 1812, records that the *Bürgerschaft*, the municipality of Karlsbad, "strewed flowers in the path" of *Allerhöchstdieselben*, i.e. the Emperor and Empress, in the shape of poems by *Se Excellenz der Sachsen-Weimarsche geheime Rath und Staatsminister, Herr von Goethe*. You see that an enlightened journal gives to a German poet his full official title. The stanzas to the Emperor were to be handed to His Majesty by *die Damm-Klara*, that is by Clara, daughter of Dr. Damm, but the embarrassed young lady mistook the Archduke Ferdinand for his brother, and Goethe had to rush forward to put the little mistake right.

In Teplitz, Goethe read poetry to the Empress, and chose chiefly, perhaps generously, the writings of Schiller. The Empress was fond of theatricals, and she herself acted in private performances. To please her, Goethe wrote in Teplitz, in two days, a little one-act piece called *die Wette* (the Wager), and the parts were distributed, but the piece was shipwrecked on technical difficulties, and never was actually played. The scenery required exceeded the resources of a mere "Bath," such as Teplitz was, and a rather complex room, divided into two divisions, from roof to stage, could not be managed.

Goethe remained some weeks, on this occasion, at Teplitz. The visit gave him great delight. He was absorbed in work that he loved, and yet had the society—which he also loved—of such fair and gracious ladies as Maria Ludovica and Josephine O'Donell. The party went asunder with great regret.

We must now proceed to glance slightly at the treasure trove of the letters. The letter to Christine de Ligne is unimportant; but it enclosed two sketches by Goethe, of Bilin, and the open space before its gate. Goethe, by the way, generally sketched in sepia on blue paper.

The first letter to the *liebe, neue Freundin*, the Countess O'Donell, is very short, and occupies only one side of a quarto sheet of paper. It is dated August, 1812, and deals with his wish to see his little piece, *die Wette*, produced upon the stage. The second letter is rather longer. It is addressed to his *verehrteste Freundin*, and belongs also to 1812. He expresses his regret at hearing of the illness of the Empress, and begs for full information. He asks to be remembered to Her Majesty as her *dankbarsten Knecht*, "her most

grateful servant." He tells the Countess, "be assured that your friendship is a great and unexpected gain to my life." He encloses two drawings, which are still in existence, entitled *Sainte Marie du Pont*, C.B. Août 1821; and *Sainte Marie de la Harpe*, C.B. Août 1812. Both are signed Goethe.

The next letter is dated Jena, November 24, 1812. He again alludes tenderly to his Empress; and speaks of *die Empfänglichkeit für sinnliche Eindrücke, der ich so viel Gutes verdanke*; that "sensitivity to sensuous impressions to which I owe so much." He adds, that dictating a letter seems more to resemble speaking, *viva voce*, with the person addressed. He explains that he never finds himself more perplexed than when he writes a letter with his own hand, because the hand cannot work so fast as the thoughts flow, so that he is led into countless blunders of orthography and grammar. His frequent orthographical carelessness is well known, and here he gives the explanation of it.

In 1813 Goethe wrote his *Shakspeare und kein Ende*, and had sent to the Countess the first part of that *Wahrheit und Dichtung* which he terms his *biographische Masquerade*, or biography in a mask. Many of the allusions in his letter to the Countess have now fallen dark, and it is, for instance, no longer possible to identify the *pfirsichblütfarbene Soubrette*, or "peach-red-coloured waiting-maid," to whom he refers. The year 1813 was also his Hegira, or flight from distracted Weimar, then occupied by the French. The communication between Bohemia and Thuringia was interrupted, and Goethe's letter shows how strongly he was depressed by political events. Better times came, and he returned joyfully to his loved Weimar. He was busy with the continuation of his *autobiography*; and he writes fully about Madame de Staël's (he calls her Frau von Stahl) book on Germany. The Countess was engaged with the study of English, and Goethe encourages her, speaking of the "enormous treasures," of the "wealth" of English literature. He praises Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," as a work which he passionately loves. He always laid stress upon the "melancholy power" which finds expression in our literature; and he cited elsewhere as peculiarly characteristic of this quality the well-known sad lines—

Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.

Karl August writes, with his rough energy of *badinage*, to the Countess, of Goethe, that "*il ne vous est pas fidèle. Goethe et moi vous*

quittent pour deux yeux bleus ! ce 28 Juillet, 1813." The blue eyes were those of the Fürstin Liechtenstein. On February 8, 1814, Goethe writes, alluding to the delay in the production of the third volume of his biography : " Fortunately I am an old writer, who does not care much for publicity. A young author would be driven mad with impatience." He speaks elsewhere of his "*dédain du succès*."

The Prince de Ligne, who said that "*Le Congrès [de Vienne] danse, mais il ne marche pas*," died December 13, 1814, and gave to the Congress the spectacle of the funeral of an Austrian Field-Marshal. It is of interest for us that Sir Sidney Smith appeared in the procession, as an English admiral, on horseback. Goethe was now occupied in the Oriental studies which led to his *West-östliche Divan*; and a long break in the correspondence with the Countess occurred. The Empress died April 7, 1816, and the loss of her plunged Goethe into a condition of grief the after-feeling of which never (as he says) left him.

Gräfin Titine asked Goethe if, as a boy, he had been conscious of his poetical powers, and had foreseen his fame. He replied in those well-known lines, beginning

Als der Knabe nach der Schule,

in which he explains that he then thought it would be a fine thing merely to write well, but that he never dreamed of writing anything that could live and be known in all countries.

The son of "Titine" is the present Count, and owner of the letters published by Dr. Werner.

On March 15, 1820, Goethe writes to the Countess that he "lives in memories," and therefore prizes so highly her friendship and her thought of him. On May 1, 1820, he addressed to her from Karlsbad the lines "*Au Gräfin O'Donell*" which begin :—

Hier, wo noch Ihr Platz genannt wird.

The two last letters (17 and 18), both short and unimportant, are dated respectively May 19 and June 30, 1823; and then — the rest is silence.

The correspondence ceased. The Countess died August 5, 1833. Her letters became the property of her son, Count Heinrich O'Donell, and were inherited by his nephew, Count Moritz O'Donell. Once, in 1818, Goethe met the Countess in Franzensbrunn. Their talk was chiefly of that Empress whom both had loved so well. During the eleven years covered by the correspondence, Goethe produced the *West-östliche Divan*, *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, while his

periodical *Kunst und Alterthum* appeared from 1816 to 1828. In 1821 was published the first edition of *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*. In 1816 Goethe lost his wife ; in 1817 his son married Ottilie v. Pogwisch. Lotte—Werther's Lotte—then a widow of sixty, with twelve children, visited in 1816 her former lover, whom she found transformed into a stately minister. Not till 1827 did Frau von Stein die ; nor did Goethe lose Karl August until 1828.

In the summer of 1822 he met, in Marienbad, Ulrike von Levezow. She was, Düntzer tells us, fifteen years of age, while the poet was seventy-three ; but, notwithstanding this terrible disparity of years, the pair fell in love. Conscious, perhaps, of the risk of marrying so young a girl (the marriage was currently talked of), and dreading possibly ridicule, Goethe tore himself away ; but his heart bled at parting with Ulrike. She seems to have been of singular charm and fascination, with a wonderful voice and great sensibility of sympathetic feeling. The affair with Madame Szymanowska was the last imaginative passion of the poet, who, when old in years, remained young in heart. He gave voice to the sorrow with which he parted from Ulrike in the *Aeolsklagen*. In 1823 the friend of his youth, Gräfin Auguste von Bernstorff, wrote to Goethe to "convert" him and to beg him to repair any injury that he might have done to the souls of others by his writings. He replied, proudly, that during his whole life he had meant honestly to others as to himself, and that in all his earthly strivings he had always kept his gaze fixed upon the Highest. He declared himself, in the highest sense of the word, a Protestant.

I have tried to give, necessarily in great brevity, some idea of these O'Donell letters, together with a hurried glance at the time, surroundings, and productivity of Goethe during the period of their production. The correspondence is not without interest. It shows one facet of a many-sided mind ; it presents us with a little graceful episode in Goethe's long life of science and of song, of wisdom, genius, nobleness, fame, love.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

SOME POETS' HORSES.

IT is a very curious fact indeed that poets see nothing of the natural animal in the horse. As a beast, a quadruped, they absolutely ignore it. It is only in its artificial varieties that they recognise it at all, and even then so seldom as to surprise the student of these pages. About the horse particular, individual steeds of fame, a volume might easily be gathered from our poets. But of the creature in nature they say nothing. The beast has become so thoroughly relative that it has lost all individuality. It is either the other half of a cavalier, a warrior, a war-chariot, a plough, a coach, or a cart, or something else, that it cannot be contemplated apart from its rider, its accoutrements, or the vehicle it draws. All other animals have characters of their own. The horse has none. It varies only according to the kind of man on its back or the kind of thing behind it. Attach a plough to it, and it becomes at once "heavy" and "dull"; set a soldier upon it, and it is "fiery" and "proud." When ladies ride, their horses turn to "milk-white palfreys"; the hero of a poem, whether knight or highwayman, bestrides, as a rule, a "courser." There are also "swift-heeled Arabians," and "barbs," and "jennets"; but these are not meant for real horses.

There is, of course, nothing surprising in the fact that poets have but little in sympathy with stable-boys or book-makers. When they do speak of grooms they rate them as second-class horses, and the "horsey" gentleman as an inferior amateur groom. This is probably as it should be; but, on the other hand, when we remember that nearly all history has been made on horseback, and that it is to the character of that animal that man is indebted for the moiety of his achievements, it strikes strangely to find the poets so consistently disregarding the strongly marked individuality of the horse. Its sympathy with human beings—as is the case with the poets' dogs also—has, doubtless, much to do with the doubling-up of the animal with its master. Whatever nature it may show, it is always in accordance with that of its rider. Its temper always matches its trappings, is strictly in keeping with its harness.

Once upon a time—so the Greeks had the story¹—Athena and Poseidon contended for the honour of being the best friend of humanity, and to clinch his claim the ocean-god created for the use of man the horse. Olympus had to arbitrate between the rival divinities, and eventually decreed in favour of Athena's olive-tree, "for," said Zeus, "I foresee that man will pervert the gift of Poseidon to the purposes of war."

Appeal, however, lies from the judgment of the Thunderer to the ultimate voice of history, and if "in the fulness of time" we could ask the question again, Eternity would certainly reverse the decree of the Olympian bench, for—taking one thing with another—the horse has done far more for man than salad oil.

In myth it is always noble. No monster form in the classics has dignity except the centaur, the Asvinau of the Hindoos. The conjunction of man and horse in one being was not degrading.

To complete the majesty of deities, they rode or drove horses. In primitive legend they go in pairs—the black steed of Night with the grey of the Morning, the red horse of Carnage and the white of Death. In the sunrise and the sunset there glitter the peacock-feathered manes of the coursers of the sky. The spirit of the Whirlwind sweeps along charioted by a swarthy team. Thunder and Lightning, the terrific Dioscuri, ride in the heavens upon their neighing, fire-breathing stallions. The rain-god Indras comes up drawn by the Rohits, "the brown ones"; the Dawn has harnessed to her car three dappled greys. From the stables of Asgard issue Hrimfaxe and Skimfaxe, the steeds of Day and Night, just as from the stalls of Olympus the Hours lead forth Xanthos "the golden" and Belios "the mottled," and Memnon's mother, "Tithonia conjux," springs from bed to chariot and, shaking the dewy reins, Lampas and Phaethon whirl her upwards through the reddening skies to awaken the gods and men.

The spirits are all mounted—"Heaven's cherubim, hors'd upon the sightless coursers of the air"—night-roaming ghosts, by saucer-eyeballs known (*Gay*)—the Kelpy on its water-palfrey (*Wordsworth*)—the angels of death, whose "coal-black steeds wait for men" (*Jean Ingelow*)—the fays of Collins on milk-white steeds, and of Shelley on "the coursers of the air," the elfin king of Leyden on his coal-black horse that goes with noiseless hoofs. Ossian's steeds—"bounding sons of the hill," like every other animal in that tiresome imposture—are wreaths of mist. But more substantial, in their way, are the night-steeds of the moon in Campbell, the "pale horses" of

¹ How miserably the poets use this beautiful episode! See, for instance, Congreve (*To the Earl of Godolphin*), or Parnell ("The Horse and the Olive"),

famine, war, and plague (*Mallet*), the white horse, splashed with blood, which Anarchy rides, in Shelley, and the "pale horse," which is the steed of death in a score of poets. Coleridge alone makes fun of it :—

A Potheary on a white horse,
Rode by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelations.

But it is reserved for Eliza Cook to speak of "the brave iron-gray, which is *Eternity's Arab!*"

The Oriental horse-myths have their exponent in Sir William Jones, whose "green-haired steeds," "with verdant manes," gallop through the skies. "The seven coursers green" of Love and Bounty, "with many an agate hoofed, and pasterns fringed with pearl," and those others, "the steeds of noon's effulgent king, that shake their green manes, and blaze with rubied eyes," are strictly in sympathy with Hindoo tradition. Campbell, on the same theme, wanders, as usual, into "sunless skies" of error.

Of horses more specifically, historically, individual, there is a multitude, of course. Starting from the commencement, there is the wild Scythian, supposed (by Phineas Fletcher) to drink the blood of the horse he is riding—"yet worse ! this fiend makes his own flesh his meat"—and the horses of ancient tradition, such as that "wondrous horse of brass on which the Tartar king did ride ;" and so we pass, through the classic steeds of Greece and Rome, the steeds of Cæsar and Alexander, to those of mediæval heroes, Arthur and the Cid ; and so along the picketed lines of Rhenish steeds, knightly coursers, and milk-white palfreys of the old-ballad age, to the horse of Mazeppa, and the "Tartar steeds" of the revolt of Islam.

The horses of St. Mark and of Pharaoh—of which Miriam sang when she went up before the host, with all the women with timbrels and dances—of Darius which neighed him into the throne of Persia—of Diomed, anthropophagous brutes, "Thracian steeds with human carnage wild,"—

Which fell Geryon nursed, their food
The flesh of man, their drink his blood.

(*Churchill*)

—of Nereus, the sea-horses, a very favourite fancy of the poets—of Dan Phœbus—

When he doth tighten up the golden reigns
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four

—the air-bred and wind-begotten steeds of Thrace—and the winged steeds of Perseus and Endymion, all the “other foales of Pegasus, his kynde.” So, step by step, pass to Black Besses of the Heath and Road, the chargers of our Joan-of-Arcs and other warriors of history, of Queen Elizabeth and other sovereigns, to the Rozinantes, Grizzles, and Dobbins, of Cervantes, Hudibras, and Syntax, to hacks of John Gilpin and the “Parish Doctor,” and many a local hero and heroine beside whose jades are the subjects of a passing jest.

I remember having seen somewhere a picture of Adam, in the garb of Eden, riding a bare-backed mustang, a lion gambolling by his side. But in Holy Writ the horse appears in only one aspect—as the war-horse. “He saith among the trumpets, Ha ! ha ! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.”¹

In Genesis the name does not occur at all. Nor, as a matter of fact, could it do so, seeing that the first “horse” (the first that science knows of) was a little five-toed, sharp-nosed creature, much too small for a man of even our degenerate stature to ride upon, and otherwise also unsuitable for a steed; and it is, therefore, very probable that “the first man” never was on horseback.

Yet the use of the animal dates back to a prodigious antiquity. The Assyrian sculptures show us high-bred and carefully caparisoned chargers, three thousand years and more ago. Nor is it at all likely that they were the first to train them, for the horse is a native of Central Asia, and the early Aryan is hardly likely to have wasted such a useful beast. At any rate, that perfection to which the extremely ancient Assyrian monuments show us that the breeding had attained some eighteen hundred years before Christ, must certainly have taken a long time in development.

The poets, therefore, do not take more than their usual licence when they describe a primitive race catching the wild horse and breaking it in to their use. Thus in “Before the Flood” :—

With flying forelock and dishevelled mane,
They caught the wild steed prancing o’er the plain,
For war or pastime reined his fiery force ;
Fleet as the wind he stretched along the course,
Or, loudly neighing at the trumpet’s sound,
With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.

The colt “with heels unclipped and shaggy mane promiss,” and

Job’s splendid poem has incited several poets (Quarles, Young, Broome, for instance) to attempt the same theme, which, however, gains no accession of beauty or power from their paraphrases.

"nothing conscious of his future toils," "approving all pastures but his own," (*Hurdis*), grows up, and for a while longer retains his liberty.

Wanton

He skims the spacious meadows,
Then stops and snorts, and throwing up his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again.

But in due time he becomes a full-grown horse.

Then think how short the time, since, joyous, free,
He roamed the mead, or, by his mother's side,
Attended plough or harrow, scampering gay ;
And think how soon his years of youth and strength
Will fly, and leave him to that wretched doom
Which ever terminates the horse's life.
Toil more and more severe, as age, decay,
Disease, unnerve his limbs, till sinking faint
Upon the road, the brutal stroke resounds.

The phrase "which ever" is not, however, strictly correct in England, whatever, according to Grahame, may be the universal rule in Scotland. For, as Cowper says :—

The veteran steed excused his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turned into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind.

This may be accepted as almost the total sum of the natural horse in poetry. That episode in *Venus and Adonis*, where the conduct of the young boar-hunter's steed suggests to the quick-witted goddess an argument from analogies, has suggested several exaggerated descriptions of the stallion at large, but they are scarcely sketches from the life.

In the chase, Somerville of course excepted, the horse does not occupy the prominent place that might have been expected. Hunting is not a favourite pastime of the poet. He does not ride as Byron says Don Juan did :—

So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

And they skirt the subject, except so far as sentiment goes, with the utmost delicacy. Some, indeed, condemn "the squire" who takes a pride in his steed.

Somerville, of course, is a unique exception, and his apostrophes of the "brave youths" who go a-hunting are delightful rubbish, as the opening rhapsody goes to show :—

Hail, happy Britain ! highly favor'd isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care ! to thee 'tis giv'n
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by Winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks,

But he knew a good horse as well as Hurdis did, and was a far better sportsman than he was a poet. For the utter humiliation of the noble brute read Eliza Cook.

The race-horse finds but few friends among the poets. They see only the cruelty of the sport. The jockeys are "murderers," and the animals come in with "rivers of sweat and blood flowing from goréd sides." They admire the animal "with his nostrils thin, blown abroad by the pride within," but they avoid it.

The war-horse finds more frequent and appreciative reference, but the poets cannot shake Job off. The few lines of the Patriarch's poem stretch farther than all their laboured eulogies, just as the staff of Moses reached farther than the linked sceptres of all the Kings of Edom. It neighs and paws and snorts, but it gets no further, after all, than the 25th verse of the 39th chapter of the Book of Job. "Taboring the ground" is, however, an excellent conceit of Quarles, and shows an unusual judgment in plagiarising.

The poet's cart-horse is a most dismal creation. Not long ago cruelty to animals was much more prevalent than it is now—thanks to a Society that has the eyes of Argus, the funds of Cræsus, and the sympathy of the country—and from Chaucer to Wordsworth the draught-horse is a miserable brute, habitually ill-treated and dying from cruel over-work. It is "as lene as is a rake" (*Chaucer*); "all bones and leather" (*Butler*); "a wretched unlucky corse" (*Ramsay*); "toil-worn" (*Graham*, who seems to have had an exceptionally bad opinion of Scotch treatment of horses). Cowper implores the carter to spare his "poor beasts"; Wordsworth beseeches the waggoner to be mindful of his responsibilities. Both these poets, however, pay a tribute of respect to the draught-horse's willingness, while those who know him better—Hurdis, Clare, and Bloomfield, for instance—admire it, "patient of the slow-paced swain's delay;" or as

Up against the hill they strain,
Tugging at the iron chain.

Joanna Baillie has a bitter passage : is there still all the old truth about it?

What forms are these with lean galled sides ? In vain
 Their lax and ropy sinews sorely strain
 Heaped loads to draw, with lash and goad urged on.
 They were in other days, but lately gone,
 The useful servants, dearly prized, of those
 Who to their failing age give no repose—
 Of thankless, heartless owners. Then full oft
 Their arched, graceful necks, so sleek and soft,
 Beneath a master's stroking hand would rear
 Right proudly, as they neighed his voice to hear.
 But now how changed ! And what marred things are these,
 Starved, hooted, scarred, denied or food or ease ;
 Whose humbled looks their bitter thralldom shew,
 Familiar with the kick, the pinch, the blow ?
 Alas ! in this sad fellowship are found
 The playful kitten and the faithful hound.

In metaphors and analogies, similes and morals drawn from an original so exceptionally promising as the horse, the poets show themselves strangely self-denying and even parsimonious. In a great measure the dog forestalls it. Moreover, when comparisons of courage, speed, or a generous spirit are sought, there are the poets' lions and eagles to draw upon. The horse, therefore, is made an adjunct in description rather than a moral auxiliary. It adds a material feature to the scene, but affords no lesson. The poets, in fact—for their sympathy with Nature is usually only superficial—do not recognise the horse as an animal. It is an equipment, an adornment, furniture.

Herbert is a very striking exception : he has a whole quiver full of equine "jacula." Thus, for example, "a jade eats as much as a good horse ;" "Who lets his wife go to every feast, and his horse drink at every water, shall neither have good wife nor horse ;" "The master's eye fattens the horse ;" "For want of a nail the shoe is lost : for want of a shoe the horse is lost : for want of a horse the rider is lost." "The horse thinks one thing, and he that saddles him another." "Speed without pains, a horse." These must suffice. Cowper uses the metaphor "pack-horse constancy," and Churchill, though with deficient skill, utilises the colt as a simile for "loose Digression," that "spurring connexion and her formal yoke, Bounds through the forest and wanders far astray." The colt, indeed, furnishes an analogy to many things and persons that depreciate it, for the poets too often forget that, after all, innocence in the young beast sets it quite apart from the deliberate obliquities of reasoning humanity.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

THROUGH THE BREACH IN THE BALKAN.

DOES one Englishman in a million know what or where the Isker Gorge is? For the benefit of the many ignorant let us explain first its whereabouts.

The southern end of this gorge is not ten miles distant from Sofia, which for many hundreds of years has never ceased to be a place of considerable local importance in European Turkey, whether as the old residence of the Roumeli Beylerbeys, as chief town of a Mutesarifik from the beginning of this century until shortly before the last Russian War ; then, again, as capital of a province for a few years ; as the seat of temporary Government during the Russian occupation ; and, finally, since 1879, as the capital of free Bulgaria. The Northern end of this same gorge lies close to the important trading town of Wratsa, between which and Sofia it offers by far the shortest route to those who do not fear its dangers and difficulties. And yet it remained practically unknown to geographers and unvisited by European travellers until the year 1871, when Kanitz, an Austrian engineer and author of a work upon Bulgaria, was the first to partially explore and survey the northern or Wratsa portion of the defile.

It is not that the Isker Gorge is deficient in interest or natural beauty. Its wild and original scenery is unrivalled in European Turkey, and its conformation offers problems of the deepest interest to the consideration of topographers and engineers. For the Isker here succeeds in making the only breach in the otherwise unbroken rampart of the Balkans, and thus gives to Bulgaria a large and fertile province, and a capital which would not otherwise have been hers. In forming the Principality, the Powers decided to add to the Vilayet of the Danube the watersheds of the streams which flow into the Danube, and the Isker, which rises far to the south of the Balkans, on the Macedonian frontier, thus burrowing its way by what looks like a freak of nature through the great mountain chain, altered the destinies of the districts of Sofia and Küstendil.

How this has happened is still a doubtful point, and must remain

so until the question has been settled by an expert. Some visitors attribute the cleft to a convulsion of nature, while others explain it by the action of water, on the supposition that the basin of Sofia held in bygone ages a great lake, the overflow of which, beginning at a much higher level, in process of time scooped out the channel through which the Isker now escapes.

This natural railway cutting, through a chain of mountains upwards of 6,000 feet in height, could not fail eventually to attract the attention of engineers, and so it has come to pass that, within the last two years, the defile has been thoroughly surveyed with a view to the construction of a Trans-Balkan railway.

The account of Kanitz, who only superficially examined the northern portion of the gorge, is naturally insufficient, and the reports of the railway engineers and surveyors are purely technical and have not been published. No further excuse is needed for this short sketch, the first that has appeared in English, of a journey from Sofia to Wratsa by the Isker.

Day had just broken, dull and lowering, as we met at breakfast, and we felt that there was some small amount of truth in the scathing criticisms of Sofia society, which pronounced us all "fit to be put in a lunatic asylum" for leaving our comfortable homes in such weather, to wander houseless and hungry through the Balkan. However, when we mounted and rode out, a motley company of eight, representing no less than five different nationalities, we put a bold face on the matter, for was there not a lady with the party, the first to penetrate the mysteries of Isker, and could we hold back while she showed complete indifference to discomfort and fatigue and danger?

And here I may say, at once, that our confidence was rewarded, and that, leaving clouds and rain behind us, we enjoyed the most delightful weather during the whole of our excursion.

Out of the new European quarter and past the Prince's Palace, which looks as if it might have been transferred bodily from some small German Residenz Stadt, down the narrow bazaar, silent now, but which, in two or three hours, will be teeming with life, we leave the town behind, and passing through the miserable gipsy village of Novo Selo, emerge upon the grassy plain of Sofia. What a place for gallop! Prudence suggests that we have a long journey before us, and that we must spare our horseflesh, but prudent counsels do not prevail, and it is not long before we are in the full enjoyment of a gallop which continues with but little intermission until we reach the village of Corila, where we are to find our guide and pack-horses, and where the real difficulties of the road begin.

Every one who has travelled in the East knows the troubles of getting under weigh. You have ordered your horses to be ready an hour before you really intend to start. It is of no use, nothing is ready. You get angry, storm and use strong language, when you find that the proper number of horses is not forthcoming, or that one of them is a hopeless screw. You might just as well have kept your temper. Try sarcasm if you like. It will slide like water off a duck's back, and your muleteer or pack-horse driver will continue to loaf leisurely about, executing some of those rough and ready repairs of tackle which he always puts off to the last moment, quite impervious to the most pointed shafts of your wit.

Let us pass over these annoyances as we are on pleasure bent, and start with our caravan of ten persons and eleven horses (for we have been joined by a mounted servant, besides our guide Elia Khandji with his two pack-horses) up the winding path that leads from the village into the mouth of the defile.

Passing through a narrow gap lately blasted in the solid rock, we get a good and characteristic view of the southern part of the gorge. The general effect is wild and inhospitable, for the mountains which stretch east and west in range behind range as far as the eye can reach are bare and arid, and the meagre stream of the Isker winds far below in serpentine curves within a broad bed of sand and boulders. In front we can see the narrow track we are to follow, now showing like a white ribbon against some steep declivity, and now descending to follow the bed of the stream, which it constantly crosses.

A difficulty presents itself at the first ford. One of the horses turns out to have a sadly galled back, and is sent back to Sofia in charge of a peasant. His rider trusts to the chance of finding a substitute at the first village, and has reached the ford on foot. The lady of the party, his wife, proposes boldly to carry him over behind her *en croupe*. We hold our breath a moment as her over-weighted horse seems to lose his footing in midstream, but the gallant little beast makes a struggle, and, half swimming, brings his double burden safe to shore.

The colours are almost as startling as in the Dolomite Alps. Whatever wood may have covered these rugged slopes has long since disappeared, excepting some few patches of brushwood in the ravines, and all vegetable soil has been swept away by storm, rain, and frost, leaving red and purple sandstone and conglomerate to stand out in glaring contrast to the blue sky above.

Every four or five miles, where a broader curve of the valley and a less precipitous slope of the mountain leave room for a few narrow

fields of straggling oats and maize, a tiny village may be seen, with its little grove of trees, and Alp-like pastures high on the mountain side. They are a hardy independent race, these Isker villagers, who have preferred the hardships and freedom of the mountain to the easier life of the rich Sofia or Danubian plain with its concomitant oppressions and exactions. For in the times before the war, Turk and Tcherkess seldom ventured far into the pass, and its inhabitants as seldom quitted it.

At one of these villages we succeed after a great deal of haggling in hiring a horse for our dismounted companion. It is not that the price finally given is exorbitant—two francs a day—but the owner is unwilling to part with his animal, until a master mind solves the difficulty by suggesting payment in advance of three days' hire, and the bargain is struck.

On reaching Rebrovo, a little village situated in an abrupt curve of the valley, near which coal or lignite is said to have been found, we stop to lunch under the shade of some walnut-trees, and push on afterwards through wilder scenery, which now begins to be diversified with more frequent oakwood.

Here we notice for the first time a peculiar mode of storing wood for firing. The trees are pollarded, the branches being taken for firewood, but as the cottages are too small to hold the winter stock of fuel, and wood stacked on the ground would be buried beneath the deep snow, the peasants are in the habit of leaving here and there a tree with a few upright branches, between which the wood is packed, sloping downwards and outwards to prevent the snow from accumulating.

The path grows steeper as we advance, for we are making a short cut over the shoulder of the mountain, and so we struggle up in single file, with occasional halts to breathe the horses, until, rounding an extremely rugged corner where some caution has to be shown in passing, we find ourselves at the top of a steep grassy slope, leading down to the green valley of Sveti Petka Monastery. Some maize fields tempt the sportsmen of the party to wander from the track in search of partridges, but evening is coming on, and we have still several miles to go before reaching our halting-place. After a short rest in the courtyard of the monastery to allow our pack-horses a chance of catching us up, during which we are much amused by the determined attacks upon our dogs of two gaunt sows in defence of their numerous litters, we mount again, and night has fallen as we clatter through the straggling village of Tcherova and enter the Khan yard.

When our horses have been attended to, we begin to think about ourselves. Tired, cold, and hungry, it is weary work waiting for the arrival of our pack-horses, with our food and wraps. There is a great granary behind the Khan, its four sides open to the winds of heaven, and here we make up beds of clean hay and settle ourselves down to wait for our truant Elia and his horses. From time to time we make descents upon the Khan, to see what eatables can be found there. The result is hardly satisfactory. The room is low, dirty, and full of smoke. A large square hole in the earthen floor contains a wood-fire, over which culinary operations are going on. There is no chimney, and the roof is smoked as black as ebony. Round the fire are grouped half a dozen men and women, clad in the sheepskins and coarse white woollen cloth of the country, redolent of garlic and innocent of soap. They are good, hospitable souls, however, and what they have is freely offered us. Two or three dozen eggs are boiled, and maize heads and paprikas (red pepper) roasted in the embers. But three-fourths of the eggs are of ancient date, and those of us who are rash enough to try the paprikas will remember for many a day that Europeans cannot boast the leathery toughness of Bulgarian mouths and throats.

At last the sound of voices and horse-hoofs outside announces the arrival of the long-wished-for Elia. The horses are soon unloaded, and we dine and retire to rest in the hay without more ado. The night is rather a disturbed one. The horses are stamping and snorting underneath, the cold air will find its way in, and the hay has an unaccountable way of subsiding and letting you down on the hard boards, at the same time getting down your neck and up your sleeves, and tickling you to distraction. One of the party who talks in his sleep is heard to make disjointed remarks about "getting up and shutting the windows." Windows, quotha! We have not even got walls! Another snores loudly, but being within reach of the writer's foot is quieted by an occasional admonition in the small of the back.

We are all stirring at a very early hour, and after comparing notes as to our night's rest, betake ourselves to an icy fountain to wash. We now have light to see and admire the wonderful position of Tcherova. A complete circle of mountains seems to surround us, for the Isker, hidden behind a low knoll, finds its way, unseen from the village, out of the apparently unbroken amphitheatre. The prevailing colour of the mountains is red, and they are crowned with fantastic castellated formations. One of us who, on a former occasion, ascended the mountain directly overhanging the village in pursuit of red-legged par-

tridges, will not easily forget the dangers of the narrow rock galleries which run horizontally along the mountain side.

There is no time to be lost in starting this morning, for at a council of war held on rising we have resolved to be bold and attempt the journey over the Osikovo Mountain and the Isgorigrad Pass to Wratsa in one day, instead of turning west from Tcherova to meet the Lom road, as originally intended.

Leaving the amphitheatre, we come before long to what is notoriously the most dangerous portion of our journey. A goat track of little more than a foot in width, and sloping downwards at that, is all our road, and a false step would send man and horse rolling two or three hundred feet into the Isker, flowing narrow and deep below us on the right. Those whose heads are not good had better dismount and lead their horses, which have a perverse way of walking, if possible, nearer than is absolutely necessary to the verge. Our brave lady companion has a moment of imminent danger. There is a choice of two tracks, and she follows the lower one, coming after a few yards to a place where a little landslip has carried away a yard or so of the narrow path, and caused its abandonment in favour of the other. There is no room to turn her horse, clever and surefooted as he is. What is to be done? Fortunately there is a cool head and a steady hand ready to aid her. A firm grasp on the reins and a tap from the riding whip, and the horse, making a goat-like spring, clears the dangerous gap.

The next little adventure, though perilous, has its comic side. A gentleman riding a Turkish stallion has been in constant trouble owing to the fighting and biting propensities of his steed, which now chooses an extremely awkward part of the path to attempt an onslaught on the horse behind. Swinging round on his hind-legs he strikes out viciously with his forefeet, losing his balance in the act, and his rider with great promptitude rolls off on the safe side as the horse's hind-legs slide over the edge. However, the cavalier picks himself up and quickly extricates his horse from his unpleasant situation. When the momentary danger is past, a roar of laughter greets our friend's remark, "Did you notice my presence of mind in rolling off on the side *away* from the precipice?"

No further mishap attends our onward course. The *mauvais pas* is past, and about midday we reach a pleasant grassy spot by the stream, where we halt and lunch. We have reached a point where the Isker turns eastward, and as Wratsa lies due north we say goodbye to the river, and turn up a steep path to the left, to accomplish in little more than an hour an ascent of a thousand metres.

At the top we find an extensive table-land, with cultivated fields and pastures, and here we push on at our best speed in order to reach the dangerous descent of Isgorigrad before nightfall, stopping only to have one of the horses shod at the village of Osikovo, which gives its name to the mountain. The highest point (1,412 metres) is reached, and we begin to descend gradually, hardly giving ourselves time to admire the first view of the Danubian plain, or to note the immediate change of prospect caused by the extensive forests which clothe all the northern slope of the Balkans.

Night is beginning to fall as we leave the grassy table-land, and entering the wood descend the steep and stony torrent-bed which serves as a road into the deep valley of Isgorigrad. Fortunately a brilliant moon is not slow to rise and illuminate our path. The writer, whose horse is showing signs of giving out, dismounts to lead him down what he takes for a short cut. This, of course, turns out to be "the longest way about," and he is left far behind by his companions. Quickening his pace, another road proverb is exemplified, that of "the more haste the less speed," for he slips and falls with his horse on top of him. A few bruises are luckily the only result, and he eventually succeeds, guided by a couple of gunshots, in rejoining the party in advance just as they are nearing the narrow defile in the farther end of which lies Wratsa. The scene is most striking in the bright moonlight, perhaps more so than by day. A tortuous path follows the narrow bed of the Wratchanska stream, between immense walls of yellow calcareous rock rising on the left to a height of two or three thousand feet, and fringed by enormous blocks detached from above, and isolated pinnacles which threaten to fall at a touch. In the mouth of the defile we see houses, and on asking a peasant, whom we chance to meet, how far it is to Wratsa, receive the welcome reply, "This is Wratsa." The inn is found, not without a search, and we repeat the process of waiting for Elia Khandji, with the advantage this time of discussing while we wait a copious supply of fresh eggs and "goulash," or Irish stew, washed down with execrable wine of the country.

A large experience of Bulgarian Khans causes us to retire to bed with dismal anticipations of a sleepless night, but we are agreeably disappointed, and rise refreshed by a good night's rest after the fatigue of our long march. To-day we are to travel westward, skirting the Balkan, and reaching the Lom high road near Berkovatz. A Bulgarian gentleman who is with us owns a châlet in the Petrohan Pass, which is always hospitably open to his friends and friends'

friends. There we are to pass the night, reaching Sofia on the morrow.

Although it is early still as we ride through the town, there are already plenty of people in the bazaars, who watch the passage of our caravan with interest. Wratsa is a busy town of about 2,000 houses, and does a considerable trade in grain, hides, wax, and silk, while its filigree workers enjoy a high reputation in the country.

We observe a good many Turks in Wratsa and the surrounding country, the gay red and yellow cottons that they love to wear, with their red caps and waistbands, contrasting brightly with the more sombre dresses of the Bulgars. Even the latter wear a more becoming dress than their fellow-countrymen of the Sofia plain, and the costume of the women is decidedly pretty. An embroidered chemise beneath a kind of external corset is confined at the waist by a broad belt with large buckles of silver or mother-of-pearl, and the petticoat is replaced by two overlapping aprons of crimson dye. The race, too, is finer and handsomer, as well as brighter and more courteous, than that of the sullen "Schops" of Sofia and its vicinity.

We exchange greetings with peasants on their way to market, both Turks and Bulgars. The usual formula of the latter, "Well met!" is answered by the phrase, "God give you good!" and varied by an occasional, "Well overtaken!" for those whom we pass going in the same direction as ourselves.

To-day we enjoy to the full all the pleasures of travelling on horseback under the best conditions. Fine weather, good roads, and beautiful scenery combine to put us in good humour with ourselves and all the world, and the little incidents of the road will long remain a pleasant memory to all. We never tasted such magnificent grapes as those we plucked at our halt among the vineyards, nor enjoyed so delicious a bath as that in the stream beneath the wood where we watched the Turkish sportsmen hunting with "copois," the hounds of the country.

We can afford to forget that on our arrival at the ch  let we found it apparently deserted, our host's message to the caretaker having miscarried, that our pack-horses never arrived, their driver having failed to find the ch  let in the dark, and that we spent a cold and miserable night where we expected to repose in the lap of luxury. Yes, all this we can forget when the morning sun has taken the chill out of our bones, and we are again in the saddle. Our spirits quickly rise, and we are soon even capable of a laugh, when an unsuccessful shot at a roe-buck, seen by the roadside, gives us a foundation on which to construct

a fiction of an attack by brigands to be told later to one of the party who has pushed on in front, with circumstantial evidence in the shape of a bullet-hole through one of our hats.

Over the pass and down the southern slope we ride, hour after hour, passing our lost Elia on the road, until, with a rousing cheer, and forcing our horses to a gallop, we dash into the post station of Buchino, to meet a lady who has come thus far to meet us on our return, bringing with her a lunch for the party which seems absurdly sumptuous after the rough fare of the last four days.

Our entry into Sofia is less triumphal, for five more hours of quick travelling have taken all the gallop out of our horses ; and though we have kept our spirits up and beguiled the time by songs in every imaginable language, there is no doubt that some of us are not sorry to find ourselves at home again. But when we take leave of the heroine of the expedition at her doorstep, and disperse to our respective homes, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have accomplished a difficult journey of more than two hundred kilomètres without damage to horse or rider, with the proud consciousness of having done it in the "quickest time on record," and in the company of the first lady who ever penetrated the Gorge of Isker from end to end.

R. W. GRAVES.

A ROMANCE OF A GREEK STATUE.

I CANNOT tell you the story just as Nikola told it to me, with all that flow of language common in a Greek, my memory is not good enough for that; but the facts, and some of his quaint expressions, I can recount, for these I never shall forget. My travel took me to a distant island of the Greek Archipelago, called Sikinos, last winter, an island only to be reached by a sailing boat, and here, in quarters of the humblest nature, I was storm-stayed for five long days. Nikola had been my muleteer on an expedition I made to a remote corner of the island where still are to be traced the ruins of an ancient Hellenic town, and about a mile from it a temple of Pythian Apollo. He was a fine stalwart fellow of thirty or thereabouts; he had a bright intelligent face, and he wore the usual island costume, namely, knickerbocker trousers of blue homespun calico, with a fulness, which hangs down between the legs, and when full of things, for it is the universal pocket, wabbles about like the stomach of a goose; on his head he wore a faded old fez, his feet were protected from the stones by sandals of untanned skin, and he carried a long stick in his hand with which to drive his mule.

Sikinos is perhaps the most unattainable corner of Europe, being nothing but a barren harbourless rock in the middle of the *Ægean* sea, possessing as a fleet one caique, which occasionally goes to a neighbouring island where the steamer stops, to see if there are any communications from the outer world, and four rotten fishing boats, which seldom venture more than a hundred yards from the shore. The fifteen hundred inhabitants of this rock lead a monotonous life in two villages, one of which is two hundred years old, fortified and dirty, and called the "Kastro," or the "camp"; the other is modern, and about five minutes' walk from the camp, and is called "the other place"; so nomenclature in Sikinos is simple enough. The inhabitants are descended from certain refugees who, two hundred years ago, fled from Crete during a revolution, and built the fortified village up on the hillside out of the reach of pirates, and remained isolated from the world ever since. Before they came, Sikinos had been uninhabited since the days of the ancient Greeks. The only two men in the place who have travelled—that is to say,

who have been as far as Athens—are the Demarch, who is the chief legislator of the island, and looked up to as quite a man of the world, and Nikola, the muleteer.

I must say, the last thing I expected to hear in Sikinos was a romance, but on one of the stormy days of detention there, with the object of whiling away an hour, I paid a visit to Nikola in his clean white house in "the other place." He met me on the threshold with a hearty "We have well met," bade me sit down on his divan, and sent his wife—a bright, buxom young woman—for the customary coffee, sweets, and raki; he rolled me a cigarette, which he carefully licked, to my horror, but which I dared not refuse to smoke, cursed the weather, and stirred the embers in the brazier preparatory to attacking me with a volley of questions. I always disarm inquisitiveness on such occasions by being inquisitive myself. "How long have you been married?" "How many children have you got?" "How old is your wife?" and by the time I had asked half a dozen such questions, Nikola, after the fashion of the Greeks, had forgotten his own thirst for knowledge in his desire to satisfy mine.

In Nikola's case unparalleled success attended this manœuvre, and from the furtive smiles which passed between husband and wife I realised that some mystery was attached to their union, which I forthwith made it my business to solve.

"I always call her 'my statue,'" said the muleteer, laughing, "'my marble statue,'" and he slapped her on the back to show that, at any rate, she was made of pretty hard material.

"Can Pygmalion have married Galatea after all?" I remarked for the moment, forgetting the ignorance of my friends on such topics, but a Greek never admits that he does not understand, and Nikola replied, "No; her name is Kallirhoe, and she was the priest's daughter."

Having now broached the subject, Nikola was all anxiety to continue it; he seated himself on one chair, his wife took another, ready to prompt him if necessary, and remind him of forgotten facts. I sat on the divan; between us was the brazier; the only cause for interruption came from an exceedingly naughty child, which existed as a living testimony that this modern Galatea had recovered from her transformation into stone.

"I was a gay young fellow in those days," began Nikola.

"Five years ago last carnival time," put in the wife, but she subsided on a frown from her better half; for Greek husbands never meekly submit, like English ones, to the lesser portion of command, and the Greek wife is the pattern of a weaker vessel, seldom sitting down to meals, cooking, spinning, slaving,—a mere chattel, in fact,

"I was the youngest of six—two sisters and four brothers, and we four worked day after day to keep our old father's land in order, for we were very poor, and had nothing to live upon except the produce of our land."

Land in Sikinos is divided into tiny holdings: one man may possess half a dozen plots of land in different parts of the island, the produce of which—the grain, the grapes, the olives, the honey, &c.—he brings on mules to his store (*ἀποθήκη*) near the village. Each landowner has a store and a little garden around it on the hillside, just outside the village, of which the stores look like a mean extension, but on visiting them we found their use.

"We worked every day in the year except feast-days, starting early with our ploughs, our hoes, and our pruning hooks, according to the season, and returning late, driving our bullocks and our mules before us." An islander's tools are simple enough—his plough is so light that he can carry it over his shoulders as he drives the bullocks to their work. It merely scratches the back of the land, making no deep furrows; and when the work is far from the village the husbandman starts from home very early, and seldom returns till dusk.

"On feast-days we danced on the village square. I used to look forward to those days, for then I met Kallirhoe, the priest's daughter, who danced the *syrtos* best of all the girls, tripping as softly as a Nereid," said Nikola, looking approvingly at his wife. I had seen a *syrtos* at Sikinos, and I could testify to the fact that they dance it well, revolving in light wavy lines backwards, forwards, now quick, now slow, until you do not wonder that the natives imagine those mystic beings they call Nereids to be for ever dancing thus in the caves and grottoes. The *syrtos* is a semicircular dance of alternate young men and maidens, holding each other by handkerchiefs, not from modesty, as one might at first suppose, but so as to give more liberty of action to their limbs, and in dancing this dance it would appear Nikola and Kallirhoe first felt the tender passion of love kindled in their breasts. But between the two a great gulf was fixed, for marriages amongst a peasantry so shrewd as the Greeks are not so easily settled as they are with us. Parents have absolute authority over their daughters, and never allow them to marry without a prospect, and before providing for any son a father's duty is to give his daughters a house and a competency, and he expects any suitor for their hand to present an equivalent in land and farm stock. The result of this is to create an overpowering stock of maiden ladies, and to drive young men from home in search of fortunes and wives elsewhere.

This was the breach which was fixed between Nikola and Kallirhoe—apparently a hopeless case, for Nikola had sisters, and brothers, and poverty-stricken parents ; he never could so much as hope to call a spade his own ; during all his life he would have to drudge and slave for others. They could not run away ; that idea never occurred to them, for the only escape from Sikinos was by the solitary caique. “ I had heard rumours,” continued Nikola, “ of how men from other islands had gone to far-off countries and returned rich, but how could I, who had never been off this rock in all my life ?

“ I should have had to travel by one of those steamers which I had seen with their tail of smoke on the horizon, and about which I had pondered many a time, just like you, sir, may look and ponder at the stars ; and to travel I should require money, which I well knew my father would not give me, for he wanted me for his slave. My only hope, and that was a small one, was that the priest, Papa Manoulas, Kallirhoe’s father, would not be too hard on us when he saw how we loved each other. He had been the priest to dip me in the font at my baptism ; he always smoked a pipe with father once a week ; he had known me all my life as a steady lad, who only got drunk on feast-days. ‘ Perhaps he will give his consent,’ whispered my mother, putting foolish hopes into my brain. Poor old woman ! she was grieved to see her favourite looking worn and ill, listless at his work, and for ever incurring the blame of father and brothers ; only when I talked to her about Kallirhoe did my face brighten a little, so she said one day, ‘ Papa Manoulas is kind ; likely enough he may wish to see Kallirhoe happy.’ So one evil day I consented to my mother’s plan, that she should go and propose for me.”

Some explanation is here necessary. At Sikinos, as in other remote corners of Greece, they still keep up a custom called *προξενία*. The man does not propose in person, but sends an old female relative to seek the girl’s hand from her parents ; this old woman must have on one stocking white and the other red or brown. “ Your stockings of two colours make me think that we shall have an offer,” sings an island poem. Nikola’s mother went thus garbed, but returned with a sorrowful face. “ I was made to eat gruel,” said he, using the common expression in these parts for a refusal, “ and nobody ate more than I did. Next day Papa Manoulas called at our house. My heart stood still as he came in, and then bubbled over like a seething wine vat when he asked to speak to me alone. ‘ You are a good fellow, Kola,’ he began. ‘ Kallirhoe loves you, and I wish to

see you happy;' and I had fallen on his neck and kissed him on both cheeks before he could say, 'Wait a bit, young man; before you marry her you must get together just a little money; I will be content with 1,000 drachmas (£40). When you have that to offer in return for Kallirhoe's dower you shall be married.' 'A thousand drachmas!' muttered I. 'May the God of the ravens help me!' (an expression denoting impossibility), "and I burst into tears."

The men of modern Greece when violently agitated cry as readily as cunning Ulysses, and are not ashamed of the fact.

"I remember well that evening," continued Nikola. "I left the house as it was getting dusk, and climbed down the steep path to the sea. I wandered for hours amongst the wild mastic and the brushwood. My feet refused to carry me home that night, so I lay down on the floor in the little white church, dedicated to my patron saint, down by the harbour, where we go for our annual festival when the priest blesses the waters and our boats. Many's the time, as a lad, I've jumped into the water to fetch out the cross, which the priest throws into the sea with a stone tied to it on this occasion, and many's the time I've been the lucky one to bring it up and get a few coppers for my wetting. That night I thought of tying a stone round my own neck and jumping into the sea, so that all traces of me might disappear.

"I could not make up my mind to face any one all next day, so I wandered amongst the rocks, scarcely remembering to feed myself on the few olives I had in my pocket. I could do nothing but sing 'The Little Caique,' which made me sob and feel better."

The song of "The Little Caique" is a great favourite amongst the seafaring men of the Greek islands. It is a melancholy love ditty, of which the following words are a fairly close translation :—

In a tiny little caique
 Forth in my folly one night
 To the sea of love I wandered,
 Where the land was nowhere in sight.
 O my star ! O my brilliant star !
 Have pity on my youth,
 Desert me not, oh ! leave me not
 Alone in the sea of love !
 O my star ! O my brilliant star !
 I have met you on my path.
 Dost thou bid me not tarry near thee ?
 Are thy feelings not of love ?
 Lo ! suddenly about me fell
 The darkness of that night,
 And the sea rolled in mountains around me,
 And the land was nowhere in sight,

"Towards evening I returned home. My mother's anxious face told me that she, too, had suffered during my absence ; and out of a pot of lentil soup, which was simmering on the embers, she gave me a bowlful, and it refreshed me. To my dying day I shall never forget my father's and brothers' wrath. I had wilfully absented myself for a whole day from my work. I was called 'a peacock,' 'a burnt man' (equivalent to a fool), 'no man at all,' 'horns,' and any bad name that occurred to them. For days and weeks after this I was the most miserable, down-trodden Greek alive, and all on account of a woman." And here Nikola came to a stop, and ordered his wife to fetch him another glass of raki to moisten his throat. No Greek can talk or sing long without a glass of raki.

"About two months after these events," began Nikola with renewed vigour, "my father ordered me to clear away a heap of stones which occupied a corner of a little terrace-vineyard we owned on a slope near the church of Episcopi.¹ We always thought the stones had been put there to support the earth from falling from the terrace above, but it lately had occurred to my father that it was only a heap of loose stones which had been cleared off the field and thrown there when the vineyard was made, and the removal of which would add several square feet to the small holding. Next morning I started about an hour before the Panagía (Madonna) had opened the gates of the East,² with a mule and panniers to remove the stones. I worked hard enough when I got there, for the morning was cold, and I was beginning to find that the harder I worked the less time I had for thought. Stone after stone was removed, pannier-load after pannier-load was emptied down the cliff, and fell rattling amongst the brushwood and rousing the partridges and crows as they fell. After a couple of hours' work the mound was rapidly disappearing, when I came across something white projecting upwards. I looked at it closely ; it was a marble foot. More stones were removed, and disclosed a marble leg, two legs, a body, an arm ; a head and another arm, which had been broken off by the weight of the stones, lay close by. Though I was somewhat astonished at this discovery, yet I did not suppose it to be of any value. I had heard of things of this kind being found before. My father had an ugly bit of marble which came out of a neighbouring tomb. However, I did not throw it over

¹ This church was originally the temple of Pythian Apollo, and stands much as it originally did.

² The peasants believe still that the Madonna opens gates, out of which her son issues on his daily course round the world—an obvious confusion between Christianity and the old Sun-worship.

the cliff with the other stones, but I put it on one side and went on again with my work.

"All day long my thoughts kept reverting to this statue. It was so very life-like—so different from the stiff, ugly marble figures I had seen ; and it was so much larger, too, standing nearly four feet high. Perhaps, thought I, the Panagía has put it here—perhaps it is a sacred miracle-working thing, such as the priests find in spots like this. And then suddenly I remembered how, when I was a boy, a great German *effendi* had visited Sikinos, and was reported to have dug up and carried away with him priceless treasures. Is this statue worth anything? was the question which haunted me all day, and which I would have given ten years of my young life to solve.

"When my day's work was over, I put the statue on to my mule, and carefully covered it over, so that no one might see what I had found ; for though I was hopelessly ignorant of what the value of my discovery might be, yet instinct prompted me to keep it to myself. It was dark when I reached the village, and I went straight to the store, sorely perplexed as to what to do with my treasure. There was no time to bury it, for I had met one of my brothers, who would tell them at home that I had returned ; so in all haste I hid the cold white thing under the grain in the corner, trusting that no one would find it, and went home. I passed a wretched night, dreaming and restless by turns. Once I woke up in horror, and found it difficult to dispel the effects of a dream in which I had sold Kallirhoe to a prince, and married the statue by mistake. And next day my heart stood still when my father went down to the store with me, shoved his hand into the grain, and muttered that we must send it up to the mill to be ground. That very night I went out with a spade and buried my treasure deep in the ground under the straggling branches of our fig-tree, where I knew it would not be likely to be disturbed."

Nikola paused here for a while, stirred the embers with the little brass tweezers, the only diminutive irons required for so liliputian a fire, sang snatches of nasal Greek music, so distasteful to a western ear, and joined his wife in muttering "winter !" "snow !" "storm !" and other less elegant invectives against the weather, which these islanders use when winter comes upon them for two or three days, and makes them shiver in their wretched unprotected houses ; and they make no effort to protect themselves from it, for they know that in a few days the sun will shine again and dry them, their mud roofs will cease to leak, and nature will smile once more.

If they do get mysterious illnesses they will attribute them to supernatural causes, saying a Nereid or a sprite has struck them, and

never suspect the damp. Nature's own pupils they are. Their only medical suggestion is that all illnesses are worms in the body, which have been distributed by God's agents, the mysterious and invisible inhabitants of the air, to those whose sin requires chastising, or whose days are numbered. Such is the simple *bacillus* theory prevalent in the Greek islands. Who knows but what they are right?

"Never was a poor fellow in such perplexity as I was," continued Nikola, "the possessor of a marble woman whose value I could not learn, and about whom I did not care one straw, whilst I yearned after a woman whose value I knew to be a thousand drachmas, and whom I could not buy. My hope, too, was rendered more acute by the vague idea that perhaps my treasure might prove to be as valuable as Kallirhoe, and I smiled to think of the folly of the man who would be likely to prefer the cold marble statue to my plump, warm Kallirhoe. But they tell me that you cold Northerners have hearts of marble, so I prayed to the Panagia and all the saints to send some one who would take the statue away, and give me enough money to buy Kallirhoe.

"I was much more lively now; my father and brothers had no cause to scold me any longer, for I had hope; every evening now I went to the *café* to talk, and all the energy of my existence was devoted to one object, namely, to get the Demarch to tell me all he knew about the chances of selling treasures in that big world where the steamer went, without letting him know that I had found anything. After many fruitless efforts, one day the Demarch told me how, in the old Turkish days, before he was born, a peasant of Melos had found a statue of a woman called Aphrodite, just as I had found mine, in a heap of stones; that the peasant had got next to nothing for it, but that Mr. Brest, the French consul, had made a fortune out of it, and that now the statue was the wonder of the Western world. By degrees I learnt how relentless foreigners like you, Effendi, do swoop down from time to time on these islands and carry home what is worth thousands of drachmas, after giving next to nothing for them. A week or two later, I learnt from the Demarch's lips how strict the Greek Government is, that no marble should leave the country, and that they never give anything like the value for the things themselves, but that sometimes by dealing with a foreign *effendi* in Athens good prices have been got and the Government eluded.

"Poor me! in those days my hopes grew very very small indeed. How could I, an ignorant peasant, hope to get any money from anybody? So I thought less and less about my statue, and more and more

about Kallirhoe, until my face looked haggard again, and my mother sighed.

"My statue had been in her grave nearly a year," laughed Nikola, "and after the way of the world she was nearly forgotten, when one day a caique put in to Sikinos, and two foreign *effendi*—Franks, I believe—came up to the town; they were the first that had visited our rock since the German who had opened the graves on the hillside, and had carried off a lot of gold and precious things. So we all stared at them very hard, and gathered in crowds around the Demarch's door to get a glimpse at them as they sat at table. I was one of the crowd, and as I looked at them I thought of my buried statue, and my hope flickered again.

"Very soon the report went about amongst us that they were miners from Laurion, come to inspect our island and see if we had anything valuable in the way of minerals; and my father, whose vision it had been for years to find a mine and make himself rich thereby, was greatly excited, and offered to lend the strangers his mules. The old man was too infirm to go himself, greatly to his regret, but he sent me as muleteer, with directions to conduct the miners to certain points of the island, and to watch narrowly everything they picked up. Many times during the day I was tempted to tell them all about my statue and my hopes, but I remembered what the Demarch had said about greedy foreigners robbing poor islanders. So I contented myself with asking all sorts of questions about Athens; who was the richest foreign *effendi* there, and did he buy statues? what sort of thing was the custom, and should I, who came from another part of Greece, be subject to it if I went? I sighed to go to Athens.

"All day I watched them closely, noted what sort of stones they picked up, noted their satisfaction or dissatisfaction, and as I watched them an idea struck me—an idea which made my heart leap and tremble with excitement.

"That evening I told my father some of those lies which hurt nobody, and are therefore harmless, as the priests say. I told him I had acquired a great knowledge of stones that day, that I knew where priceless minerals were to be found; I drew on my imagination about possible hidden stores of gold and silver in our rocky Sikinos. I saw that I had touched the right chord, for though he always told us hard-working lads that an olive with a kernel gives a boot to a man, yet I felt sure that his inmost ideas soared higher, and that he was, like the rest of the Sikiniotes, deeply imbued with the idea that

mineral treasures, if only they could be found, would give a man more than boots.

"From that day my mode of life was changed. Instead of digging in the fields and tending the vines, I wandered aimlessly about the island collecting specimens of stones. I chose them at random—those which had some bright colour in them were the best—and every evening I added some fresh specimens to my collection, which were placed for safety in barrels in the store. 'Don't say a word to the neighbours,' was my father's injunction; and I really believe they all thought my reason was leaving me, or how else could they account for my daily wanderings?

"In about a month's time I had collected enough specimens for my purpose, and then, with considerable trepidation, one evening I disclosed my plan to my father. 'Something must be done with those specimens,' I began; and as I said this I saw with pleasure his old eyes sparkle as he tried to look unconcerned.

" 'Well, Kola, what is to be done with them?'

" 'Simply this, father. I must take them to Athens or Laurion, and get money down for showing the *effendi* where the mines are. We can't work them ourselves.'

" 'To Athens! to Laurion!' exclaimed my father, breathless at the bare notion of so stupendous a journey.

" 'Of course I must,' I added, laughing, though secretly terrified lest he should flatly refuse to let me go; and before I went to bed that night my father promised to give me ten drachmas for my expenses. 'Only take a few of your specimens, Kola; keep the best back;' for my father is a shrewd man, though he has never left Sikinos. But on this point I was determined, and would take all or none, so my father grumbled and called me a 'peacock,' but for this I did not care.

"Next day I ordered a box for my specimens. 'Why not take them in the old barrels?' growled my father. But I said they might get broken, and the specimens inside be seen. So at last a wooden box, just four feet long and two feet high, was got ready—not without difficulty either, for wood in Sikinos is rarer than quails at Christmas, and my father grumbled not a little at the sum he had to pay for it—more than half the produce of his vintage, poor man! And when I thought how my mother might not be able to make any cheesecakes at Easter—the pride of her heart, poor thing!—I almost regretted the game I was playing."

The Easter cheesecakes of the island (*τυρόπιττα*) are what they profess to be; cheese, curd, saffron, and flour being the chief ingre-

dients. They are reckoned an essential luxury at that time of the year, and some houses make as many as sixty. It is a sign of great poverty and deprivation when none are made.

"The caïque was to leave next morning if the wind was favourable for Ios, where the steamer would touch on the following day, and take me on my wild, uncertain journey. I don't think I can be called a coward for feeling nervous on this occasion. I admit that it was only by thinking steadfastly about Kallirhoe that I could screw up my courage. When it was quite dark I took the wooden key of the store, and, as carelessly as I could, said I was going to pack my specimens. My brothers volunteered to come and help me, for they were all mighty civil now it became known that I was bound for Athens to make heaps of money, but I refused their help with a surly 'good night,' and set off into the darkness alone with my spade. I was horribly nervous as I went along; I thought I saw a Nereid or a Lamia in every olive-tree. At the least rustle I thought they were swooping down upon me, and would carry me off into the air, and I should be made to marry one of those terrible creatures and live in a mountain cavern, which would be worse than losing Kallirhoe altogether; but St. Nikolas and the Panagía helped me, and I dug my statue up without any molestation.

"She was a great weight to carry all by herself, but at last I got her into the store, and deposited her in her new coffin, wedged her in, and cast a last, almost affectionate look at this marble representation of life, which had been so constantly in my thoughts for months and months, and finally I proceeded to bury her with specimens, covering her so well that not a vestige of marble could be seen for three inches below the surface. What a weight the box was! I could not lift it myself, but the deed was done, so I nailed the lid on tightly, and deposited what was over of my specimens in the hole where the statue had been reposing, and then I lay down on the floor to rest, not daring to go out again or leave my treasure. I thought it never would be morning; every hour of the night I looked out to see if there was any fear of a change of wind, but it blew quietly and steadily from the north; it was quite clear that we should be able to make Iosos next morning without any difficulty.

"As soon as it was light I went home. My mother was up, and packing my wallet with bread and olives. She had put a new cover on my mattress, which I was to take with me. The poor old dear could hardly speak, so agitated was she at my departure; my brothers and father looked on with solemn respect; and I—why, I sat staring out of the window to see Kallirhoe returning from the well with her *amphora*

on her head. As soon as I saw her coming, I rushed out to bid her good-bye. We shook hands. I had not done this for twelve months now, and the effect was to raise my courage to the highest pitch, and banish all my nocturnal fears.

"Mother spilt a jug of water on the threshold, as an earnest of success and a happy return. My father and my brothers came down to the store to help me put the box on to the mule's back, and greatly they murmured at the weight thereof. 'There's gold there,' muttered my father beneath his breath. 'Kola will be a prince some day,' growled my eldest brother jealously, and I promised to make him Eparch of Santorin, or Demarch of Sikinos if he liked that better.

"The bustle of the journey hardly gave me a moment for thought. I was very ill crossing over in the caique to Ios, during which time my cowardice came over me again, and I wondered if Kallirhoe was worth all the trouble I was taking ; but I was lost in astonishment at the steamer—so astonished that I had no time to be sick, so I was able to eat some olives that evening, and as I lay on my mattress on the steamer's deck as we hurried on towards the Piræus, I pondered over what I should do on reaching land.

"You know what the Piræus is like, Effendi?" continued Nikola, after a final pause and a final glass of raki, "what a city it is, what bustle and rushing to and fro!"

I had not the heart to tell him that in England many a fishing village is larger, and the scene of greater excitement.

"They all laughed at me for my heavy box, my island accent, my island dress, and if it had not been for a kind *pallikari* I had met on the steamer, I think I should have gone mad. The officers of the custom house were walking about on the quay, peering suspiciously into the luggage of the newly arrived, and naturally my heavy box excited their suspicions. I was prepared for some difficulty of this kind, and the agony of my interview quite dispelled my confusion.

"'What have you there?'

"'Δείγματα (specimens),' I replied.

"'Specimens of what?'

"'Specimens of minerals for the *effendi* at Laurium.'

"'Open the box!' And, in an agony of fright, I saw them tear off the lid of my treasure and dive their hands into its contents.

"'Stones!' said one official.

"'Worthless stones!' sneered another, 'let the fool go'; and with scant ceremony they threw the stones back into the box, and shoved me and my box away with a curse.

"I was now free to go wheresoever I wished, and with the aid of

my friend I found a room into which I put my box, and as I turned the key, and sallied forth on my uncertain errand, I prayed to the Panagía Odegetria to guide my footsteps aright.

"The next few-days were a period of intense anxiety for me. In subdued whispers I communicated to the consuls of each nation the existence of my treasure. One had the impudence to offer me only 200 drachmas for it, another 300, another 400, and another 500 ; then each came again, advancing 100 drachmas on their former bids, and so my spirits rose, until at last a grand *effendi* came down from Athens, and without hesitation offered me 1,000 drachmas. 'Give me fifty more for the trouble of bringing it and you shall have it,' said I, breathless with excitement, and in five minutes the long-coveted money was in my hands.

"My old father was very wroth when I returned to Sikinos, and when he learnt that I had done nothing with my specimens ; the brightness had gone out of his eyes, he was more opprobrious than ever, but I cared nothing for what he said. My mother had her cheescakes on Easter Sunday, and on that very day Kallirhoe and I were crowned."

Thus ended Nikola's romance. If ever I go to St. Petersburg, I shall look carefully for Nikola's statue in the Hermitage collection, which, I understand, was its destination.

J. THEODORE BENT.

SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.

SHAKESPEARE, so deep, philosophical, occult, inexhaustible almost in repayment of the student—so overlaid with speculations and commentaries—has so far furnished a vast contribution to the “libraries of the curious.” He stands alone in this fruitfulness; Racine, Molière, and other great classics offering their text without exciting controversy and displaying their meaning without difficulty. But we must add to this fruitfulness the strange dispensation which attends the great: that sense of mystery and obscurity which prevents us ever reaching, with anything approaching assurance, to the knowledge that we have or know what Shakespeare really wrote—we must depend on various and conflicting versions. As in the case of the oracles, we hold the *general* sense, but the literal and exact form escapes us. As is well known, there is no authorised *canon* of Shakespeare. There is, in fact, no authority, and, strangest of all, the writer of these immortal pieces, unlike other authors, was least concerned with their publication and editing. The man who wrote for all time seems not to have cared to bring his work before the British public, nor to have bethought him of editing, printing, or correcting the press, or of any of those welcome incidents that attend on authorship. He was, indeed, an author that did not write for “the Press.”

This curious fate has naturally had extraordinary results. The works given to the press by others than the author, as they were found, picked up, or copied, naturally reflected their disorderly origin, each shape being different, and often opposed to the other. The plays were clearly printed from notes, recollections, and rude playhouse copies. Further, the compositor did his best to add to the disorder, and every page of the folio is unpunctuated and teems with errors.

In truth, it is with the works of Shakespeare as with the Scriptures; there is no original text, but only the best, or what is thought the best. In the case of the Scriptures there are the various recognised MSS., the Vatican and others, while of Shakespeare there are the little quartos and the four folios. None of these can be shown to

have had any relation with the author or his original MS. Hence none has more special claim to authority than its fellows. There is in fact no *canonical text* of Shakespeare to which we can appeal. Hence we see it is impossible to decree that a particular disputed line was written in any one way. Round these quartos and the four folios there floats a cloud of almost romantic details. Behind which we make out the army of laborious commentators, giving days and nights, and whole lives, to the comparing of copies, the counting of lines, the searching for analogous passages in other authors, until a perfect flood of light has been shed upon the question. Behind them are ranged the collectors and their searchings—the story of some rare quarto—the restorations—and, above all, the “fearsome” prices. These, it may be conceived, will be rising with every year, owing to the demand in America and the Colonies.

One element in the value of the first Shakespeare folio, which accounts for the great price given for a really good *perfect* copy, is that it shall be, in our author's words, one entire and perfect chrysolite—“uncut,” and formed of the sheets which were put together originally. Nothing is more mysterious than the fate that seems to pursue these comparatively modern volumes: works a hundred and a hundred and thirty years older have fared infinitely better, and have swept down the rapids of time without the least damage or wreckage. But this work is found frayed, maimed, imperfect, leaves and sheets torn out in the middle, the beginning, and end. Almost every copy, save two or three that can be named, is “made up”—that is, the defects of one are supplemented from others.

George Steevens supplies a fair reason. “Of all volumes,” he says, “those of popular entertainment are soonest injured. It would be difficult to name four folios that are oftener found in dirty, mutilated condition than this first assemblage of Shakespeare's plays, ‘God's Revenge against Murder,’ ‘The Gentleman's Recreation,’ and Johnson's ‘Lives of the Highwaymen.’¹ This folio Shakespeare,” he goes on, “was generally found on the hall tables of mansions, and that a multitude of his pages ‘have this effect of gravy’ may be imputed to the various eatables set out on the same boards. I have repeatedly met with *flakes of pie-crust between the leaves of our author*. These unctuous fragments remain-

¹ A curious concatenation, which suggests a capital story of a similar odd association: A well-known judge had, in his early days at the bar, published a work on “Chancery Practice,” which was but poorly esteemed by his brethren, and indeed did not sell. One of his more malicious friends always protested that he had just entered the sale rooms to hear the auctioneer announcing in suave tones, “The next lot, gentlemen, will be a *miscellany*, consisting of a bootjack, a small pencil-case, and *Jones' Chancery Practice*.”

ing long in close confinement, communicated their grease to several pages deep on each side of them. Since our breakfasts have become less gross, our favourite authors have escaped with fewer injuries. I claim to be the first commentator who strove with becoming seriousness to account for the frequent stains that disgrace the earliest folio edition which is now become the most expensive book in our language. For," asks the astonished Steevens, "what other English volume, without plates, and printed since the year 1600, is now *known to have sold more than once for thirty-five pounds fourteen shillings?*" What would he have said to Lady Burdett Coutts's copy? There is a pleasant quaintness in all this. He tells us, moreover, that most of the first folios then extant belonged to ancient families resident in the country.

Every possible adulteration, he tells, has of late years (that is sixty years since) been practised in fitting up copies of this book for sale. "When leaves are wanting, they have been reprinted *with battered* types, and foisted into vacancies. When the title has been lost, a spurious one has been fabricated, with a blank space left for the head of Shakespeare, afterwards added for the second, third, or fourth impressions. To conceal these frauds, thick vermilion lines have been usually drawn over the edges of the engravings, and discoloured with tobacco water till it had assumed the true *jaune antique*. Sometimes leaves have been inserted from the second folio, and, in a known instance, the entire play of Cymbeline, the genuine date being altered." And this is the more easy, as the matter of both editions corresponds exactly page by page and line by line, though differing in words.

In 1821, a pleasant writer, Mr. Davis, in his "Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac," quotes some prices given for this interesting volume. In 1792, Daly's copy brought £30; Heathcote's (title wanting), £37; S. Ireland's, in 1801, £14; Duke of Roxburgh's, £100; Sebright's, in 1807 (title wanting), £30; Stanley's (title also wanting), £37; Sir P. Thompson's, in 1815, £41; and in 1818, at the Sanders sale, "a fine original copy in a genuine state" brought £121. The third, he adds, is nearly as valuable as the first, the second is "adulterated" in every page. Droeshout's portrait served for all the four editions. "Good or first impressions are valued by judges at about five guineas, inferior ones are scarcely worth a guinea, as the lines have been crossed over the face to give strength to the impression; and Mr. Caulfield, a competent judge in these matters, says the only way to discover the genuine is by observing the shading of the face, to be expressed by single lines." So minutely is this grave question discussed.

"Mr. Garrick," Steevens tells us, "about forty years ago, paid only one pound sixteen to Mr. Payne, at the Meuse Gate, for a fine copy of this folio. After the death of our Roscius it should have accompanied his collection of Old Plays to the Museum, but had been taken out of his library and had not been heard of since."

At the sale of "an Eminent Collector," in 1847, there was a copy of the first folio, in old russia—described as "a genuine copy, and in no degree made up. It is complete in every respect, with the portrait and original leaf of Ben Jonson's verses, and is *remarkably pure*. Indeed, it may be styled *an immaculate copy*, and would adorn the richest and most curious library extant." It brought £155, and was probably the first of Mr. Gardner's quartett.

At this well-known sale of Mr. Dunn Gardner's, a gentleman who admitted nothing but what was choice and as nearly perfect as possible, the four folios were sold. They were thus described, and the "notes" and marks of each may be found useful.

2058 SHAKESPEARE. MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES. Published according to the True Original Copies.

London. Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623.

* * FIRST EDITION. This copy, from the Libraries of Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Wilks, is ONE OF THE FINEST COPIES KNOWN, and without doubt, THE FINEST that has ever been sold by public auction. It may, though bound in russia, with border of gold, in the quiet and good taste of Montague, be called in its *original* state, and may be fairly stated, as far as a book can be so designated, AN IMMACULATE COPY.

2059 SHAKESPEARE'S (Mr. William) COMEDIES, &c., as before.

THE SECOND IMPRESSION, *russia, gilt edges.*

London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the Blacke Beare in Paul's Church-yard, 1632.

The leaf with the lines preceding the title is in this copy shorter than the work itself, that being *unusually large*.

2060 SHAKESPEARE'S (Mr. William) COMEDIES, &c., as before.

THE THIRD IMPRESSION, FINE COPY, *russia, gilt edges.*

London, Printed for Philip Chetwinde, 1663.

EXTREMELY RARE, nay, almost as rare as the first edition, owing to the greater portion of the impression being destroyed in the Great Fire of London. The title page bears the same portrait, and a leaf with the same lines precedes it.

2061. SHAKESPEAR'S (Mr. William) COMEDIES, &c., as before, to which is added, Seven Plays never before Printed in Folio, &c.

THE FOURTH EDITION, FINE COPY, *russia, marbled edges.*

1685

* * The same portrait was used for this edition, after having been retouched; it here occupies the upper part of a leaf preceding the title, having the metrical lines beneath it. The work is printed in a larger size, the prefatory matter occupying only four pages.

A London bookseller had lately on sale "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, Published according to the True Originall Copies, the Second Impression, with portrait by

Droeshout, folio, fine tall copy in russia extra, gilt edges, with arms stamped in gold on the sides." Thirty guineas was the price asked.

A copy of unusual interest, partly from the fact that it belonged to David Garrick, and contains his bookplate, and partly because copies are rarely found with such large margins. It measures $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 9, and has some of the leaves with ROUGH UNCUT EDGES, in which state *no copy is on record but that of George Daniel*, which was *the largest example known*, and sold for £148. The Perkins copy, measuring half an inch less than ours, brought £44; and the Ouvry copy, which was smaller still, sold for £46. The verse opposite the title and a portion of the last leaf are in admirable facsimile, and a part of the margin of the title has been skilfully repaired.

It is a nice question whether the original sheets of so old a book constitute the identity, and whether the substitution of a sheet, practically the same, makes any legal difference. The truth is, the original sheets belong to each other and acquire from the companionship a special caste—they are the same under the same atmosphere—the same pressure—the same sewing and binding—the same "lie," as it were. So that a new intruder is a disturber, and does not belong to the party. It is curious, too, how this is betrayed to the skilful and practised eye. It was thus that Mr. Croker, suspecting, from the text, some suppression in the second edition of Boswell's "Tour," took the book to pieces, and discovered "a cancel"—that is, only a portion of a sheet had been sewn in.

At the Perkins sale, in 1873, where everything was of the choicest and rarest quality, there were the four Folios, quietly described as "a superb set." All were bound in crimson morocco, with joints and gilt leaves, and by measurement were $13\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches for the first, 13 inches by 9 inches for the second, $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $8\frac{3}{8}$ inches for the third, and 14 inches by 9 inches for the fourth. It was noted, with just pride, that the first folio was of exactly the same dimensions as that of the famous Daniel copy, while the third was "an eighth of an inch taller"! The third brought £105, the fourth £22.

This Perkins "first folio," it may be added, with that of the Daniel of 1864, form the two most famous copies, from the high prices they realised. For this brought £585, and came from Mr. Dent's collection. But a greater celebrity attended the Daniel copy. This was knocked down for seven hundred and sixteen pounds two shillings! This spirited price was given by a well-known opulent lady, whose collection it now adorns.

With these alarmist prices in view, it may seem strange to tell, that the modest collector, who looks out steadily and perseveringly, and watches his opportunity, may in time come into possession of these "scarcities." The writer of these notes, in the short space of

two years, has contrived to secure the four folios, each of course imperfect and lacking a few pages, and rather "cropped," but satisfactory though not brilliant copies. The first folio cost him twelve pounds, the second three, the third eight, and the fourth about the same—total, about thirty pounds. In the future it will be difficult to be so successful. To these he has added a fine chronological collection of Editions, mostly illustrated—a noble monument to the popularity of the Bard. Here are the four massive and sumptuous quarto editions—Pope's, Hanmer's, Heath's, and Boydell's—on the production of which about £150,000 must have been spent. Then follow fine octavo sets—Rowe, Theobald, Malone, Bell, Steevens, Bulmer, Harness, Knight, Gilbert, Edition de Luxe, &c. No writer abroad has been so honoured. There are devastating collectors, who "illustrate" a copy of Shakespeare with plates cut out from all these volumes, and these pictures amount to many thousand. In the year 1824 a Mr. Wilson obtained celebrity for a collection of this kind, so extensive and important that a book was published containing a list of these spoliations, to furnish the collector "with a catalogue from which he may select the more accessible materials for the illustration of our great bard," *i.e.* those books from which he may cut out pictures.

The finest Shakespearean emprise of our own times was the grand edition in sixteen solid folio volumes, issued by Mr. Halliwell. This undertaking proposed to comprise all that has been said on the poet. It was handsomely and copiously illustrated, and a volume was devoted to his life. It was issued by subscription at 63 guineas the set, and only 150 copies were printed, there being a *signed* engagement on the part of the printer not to print more, or even to use any of the "waste sheets" printed to supply the place of any that had been soiled. This valuable work, which rarely appears in the market, fetches about £80. The print, however, of the plays is ineffective and overpowered, as in some revivals of the plays, by too lavish scenery and decorations, by commentary and notes.

A small volume might be written on the little quarto plays, and nothing is more interesting than the contending claims of the different editions and readings. The labour and cost that has been incurred, the numberless facsimiles of every page and word, so that the explorer should have the various editions before him for his studies, is very extraordinary. These facsimiles have been several times produced, either in perfect facsimile, or in ordinary type, and are of great value to the student. In 1871 that spirited Shakespearean, Mr. Halliwell, issued facsimiles of the early quarto plays of Shakespeare, *including every known edition of all the plays* which were issued

in the dramatist's lifetime. There were forty-eight volumes, small quarto, half morocco. Only thirty-one copies were privately printed; five or six sets have been destroyed, several broken up, and others locked up in public libraries, so that complete sets are now becoming exceedingly rare. £160 was the price of this collection! At the present moment a fresh collection is being issued under the direction of the New Shakespeare Society, which will only cost about £10. They are exact facsimiles. Unfortunately, a fire at the lithographer's premises has destroyed some of the impressions. There have been repeated facsimiles of the folio, notably Mr. Staunton's, but the effect is not pleasant. It is almost impossible to reproduce a volume, in ordinary type, that shall be an exact and accurate copy of the original. The third folio, which was set from the second, and the fourth, from the second, literally teem with printer's errors. And Mr. Upcott, who at the beginning of the century issued a reprint of the first, found his well-meant effort useless and worthless, from the innumerable blunders. It is curious that as the new series of quartos is being issued, almost before it is half completed, the first issues are disappearing and becoming scarce. It is in Hamlet, however, bibliographically as well as intellectually, that all devotion centres. It is here that the quartos and folios concentrate all their interest, and the comparison of these seven or eight copies, and their variations, has exercised the wits of all commentators.

The first Hamlet quarto is thus introduced :—

The
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

As it hath beene divers times acted by his Highnesse Servants in the Citie of
London : as also in the two Vniversities of Cambridge
and Oxford, and else-where.

At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell

1603.

The second :—

The
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to about as much againe as it was, according to the
true and perfect coppie.

AT LONDON

Printed by I. R., for N. L., and are to be sold at his Shoppe under
Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street.

1604.

The third edition appeared in 1605, and is from the same types and formes. Next follows :—

Shakespeare (William) Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, newly imprinted and enlarged according to the true and perfect copy lastly printed.

morocco, by Bedford, EDGES UNCUT, probably the finest copy known.

Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleet Street, under the Diall. n.d.

* * This undated edition is assigned to the year 1607, on the excellent authority of the Stationers' Registers. The editions of 1604 and 1605 being identical, this, though nominally the third, is, for all critical purposes, the *second* edition of the genuine play.

Shakespeare (William) Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copy.

morocco, gilt edges, by Bedford.

At London, Printed for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleetstreet, under the Diall.

1611.

* * A perfect genuine copy, with the original fly-leaf. An edition dated 1609 is mentioned in some lists, but no copy is known. The present, of which no copy has appeared for sale for many years, is in all probability the next edition after the preceding article.

The singular variations between the first quarto and the second have always seemed to show convincingly how the text was obtained. Polonius is there called Corambis; Reynaldo Montano; and there are many speeches in which the subject of the incident is treated in the same fashion but the words are quite different.

So it seems certain that this copy was, as it were, picked up from hearsay, or from the actors, altered and made effective according to their lights in default of written copies. It has been suggested, indeed, by Mr. Aldis Wright and Mr. Halliwell, that they were taken from a vulgar stock play on the same subject which is known to have been often acted before Shakespeare took it up. But it is not likely that Shakespeare would have condescended to borrow the literal handling of a passage from such a source.

Even so late as the days of the old Victoria Theatre, the actors often performed a play with little more to guide them than notes of the situations and topics, filling in the dialogue from their own invention. For these variations and corruptions the author himself is not accountable, as he did not authorise the publication, or they were published in spite of him.

Every one of these editions of Hamlet is of a rarity that seems extraordinary, considering the period and the abundance of other books of the same era. Of the first edition, that of 1603, there

are two copies known. Of that of 1604 there are only *three* copies : one in the Duke of Devonshire's, one in Mr. Huth's, and one in the Howe collections. Of that of 1605 there is only the perfect copy, which is the Capell collection. There is another in the British Museum, but it wants the last leaf. But now for the little romance of the first quarto of 1603. Down to fifty years ago it was unknown, but in the year 1825 Messrs. Payne and Foss, eminent biblioplists in Pall Mall, brought the Duke of Devonshire a little volume containing some rare and valuable old plays, by Green and others, dated, before the year 1600, and among them, *mirabile dictu*, nestled this precious little quarto Hamlet of 1603. True, the last leaf was gone, and no one knew or was likely to know how the piece ended. This, for the reasons given above, was a more important find. For one hundred pounds it became the duke's property, and was added to his Kemble Plays in Piccadilly. The duke immediately ordered a reprint to be made, and as in evidence of the hopelessness of doing a reprint that shall be accurate, Mr. Collier declares that, for a wonder, he could only find two letters wrong, and one stop ! Thus, with the most argus-eyed and vigilant corrector, blunders will escape, and the Upcott reprint of the first folio is said to be so full of blunders as to be worthless.

The noble amateur might be justly proud of his "unique," displayed, no doubt, with a pardonable elation to the curious. Others might have their folios better or worse in condition, but the unique Hamlet, species and genus together, quite shamed the National Library. Mr. Halliwell Philips applied to "fac-simile" it for his grand folio subscription Shakespeare ; but this was refused, possibly under the Collier influence, which then had the ducal ear. There might have been sufficient grounds. But, however that might be, Nemesis came speedily. The Duke was to enjoy his superiority but thirty years in all. The refusal was in 1853 ; and in 1855, an English student at Trinity College, Dublin, had brought with him a few old pamphlets as "a memento" of his old home. He took some of them to a Dublin bookseller, living in Grafton Street, named Rooney. Rooney, it was said, "gave a shilling for the lot"—this is rumour, but he does not directly tell us what he gave. On looking over his purchase, he saw there was a copy of Hamlet, and he tells us that seeing there a character called Corambis and not Polonius, he knew at once it was the same edition as the duke's unique. Unfortunately, the first leaf was missing—the title, in short. Now this, no doubt, prompted the first step taken by Rooney, which was the sensible

one of applying to the duke himself. The Rooney last leaf would have supplied the want in his copy, he might have destroyed or preserved the rest, and he would remain the owner of the unique one now made perfect. But he, unluckily, took no notice of the communication, which he no doubt bitterly regretted. The next step was to apply to the eminent Shakespearean Mr. Halliwell, who at first doubted, but was convinced, we are told, by some quoted readings, though, considering there was a reprint, this was no argument. He then offered fifty guineas, but a hundred was asked, which "could be got from the Museum." Mr. Halliwell declined to make any advance, adding, in a needless spirit, "that he might whistle" for his hundred from the Museum, on which Rooney repaired to London, bringing with him the treasure. He saw the officers of the Museum, who treated him *de haut en bas*, sneering at its "cut-down" look, finally telling him if he liked to leave it for some indefinite time they would see about it. This he declined. Again he offered it to Mr. Halliwell, who declined to go beyond the fifty. Taking it to Mr. Boone, a well-known bookseller, he sold it to him for £70; and Mr. Boone promptly sold it to Mr. Halliwell for £160!

This *sibylline* system is more common than is supposed in book-buying; what is too dear when the book is cheap, becoming cheap when the price is raised. Again too it is the case of the belle—taken easily when there are no competitors, but sought with ardour when she is in demand.

It is significant that during this discussion Mr. Payne Collier declared that some ten or twelve years before he had "a large portion" of a copy of this very edition put into his hands, mysteriously formed of "fly leaves and linings of bindings." Strange to say, he refused to buy it for the modest price of £10, as he had the use of the duke's copy, and there was moreover a reprint. This was but one of the many curious discoveries of this strange being, whose "Corrector's Folio" makes one of the marvels of Shakespearean literature. It would be affectation to conceal the suspicion somehow attached to his many appropriate discoveries. Even in the catalogue of his book sale, we find a copy of the "Taming of the Shrew, 1607," with the following curious contemporary MS. note on the first leaf (but unfortunately a portion cropped by the binder), "1607 played by the author," a contribution to his little-known biography. How tantalising too that the binder should have "cropped" away perhaps the most interesting details!

The story of the "Corrector's Folio" is curious. In 1847 Mr. Collier bought for 30s. from a second-hand bookseller a second folio,

much cropped and greasy, in which he discovered innumerable marginal alterations in ink. By laborious investigations he traced it to the family of Gray at Upton Court, where one Perkins, who may have been connected with the stage, was living a few years after the date on the folio. The duke bought this interesting volume, which was duly published with all its alterations—which, it must be said, are of the most arbitrary and elaborate kind. But privately the ingenious officials of the British Museum were allowed to inspect it, and bringing their critical sagacity to bear, and by the aid of magnifying glasses, discovered that the alterations had been first written in pencil in a modern hand, and then written over in an antique one. A chemist also applied tests to the “ink,” which proved to be paint or water colour, of course for the purpose of simulating the old tint of the ink. There was a vast deal of discussion on the subject, but the authority of the “Corrector’s Folio” was certainly impaired if not destroyed. It must be owned the attempt was admirably carried out, and from the fac-similes of the alterations it can be seen how excellently the old handwriting was imitated. As I write, the Syston Park First Folio is being sold, which claims to be “the largest and finest copy known.” For it is a quarter of an inch taller than the Daniel copy. Further, the leaves of the top are rough, and have, therefore, been “uncut” by the binder. So minutely appraised has been this precious volume.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

OUR SUBTERRANEAN METROPOLITAN RESERVOIR.

ANYBODY—(not a shareholder in the existing Water Companies)—who will take the trouble to study the geology of the “London Basin” can have no difficulty in understanding that we have a reservoir of wholesome filtered water under our feet, the capacity of which we have fair reason to believe is abundantly sufficient to supply all the wants of the Metropolis, provided it be tapped and pumped in a proper manner.

The probable reply to this will be that a boring for a well was made at Meux’s brewery, that other similar borings have been made in other places, and these have failed to supply more than a very small quantity of water.

A little reflection on the conditions of the problem will show that such borings are simply ridiculous as a means of obtaining supplies from the chalk, or even for ascertaining their existence.

The London basin is a great hollow or depression in the chalk, dipping far below the sea level, which basin (or trough, more properly speaking) was formerly an estuary in which was deposited, first a bed of plastic clay and sands, then the much greater bed of clay that bears the name of London clay. In certain hollows of the London clay, subsequently excavated by the ancient Thames, are deposits of gravel, and topping some of the highest parts of the London clay are marine sands. These gravels and sands, however, are so local and limited as to have but little importance in reference to the question I am discussing.

The submarine depths of the great chalk trough underlie nearly the whole of the great Metropolis and its Middlesex suburbs, though it crops out on the surface at some of the transpentine suburbs.

The northern outcrops are some miles away, but all of these chalk Downs, whether north, south, east, or west, are porous, and the rain that falls upon them sinks down into the chalk, always tending lower and lower. Some of it breaks out on the seashore or into river valleys, or rivulets flowing towards the sea, but that which gets below sea-level must, of necessity, remain and form an underground

reservoir. Such a reservoir is certainly under London. If the London clay, &c., were removed, the chalk surface of the London basin exposed, and its outlet to the sea dammed up, a lake of pellucid filtered water would fill the basin, rising nearly to the level of its source on the Downs. Such rising is now prevented by the impermeability of the clay, and the outlet cutting formed by the lower Thames Valley. But all below sea-level (*i.e.* Thames level) remains; the chalk there is saturated with water constituting an available and continually self-renewing supply, extending beneath the whole of London.

But how can we tap this reservoir? It is evident, from the nature of the chalk, that the water filters through it by a slow but continuous oozing, and therefore a mere bore-hole, like that at Meux's brewery, can only catch the oozing from the trivial surface of its own walls. If a large well, like a coal pit, ten or twelve feet diameter, were made, a proportionally greater quantity of water would ooze through. But even this would be very small compared with the requirements.

Are we, then, to be tortured, like Tantalus, with the water close to our lips, yet ever evading our thirsty efforts to obtain it?

This question has been answered at Brighton, where it has been practically demonstrated that there are fissures in the chalk, and that the water filters through the walls of these fissures, filling them at a rate corresponding to the area of their walls. Therefore, if the brewery boring had happened to strike one of the fissures, it might have received all the oozing out from a square mile of fissure-wall, instead of its own few square inches of wall. The exceptional success of some chalk wells may be thus explained.

The probability of thus hitting an unknown fissure is very remote, like shooting blind-folded at a bull's-eye.

But there is another mode of hitting these natural tappings, *viz.* the driving of tunnels through the chalk in a horizontal—or nearly horizontal—direction. These are likely to cross a fissure and swallow its present contents and all it can receive thereafter. When the prevailing direction of the fissures once becomes known, the tapping of any number is but a simple problem. All that is required is to drive the tunnels or adits in a direction at right angles to the prevailing course of the fissures, when all those lying within the length of such drift must be cut across.

Such direction has been ascertained, such drifts have been made for the supply of Brighton, and with such success that five-and-a-half millions of gallons are daily raised, which is two millions more than the town can use: the surplus is therefore thrown into the sea.

No filtering is required for this water ; it is already filtered incomparably better than by any artificial means.

I have observed lately, when visiting Brighton, that the water when newly drawn from the pipes by which it is supplied to the houses is curiously effervescent. It appears quite milky at first. This is due to minute bubbles ; they soon rise to the surface and leave it clear. They appear to be bubbles of air mixed with a little carbonic acid, but I have not had an opportunity of collecting and testing them with proper reagents.

They are there because the water is received in the houses directly from the reservoirs without any of those pestiferous London abominations—the domestic water-butts and water-tanks. The Brighton domestic supply is continuous and unlimited ; the reservoirs are covered, and the subterranean water never sees daylight till it flows from the household tap. It brings with it some of the air condensed within it by the pressure to which it has been subjected, but can bring no germs or other contamination of any kind received from the air above, or sewers below, or the soil between.

The chalk through which the Goldstone tunnel is cut for the Brighton supply is continuous with that which underlies the whole of London, the only difference being that the London chalk is lower down, therefore more inexhaustibly supplied with water that has been subject to still deeper filtration. With these facts before us the continuance of our present supply from open sewers like the Thames, the Lea, or the New River, is doomed, in spite of all the special pleading and the other efforts of the vested interests which alone maintain it.

THE BATTERY OF THE FUTURE.

THIS note is ostentatiously prophetic. The gentle reader will doubtless quote in reply: "Never prophesy unless you know." But I do know, and, therefore, am reckless in prophecy. I have known it ever since 1846, when engaged in supplying battery power for "King's Electric Light"; but though I knew it I could not do it.

Do what? Make a voltaic battery, with carbon, or hydro-carbon, as the active element instead of zinc. The beginnings of this great achievement, like the original beginning of the production of dynamic electricity, has been made in Italy by countrymen of Galvani and Volta.

The reason why electric lighting (except for sensational or exceptional purposes) is still practically a failure is simply owing to its

great cost ; this great cost is due to the roundabout process at present adopted wherever dynamo engines are used. Coal is burned in order to produce mechanical power, in doing which only a fraction of its natural energy is made available ; then the mechanical energy is converted into electric energy at another and similar sacrifice, besides further loss in transmission. At last we obtain less than 10 per cent. of the available power with a loss of the other 90 or more.

With a voltaic battery as the primary source, the loss is far less. I might say that, under favourable conditions, we may thus avail ourselves of 90 per cent., and only lose 10, instead of losing 90 and using 10.

The reason why we do not use the voltaic battery is that the fuel is a metal—usually zinc—and zinc is far more costly than coal, weight for weight. Besides this, its store of potential energy, weight for weight, is far less—about one-sixth in round numbers. From this will be understood the enormous advantage we should gain by using coal, instead of zinc, as the oxidizing or active element in a voltaic battery.

But this is not all. Carbon and hydro-carbons form a countless multitude of compounds, a great many of which are more or less useful ; and thus our ideal battery of the future may be not only a cheap source of light and mechanical power, but it may be made self-supporting, or nearly so, by the value of the chemical products of its own action.

The battery, or rather batteries, to which I have alluded as making the beginning of this great development of electrical engineering are results of the experimental researches of A. Bartoli and G. Papasogli. They have already constructed a cell in which gas carbon or charcoal is oxidized, and its oxidation produces mellic acid and other benzene-carboxylic acids ; the electro-motive force of this cell varied from 0.4 to 0.5 of a "Daniel" cell. This was obtained by using a solution of sodium hypochlorite (*i.e.* a compound corresponding to the ordinary disinfectant called "chloride of lime," but with soda in the place of the lime) and electrodes of platinum or gold opposing the carbon.

They have made such a battery, a single cell of which remained in action for several months, and sufficiently powerful for working electric bells.

The cells of Volta's "*couronne des tasses*" had far less power than this, and the same was the case with the separate cells of the battery of the Royal Institution with which Davy separated the metals of the alkalis and the earths.

Another promising feature of this beginning is that during the

past three years, or thereabouts, Signori Bartoli and Papasogli have been gradually progressing, using a variety of solutions with varying effects. A vast field of further research is evidently opened.

Others are now at work in the same direction. D. Tomassi and Radiguet have a paper in the *Compte Rendus* describing a battery of which the elements are carbon, lead peroxide, and common salt, all very cheap materials, and suggesting the direction in which to look for substitutes for the gold and platinum plates of Bartoli and Papasogli.

“HEAT CONSIDERED AS A MODE OF MOTION.”

I FIND that this title of Dr. Tyndall's book, and his historical remarks, have led many students to form erroneous notions on the history of the subject. In the preface to the first edition he says: “To the scientific public the names of the builders of this new philosophy are already familiar. As experimental contributors, Rumford, Davy, Faraday, and Joule stand prominently forward. As theoretic writers (placing them alphabetically), we have Clausius, Helmholtz, Kirchhoff, Mayer, Rankine, Thompson.” He also mentions Regnault, Seguin, and Grove.

From the context I infer that by the “new philosophy” he probably means that which Grove has broadly designated “The Correlation of Forces”; but the majority of readers suppose that Tyndall is describing as a new philosophy the idea that heat is a mode of motion, not the “imponderable” substance, the caloric, which Rumford and Davy experimentally controverted.

The fact is, that this view of heat as a mode of motion is but a revival of the conception of Descartes, Bacon, Boyle, and Newton. In the article “Heat” in the “Complete Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,” by the Rev. Temple Henry Croker, Dr. Thomas Williams, and Samuel Clark (1764), Dr. Williams says, “Heat in the body that communicates it is only motion; in the mind, a particular disposition of the soul.” “The Cartesians,” he says, “assert heat to consist in a certain motion of the insensible particles of the body, like that whereby all the parts of the human body are agitated by the motion of the heart and blood.”

Bacon, in the treatise “*De Forma Calidi*,” concludes from a number of facts “that heat in bodies is no other than motion, so and so circumstanced; so that to produce heat in a body, nothing is required but to excite a certain motion in the parts thereof.”

Boyle contends for the same, specifying as evidence the heating

of a piece of iron by continual hammering, "the forcible motion of the hammer impressing a vehement and variously determined agitation on the small parts of the iron, which, being a cold body before, grows, by that superinduced commotion of its small parts, hot." He further adduces the case of driving a nail into wood. So long as the nail advances but little heat is produced, "but when it is once driven to the head, a few strokes suffice to give it a considerable heat; for while, at every blow of the hammer, the nail enters further into the wood, the motion produced is chiefly progressive, and is of the whole tending one way; but when that motion ceases, the impulse given by the stroke being unable to drive the nail further on, or break it, must be spent in making a various, vehement, and intestine commotion of the parts among themselves, wherein the nature of heat consists."

Dr. Williams very distinctly anticipates the modern explanation of the difference between light and heat, *i.e.* between luminous and obscure radiations.

"Fire," he says, "differs from heat only in this, that heat is a motion of the particles of a body with a lesser degree of velocity; and fire, a motion with a greater degree of velocity, viz. such as is sufficient to make the particles shine."

By "fire" he means luminous radiation, as the following shows: "There seems to be no other difference between fire and flame than this: that fire consists in a glowing degree of velocity in the parts of a body, while yet subsisting together in the mass; but flame is the same degree of velocity in the particles dissipated and flying off in vapour; or, to use Sir Isaac Newton's expression, flame is nothing else but a red-hot vapour."

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOON'S IRREGULARITIES.

A VERY interesting address on the subject of "Pending Problems of Astronomy" was delivered by Professor Charles A. Young to the American Association for the Advancement of Science on September 5 last. Among other subjects was that of the misbehaviour of the moon in not proceeding exactly as it should, according to the lunar theory. As Professor Young says, "The motions of the moon have been very carefully investigated, both theoretically and observationally; and in spite of everything, there remain discrepancies which defy explanation. We are compelled to admit one of three things: either the lunar theory is in some degree mathematically incomplete, and fails to represent accurately the gravitational

action of the earth and sun and other known heavenly bodies, upon her movements ; or some unknown force other than the gravitational attractions of these bodies is operating in the case ; or else, finally, the earth's rotational motion is more or less irregular, and so affects the time-reckoning and confounds prediction."

I read through his further examination of these three alternatives, in which he confesses his failure to obtain any solution of the riddle, but do not find that he has at all considered a source of disturbance which to me appears most obvious.

In my essay on "The Fuel of the Sun," written above sixteen years ago, I pointed out how those ever-active upheavals of the outer layer of solar matter—the solar prominences—must eject vast quantities of the metallic vapours, of which the spectroscope tells us this layer is composed, and that when thus ejected into the cooler regions beyond the sun they must become condensed as metallic hail, and that these never-ceasing but very variable projections of such material sufficiently account for the phenomena of the corona and the zodiacal light, as well as the occasional fall of lumps of solar matter (meteoric iron) upon the earth.

This was a bold speculation at the time, fairly open to criticism as too bold ; but all that has been added to our positive knowledge since it was written is confirmatory.

We now know that the velocity of ejection of the matter of the prominences is in many cases sufficient to fling solar material beyond the orbit of the earth, and ordinarily far beyond the then known limits of the corona.

We now know (especially by the recent American observations of the eclipse of July 1878) that the corona, instead of extending merely two or three hundred thousand miles beyond the solar surface (as was supposed when I wrote), is, as I predicted, actually continuous with the zodiacal light. Professor Langley saw it with the naked eye extending in a continuous stream to a distance of twelve diameters of the sun, and adds : "The twelve diameters through which I traced it under these circumstances I feel confidence in saying were but a portion of its extent." The other independent observations made at other less favourable stations confirm this. Twelve solar diameters amount to more than ten millions of miles, and this extension quite reaches the visible base of the zodiacal light.

The mass of matter thus projected must be very great, quite sufficient to account for the mysterious perturbations of the orbit of Mercury which Leverrier supposed to be produced by an intra-Mercurial planet, which has been named "Vulcan," but has not been

found, nor seen during any solar eclipse, as it should be if it actually exists.

Not only is the quantity of matter sufficient to do something, but the irregularity of its distribution is such as should produce the irregularities of disturbance displayed by the moon.

The width of the outstream of twelve diameters in length was (as shown in Langley's drawing) about one million of miles. The out-stream in the opposite direction was but of half the length, and somewhat wider and spreading. In the other directions the length of extension was but two or three millions of miles. Similar and strictly corresponding variations are displayed in drawings accompanying the other reports. I should add that Langley's observations were made on Pike's Peak of the Colorado Mountains, at an elevation of 14,000 feet "through the peculiarly dry air of Colorado."

That Professor Young, who has done so much in solar observations, especially in demonstrating the enormous velocity and magnitude of these solar ejections, should so entirely overlook this enormous quantity of matter extending so irregularly about the sun, and of course exerting its gravitation on Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and the Moon, is very curious, and I venture to predict that he and all the other astronomers who, like our ex-Astronomer Royal, are struggling so profoundly with the lunar theory, will continue to be baffled until they do take it into account.

Professor Young's blindness to this very effective source of disturbance comes forth still more strikingly when, in the course of the same address, he struggles with the problem of the disturbance of Mercury, and says that "It has been surmised that the cause may be something in the distribution of matter within the solar globe, or some variation in gravitation from the exact law of the inverse square, or some supplementary electric or magnetic action of the sun, or some special effect of the solar radiation, sensible on account of the planet's proximity, or something peculiar to the region in which the planet moves; but thus far no satisfactory explanation has been established."

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

EXPANSION OF LONDON.

AS yet no idea of the probable expansion of London to be witnessed in the next score years, seems to dawn upon those who take charge of our internal government, and the necessary enlargements and repairs are made without the slightest reference to our coming needs. Again and again, when the one side of a street is pulled down, as in the case of Gray's Inn Lane, a few more yards are added to meet present necessities, and residents are encouraged to put up more or less costly buildings on each side as though the ultimate requirements of London were met. By a constant experience I know that our main thoroughfares are now overcrowded and blocked to the extent of being dangerous. A walk up the Strand to a man who has lost the elasticity of youth and who is in haste is a task of danger. At the present, when the theatres close, the place is a thoroughfare only in name. To meet the requirements of this century even, the Strand should be as wide through all its length as Charing Cross. It should have—like Unter den Linden in Berlin—two separate carriage-ways for vehicles going in different directions, and a foot-way between: if possible a boulevard with trees and with light foot-bridges by which passengers might avoid the traffic. Let any man disposed to scoff at this idea compare, if he can, the difference between the Strand of to-day and that of a score years ago, and think what another score years at our accelerating rate of increase will do. It is no part of our business to look too far ahead and make provision for a remote posterity. Let those, however, who are aware of the power of figures reckon up our present rate of progress and see how long it will take with no unforeseen check to give London a population of twenty million.

PAYNE COLLIER'S DIARY.

IN the interest of all lovers of literature it is to be hoped that the "Old Man's Diary," a copy of which sold under special conditions for £150 at the recent sale of Collier's library, will be

republished. The recollections of a man who died but yesterday, and who knew most of the celebrities of the beginning of the century, who was taken by the Duke of Devonshire to visit the elder Mathews, who shook hands with Mrs. Siddons, met Mrs. Abington, and heard Sheridan speak in Parliament, cannot be otherwise than entertaining. It is possible, probable even, that in the case of those who could aid in no "discovery," and assist in the perpetration of no literary forgery, the recollections which are preserved may be as trustworthy as are those of average humanity. Few well-informed readers who came across my previous references to the inroads in the shape of erasures, interpolations, and the like that have been made in the Collections of National documents, could be unaware that Collier is the man who was always credited with these commissions. His "History of the Stage," admirable as a work of industry and research, is, of course, useless to the scholar who has no opportunity to test the trustworthiness of his assertions and the genuineness of the documents he advances. In addition to the exposure by Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, and Mr. Warner's introduction to the "Catalogue of Manuscripts and Monuments of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich," Mr. Bullen, in the introduction to his new edition of Marlowe, comes forward and declares of a MS. ballad concerning Marlowe, put forth by Mr. Collier and accepted by Dyce, that it is a forgery. It is not easy to forgive one who has incurred such suspicions as attach to Collier of tampering with what should be a sacred trust. It furnishes no reason, however, for refusing such instruction and amusement as he can supply. A republication of his diary could not be other than a success.

HOW LONG OUGHT A MAN TO SLEEP?

THE latest authority on this vexed question, Dr. Malins, says that the proper amount of sleep to be taken by a man is eight hours. So far as regards city life the estimate is probably correct. Proverbial wisdom does not apply to modern conditions of social existence. "Five (hours) for a man, seven for a woman, and nine for a pig," says one proverb; and a second, quoted by Mr. Hazlitt in his *English Proverbs*, declares that "Nature requires five; custom gives (? allows) seven; laziness takes nine; and wickedness eleven." These conclusions were, however, drawn from observation of country life. Physical fatigue is more easily overcome than intellectual. Which of us when travelling in the country, or abroad, or in any way separated from the ordinary processes of thought and anxiety, has

not found that he could, without difficulty, do with a couple of hours less sleep than he was in the habit of taking?

Men, however, who follow any intellectual pursuit are exceptionally fortunate if the processes of restoration occupy less than seven hours. More frequently they extend to eight or nine hours. Kant, I see it stated, took never less than seven hours. Goethe owned to requiring nine. Soldiers and sailors, on the other hand, like labourers, do with a much less quantity. I am afraid to say how few hours the Duke of Wellington regarded as essential. A schoolmaster under whom at one time I studied, a hard-working man at the acquisition of languages, proclaimed loudly that he never took more than five hours' sleep. The hour at which he rose in the morning gave some colour to this assertion. Only in after-life did I discover that a two hours' post-prandial siesta was not included in that allowance.

LYNCH LAW IN FRANCE.

THE unpunished crime of Mme. Clovis Hugues is too recent in date to permit of the appearance of her name in "Women of the Day,"¹ a compilation in which, while doing justice to her own sex, Miss Frances Hayes makes a bold attempt to compensate for the notorious shortcomings of "Men of the Time." In some future edition, however, the name of this saint of the gospel of blood must figure. Enough has been said in England of the apotheosis which has been accorded the wretched woman in France. The notion, however, that in France lynch law is to take the place of responsible authority is so terrible, I shrink from the contemplation of its results. Granting even, as some of us at times feel, that the law is too careful of the criminal, and that there are crimes which the slow foot of Justice, trammelled with precedent and bearing the burden of over-responsibility, fails to overtake. Before it can be permissible under any circumstances to take the law into our own hands it is necessary that the guilt should be brought home to the victim. That the man murdered by Mme. Clovis Hugues was not the writer of the "missives" by which her existence was poisoned appears proven. Most probably he was an obscure agent of others, a man on whom a cudgelling would have been wasted. The form of lynch law accepted in France must not then be confounded with that current in some provinces of America. A man in the Western States is caught red-handed in a crime; is, not for the first time, convicted; and is left in prison until he can purchase his release and recommence his

¹ Chatto & Windus.

career. The wild justice that seizes such a man and hangs him to a tree placed across a disused mine is human and pardonable, even though scarcely justifiable. An act of private vengeance such as has been committed by Mme. Hugues stands, however, on a different footing, and the condonation in France of such offences is perhaps the most discomfoting sign of the times.

LITTLE JAPAN IN LONDON.

FOREIGN colonies abound in London; and districts like Spitalfields, Soho, or Hatton Garden have taken their colouring and character from foreign residents. To establish, however, close to Hyde Park, a Japanese village is a novelty. From the kind of disorder which attaches itself to Mongolian colonies in Western American cities this innovation will assumably be free, and the spectacle afforded of Japanese tradesmen at their work or their devotions, and of Japanese women and children in their domestic avocations, is curious, attractive, and instructive. The show is likely, accordingly, to become a success. Good results are always to be expected from everything that broadens our acquaintance with the people of foreign nations, and teaches us how much we have in common with those whose speech, morals, habits, are most remote from our own. It is not too much to hope that the time will ultimately be reached when we learn that the Indian Ocean is no more a barrier between man and man than the Tweed or the Solway. If meantime the residents whom we see are, to a certain extent, sophisticated, this is to be expected. A visit to Humphrey's Hall is not intended as a substitute for a trip to Japan, but rather as an incentive to it and a preparation for it.

PROPOSED PURCHASE OF HIGHGATE WOODS.

WITH pardonable pride I witness one after another the schemes advocated in *Table Talk* become matters of general interest, and lead to concerted and practical action. The expediency, the necessity even, of annexing to the public possessions at Hampstead the adjoining estate of Lord Mansfield was first publicly demonstrated in these pages. At the present moment a society, the object of which is to secure for the people these and other properties in Highgate, is in existence, and the matter has been discussed in Parliament and in the press. Opinion is unanimously favourable to the scheme, and the only question raised is to the source whence the

purchase-money has to be derived. While I can bring no charge of lukewarmness against those who have discussed the project, I am disappointed that an argument I at first advanced has not been assigned the prominence it deserves. With a view to the constant expansion of London, hilly spots such as Highgate and Hampstead are of more advantage as lungs than any other. Not because the North is worse provided with recreation grounds than the South or the West do I urge the acquisition of this spot. It is because next to the river way the Northern Heights are of most importance for ventilating a city so huge as London, and to allow them to be built over would be a fatal blunder.

SHERIDAN AS A PLAGIARIST.

ONE more proof how unscrupulous in their use of matter employed by their predecessors are successful dramatists is furnished by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield in a letter recently published in the *Athenæum*. To a forgotten novel called "Memoirs of Mr. Sidney Biddulph," Sheridan, according to Mr. Wingfield, is indebted for a portion of the plot of the "School for Scandal"—that portion, viz., in which Sir Oliver, returning from India, puts off the nabob and assumes the guise of an applicant for charity. That Sheridan drew from this source is probable enough, and that his claim to invention suffers by the discovery must be conceded. His laurels undergo, however, no serious blight. Plots which belong wholly to the dramatist are neither common nor, in many cases, excellent. Dramatic perception and invention are two widely different things. We shall have ultimately to concede what has been before maintained, that the best use of an idea rather than the first use of it constitutes ownership. Many as are human passions and vices, and indefinite as are the complications that spring from them, it seems as if the subjects suitable to the purposes of the dramatist might, in time, be exhausted.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1885.

THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER IX.

A MYSTERIOUS LOSS.

"MY Paul," observed Madame Vandeleur to her husband, on the day before that which was to see the unfortunate young Englishman laid in his last resting-place. "My Paul, you cannot set off with that letter quite so soon as you design. You must wait till at least two days after the burial."

"But for what reason, my angel?" demanded her husband.

"For the reason that I propose to accompany you," was the reply. "It is my duty and my desire, Paul, to see this Mees Estcourt for myself. Whatever arrangements she may wish to make about the little Claude must be made with *me*, not with thee. For although thou art wise enough in some ways, and canst make a good bargain for thy skins and timber, yet, in things that go beyond thy understanding, thou art, as thou very well knowest, my beloved, a complete goose."

Paul scratched his head, not in the least resentful of this left-handed compliment. "But how are you to travel?" he asked. "And what, my Marie, is to become of the house and the children?"

"All that I have ordered within myself," answered Madame Vandeleur, calmly. "The children, they go with us; the house, it takes care of itself; and we travel, my Paul, on horseback."

"My faith!" ejaculated the worthy man, staring at the partner of his existence with open-mouthed wonder and admiration. "You are an extraordinary woman—a woman of ideas and of resolution."

"We shall require three horses—two for ourselves and the children, and one to carry the tent and provisions for the journey,"

pursued Marie. "Therefore, seeing we have but a couple of our own, thou must borrow, Paul, the brown mare of Jaques Boivin."

Again her husband administered a reflective rub to his curly yellow pate. Then, a broad smile spread over his good-humoured countenance, and he clapped his great hands together like a pleased child. "Why, it will be charming!" he exclaimed. "We will make a holiday of it, my Marie—a grand holiday. The weather, it is lovely; and the two children, they will be out of themselves with joy. You will see your father, also. We shall pay a visit to the house of your father—is it not so?"

"Without doubt," returned his wife. "We shall go directly there. I have not seen the poor father since the death of the poor mother. It goes without saying that we rest at my old home—the more especially since it is but a few hours from Quebec."

"Yes, yes. Truly the plan is a capital one. And you have reason, my life, when you say that it will be better that you speak yourself with this Mademoiselle Estcourt. I trust, however, that you will not oppose that I deliver the letter with my own hand—because so I promised to our dead friend?"

"Be not alarmed, you shall keep your promise, my Paul. You shall go alone to call upon the young lady—and you shall deliver the writing, and relate all about the accident, and the death of poor M. Stephens. Then you shall inform her that your wife and the child, Claude, are in the neighbourhood—and, as you will see, she will propose of herself to pay us a visit at my father's farm."

"Tu le crois? And have you resolved with yourself, who this Mees Estcourt can be—why she should interest herself in the child? Perhaps it is that she knew something of the mother, who must assuredly be dead? What thinkest thou?"

"I think I may possibly discover *something*, at least, about the mother from Mademoiselle," rejoined Marie drily. "At any rate, I will try. And, Paul, I will make thee a prediction. This affair will turn out a good thing for us—for thee and me and our dear Louis! We shall take other journeys than this one—we shall grow rich—we shall presently depart altogether from this triste and solitary spot."

"Oh, no! Say not so, my Marie! That I should deplore greatly. To quit my farm, and our neighbours? No, no—that would be a misfortune!"

"Paul, my beloved, thou hast no soul—no ambition! Therefore, I must have them for thee. But go, now—I have much to do—many preparations to make."

"And I, likewise," returned her husband, shaking the passing

cloud from his brow. "Since we are both to leave the farm, it will be necessary that I find someone to charge himself with the care of the cattle. And there are other little matters to which I must give attention."

Early on the third morning following this conversation, Paul Vandeleur and his wife—or rather (we beg Madame's pardon for this accidental inversion of the right order) Madame Vandeleur and her husband, set off on their long horseback journey, each with a child mounted in front, and accompanied, for a mile or two upon their way, by the whole village, who had come forth to bid them "God speed."

With a single exception, no misadventure of any kind befell the travellers. One contretemps, however, *did* befall them, and that, in the opinion, at all events, of Paul, of a very serious nature. And seeing that it involved, as he thought, the failure, to a great extent, of the expedition—the destruction of its *raison d'être*—he might well regard it in that light. The mischance in question was the loss of the letter he was carrying for the dead man—of those lines which poor Stephens had penned with such difficulty, and concerning the safe delivery of which he had manifested such intense anxiety. How he came to lose the letter Paul never could, to the end of his days, understand ; and, being somewhat superstitious, he was wont to attribute the misfortune to the agency of the Evil One. And, in truth, there did appear to have been something of witchcraft or diablerie about the matter. Certainly, at any rate, Paul could have small reason to blame himself, for he had taken precautions enough to ensure the safety of the paper. Before leaving home he had begged his wife to make a small pocket for its insertion inside his homespun blouse, and the top of this pocket he had secured with a pin. Each evening, moreover, when encamped for the night, he had made assurance doubly sure, by taking out the pin and looking to see if the paper was safe. And safe it always had been, up till close upon the end of the journey—up till the evening when the tent was pitched for the last time, and the little party were expecting to reach their destination by noon next day.

On that evening, however, although, when he came to examine it, the pocket was all right, with the big pin in its usual position, the letter, alas, was gone ! For a long time Paul could not credit the fact. He turned the pocket inside out ; he overhauled every part of his apparel ; he searched the tent within and without. But to no purpose ; the letter was not to be found.

In great dismay, the simple and conscientious fellow declared

that he would retrace every step of the distance they had traversed that day up to the spot where they had rested on the previous evening, and where he had last enjoyed ocular demonstration as to the safety of his trust.

Against this decision Madame at first protested ; but, eventually perceiving that only in that way could her husband's peace of mind be secured, she yielded her assent. Already, as she knew, Paul had suffered a good deal of disquietude in reference to their late lodger's affairs.

Although he had not caught those three words (so potent in their effect upon herself), whereby the young Englishman had sought to impress upon his listeners the value of its contents, Paul had distinctly heard what else he had said about the small leathern box. He had seen him point to the receptacle where it was to be found ; he had heard him state that it contained papers of great importance ; and he had responded to his urgent appeal that he would convey it, as well as the letter, to Miss Estcourt.

Nevertheless, when Marie and he had gone together to search for it, nothing in the least answering to the description he had given of the case had been discovered in poor Mr. Stephens's room. Neither, although, to satisfy his scruples, Marie had permitted him to ransack the house high and low, had anything of the sort turned up.

The good fellow had been fain, at length, to believe in his wife's explanation of the phenomenon—to wit, that the dying man's mind had been wandering ; that he had been confusing seasons and places ; that the case, if it had any existence at all outside his fancy, must have been something that had interested him in former days and other localities. Under the circumstances of its blank absence, this explanation appeared reasonable enough ; and, though scarcely at the bottom satisfied thereby, Paul had submitted to the judgment of his wiser spouse. The present matter, however, was another thing. The letter, at all events, had existed. It had been entrusted to his deliverance, and having so mysteriously lost it, it was his duty to make every effort towards its recovery.

Rising at daybreak, Paul saddled his horse, and leaving his wife and the children to await his return, he made his way back to the place where they had slept the night before. That the paper could have escaped from his pinned-up pocket seemed a physical impossibility (despite which Paul rode with his eyes constantly on the ground) ; his only hope was to find that, in looking at it on the previous evening, he had somehow allowed it to slip from its place. The most diligent quest, however, for a long distance on every side

of their late encampment proved unavailing; and about midnight the poor fellow, having taken no rest and very little food for nineteen hours, returned to his wife in a crestfallen and disconsolate condition of mind. Then Marie set herself to console him in her sweetest and pleasantest manner. She showed him that it was, in no way, his fault, and that he had no right or reason to blame himself for the accident (which was, perhaps, of no great consequence after all); that his proper course now was to resign himself piously to the will of Heaven, or the force of circumstances. And so well did she succeed in her efforts, that Paul's kindly and troubled face gradually brightened up, and after calling her his angel a good many times, he sank into a peaceful slumber of utter exhaustion.

For one day after their arrival at the house of her father, Madame Vandeleur compelled her husband to rest. Then she despatched him, with full instructions as to his speech and conduct, on his mission to Miss Estcourt, in Quebec. To the missing case, Madame insisted, no reference whatever must be made; but Paul might tell the young lady about the letter he had lost, also about the dreadful casualty which had resulted in the sudden death of the young Englishman.

Further, he not only might, but *must* inform Mademoiselle Estcourt that, with his last breath, M. Stephens had averred that *she* would charge herself with the care and maintenance of the little Claude; and he must add that his wife had brought the child down to the neighbourhood, and would be happy to receive a visit from her at her earliest convenience.

CHAPTER X.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

MISS ESTCOURT did not, apparently, find it convenient to visit Madame Vandeleur quite so speedily as the latter had anticipated. Eight days elapsed from the date of Paul's call upon her at her own home, before a letter arrived announcing that the young lady would be at the farm of Madame's father at a certain hour of the following afternoon.

This letter was addressed to Paul, and the visit it advertised was spoken of as meant for him fully as much as for his wife.

Nevertheless, before the hour appointed for it, Madame Vandeleur sent her husband out of doors. She had a special reason, she informed him, for desiring to receive Miss Estcourt alone, in the first instance. As, however, his presence might be required before the

interview terminated, he was not, she commanded, to go far away. He was to retire, merely, to a small plantation at a short distance in the rear of the house—taking with him the two children—and was there to hold himself in readiness for a summons to return. This arrangement effected, Marie was pretty sure of having the dwelling to herself. Always something of a misogynist, her father had permitted no woman to enter the house since her mother's death. After that event, he had taken to live with him a nephew—a young fellow about twenty-five, to whom he had conceived a strong partiality, and to whom he had promised (though his daughter was not yet aware of this fact) the reversion of his little estate. Living alone, and doing their own cooking and cleaning, the two men managed, also, with very little extraneous assistance, all the labour of the farm. At present they were particularly busy, and Marie did not expect them home from the fields until rather a late supper hour.

Quite alone, therefore, and attired in her best gown, Madame Vandeleur awaited with considerable impatience the coming of her visitor—going to the door every few minutes, as the specified time drew near, to scan the narrow, rutty lane whereby the farm was approached. Lonely in situation—for no habitation stood within a mile of it—the house was an ancient one, and both it and the outbuildings wore a rickety, dilapidated air. Inside and out, however, all had been made as clean and orderly as Madame's deft fingers could contrive, and she was in hopes that Miss Estcourt would not receive a very unfavourable impression of the place—such an impression not being desirable in her (Madame's) own interests.

At length, just as impatience was verging upon irritation (although the expected visitor was not yet a quarter of an hour behind time), the keen-eyed little woman had the satisfaction of seeing a vehicle jolting up the ill-kept lane.

From that vehicle, when it stopped in front of the house, there emerged two young ladies. Glancing from one to the other, as they stepped forward, Marie at once recognised in the taller and foremost the original of that portrait she had found amongst poor Hubert Stephens's papers. It was this young lady who first addressed her.

"You are Madame Vandeleur, I suppose?" The inquiry was put in a very polite tone.

Madame bowed acquiescence, and invited the ladies to enter. One of them, however—not the original of the portrait—declined her courtesy. "Thank you, I will wait here," she said, seating herself on the edge of a well, from which the water was raised by a

very primitive appliance, and which, being close to the house, was sheltered from the sun by its projecting eaves. "My friend is Miss Estcourt. It is she, as you know, who has business with you. I would rather remain here."

Against this suggestion Madame Vandeleur offered a faint protest ; but noticing that Miss Estcourt did not join therein, she desisted and led the way in.

"Do me the honour, Mademoiselle, to seat yourself," she begged, placing a chair so that the light would fall full upon Claudia's face, whilst she drew her own seat a little into the shade. "My husband received this morning a letter from Mademoiselle ; but I have directed that he absents himself for a short space, because I concluded that Mademoiselle might perhaps prefer first to have a little conversation with me alone."

"I don't know why you should have concluded so," Claudia rejoined with some hauteur. But in another second, her expression changed, and she hastily added : "Yes, it will be better. Yes, certainly, I shall prefer it."

What occult quality was there in the smiling glance of her interlocutor that had made Claudia feel, as she suddenly did, that not by preference only, but of necessity, her dealings regarding the matter in hand must be conducted with this little woman, not with her big husband? What was it that, without the utterance of a syllable on Marie's part, or any apparent change of aspect, had impressed her (Claudia) with a sense of some power or hold over her possessed by Madame Vandeleur? Whatever it was, Miss Estcourt's attitude of mind became all at once one of caution and of conciliation.

"My object in calling upon you this afternoon, Madame Vandeleur," she began, "is, as you are aware, to make some arrangement respecting the little boy, Mr. Stephens's child, at present under your charge." Claudia looked round nervously, as she made this allusion, and seemed to be listening towards a half-closed door.

"The child is out of doors with my husband," observed Marie, answering the uneasy regard. "But Mademoiselle will see him presently, as she doubtless desires."

"Thank you ; yes, I should like to see him before I go. I—I take an interest in the child, Madame, because I knew something of his mother—because, in fact, she was a special friend of mine."

Madame bowed her head with extreme politeness. "The little Claude's mother, then, Mademoiselle, is dead?" she inquired.

"He is an orphan, yes," returned Claudia.

"*Pauvre enfant!*" sighed Madame. "It is very good of Mademoiselle to interest herself in the boy, seeing that he is no relative of hers. But poor M. Stephens, when he was dying, seemed to make sure that Mademoiselle would charge herself with his affairs."

Claudia blushed vividly, betraying thus a lack of self-command which inspired her companion with secret contempt. "Your husband tells me, Madame Vandeleur, that you have only one child of your own?" she questioned.

"That is true: we have had to give three others to the angels."

"And you have had this little Claude under your care now for nearly a year? You have found him a nice companion for your boy, have you not? . . . Would you—would you like, Madame Vandeleur, to adopt him?"

Madame paused for some time before replying. To adopt the child might be exactly what, under certain circumstances, would best suit her designs. Nevertheless, she by no means jumped at the suggestion. On the contrary, she held up her hands with a gesture of dismay.

"*Ma foi, Mademoiselle!* If the bread and the meat grew on the bushes, one might speak with all that sang *froid* about adopting a child. But, consider, we are poor people, my husband and I."

"Of course I do not ask you to do it without some recompense, or without a suitable provision against the expense of the boy's maintenance," explained Claudia eagerly. "I could offer you, in the first place, £1,000, about five thousand dollars, as a gift to yourselves."

Marie's eyes glistened. Forty years ago, and to a person whose familiarity with gold was of so exceedingly limited a nature, the sum just named appeared a very large one. But Madame was wise and wary—too wary to grasp at this temptation with undue haste.

"Does Madame—Mademoiselle, I mean—wish us to take the child altogether? To bring him up as our own?" she demanded—asking the question in order to gain time for reflection, rather than with a view to information.

"Yes, I want you to let him bear your name. I want you to look upon him as your own son—to teach him to consider you as his parents—to prevent him, if possible, from ever knowing that you are not really so," pursued Claudia. "That is——" she subjoined, beginning to stammer as she perceived that in her anxiety to explain her wishes she was losing sight of prudence. "That is, I think this would be the better plan."

"Possibly yes. But I know not, Mademoiselle, whether my husband will agree," observed Madame, pretending to hesitate. "Five thousand dollars is not a great fortune when one has to keep out of it a growing boy with a large appetite—*Mon Dieu*, no!"

"But I am not going to ask you to keep him out of it," Claudia responded. "That sum would be a free gift to you and your husband. In addition to it, you would receive a certain amount every year. I intend—at least, those interested in the child intend—to arrange that he should have a little independence when he comes of age. Not, however, you must understand, that he has any claim upon anyone to do all this for him. I and my friends are merely acting out of regard to his dead parents. And the whole transaction is to be kept—we desire it to be kept—a profound secret."

"Mais, oui. I understand all that," replied Marie, smiling in a peculiar fashion, and thinking to herself what a bungler the girl was—how lacking in the art of invention, the power of skilful deception. "Mademoiselle may depend upon our secrecy. My Paul and I, we are no babblers. But about the money that is to be paid yearly? Mademoiselle was saying——?"

"Yes, I was about to tell you that, if you consent to my proposal, the interest of £3,000—nearly 15,000 dollars—will be paid over to you, for his use and your own, until your child, Claude, comes of age—until he is twenty-one. That amount will be placed in the hands of a trustee, who will have power to invest it as he chooses. And I have no doubt that, as the gentleman I . . . who will be trusted with it, is a very clever, as well as a thoroughly honest man, he will manage to get a good rate of interest for you. But even at five per cent., you know, it would come to 700 dollars a year."

"I think I comprehend," murmured Madame Vandeleur, concealing with some difficulty the intense excitement under which she was labouring. All this talk about interest, investments, and per cent. had, it is true, proved a little bewildering—since those terms were practically, and almost theoretically, unknown to her—but the little woman's acute intelligence had enabled her to grasp pretty distinctly the meaning of it. Then the figures that had been mentioned, those, at least, were clear enough! To Marie they represented wealth, luxury, wonderful delights and possibilities of life—something more immediately real, practical, and tangible than that other enormous, but, for the present, unavailable, treasure she knew of. Moreover, by the very act that was to secure these immediate benefits—the adoption of the child as her own son—would not her way to an appropriation, or part appropriation, of the treasure in

question be made more easy? Marie's head began to swim, as she gazed forward through a bedazzling vista of futurity—but she did not lose it.

"I think I comprehend," she repeated. "We are to receive, my husband and I, 700 dollars a year to dress, and support, and educate the boy, and we are to call him ours. But Mademoiselle spoke, also, of 15,000 dollars. Did she say that all that money would belong to the little Claude in the end?"

"Yes. It will be paid to him when he is twenty-one years of age."

"Sainte Vierge! But it is a great sum. Mademoiselle must be terribly rich!" cried Marie, her appetite for gold—the auri sacra fames which had now taken full possession of her—increasing with what it was fed upon. "If Madame—I beg pardon, Mademoiselle (Marie's slips of the tongue were not accidental), would divide it with us? If she would give to us—so that my Louis could likewise be provided for—10,000 dollars, instead of the 5,000 she promised as a gift, and let the other 10,000 go to Claude, then we would make the bargain de bon gré. We would take the child out of the hands of Mademoiselle entirely. What says she?"

"I say, most emphatically, no!" replied Claudia with spirit. "I have made you a proposition, Madame Vandeleur, which I consider very liberal. If you do not care to agree to it, I must—there will be other people willing enough, I am sure, to accept it."

"Without doubt," assented Marie, politely. "Yes, of that I, too, am sure. But"—(she drew her chair nearer, and subjoined with a smile)—"But, if I might presume, nevertheless, to advise *Madame*"—(this time Marie laid a stress on the title and did not withdraw it)—"she will arrange affairs with us. It will be wiser and safer."

"Safer? How do you mean?" faltered Claudia, turning pale. "And why do you keep calling me Madame? My name is Miss Estcourt."

"Yes, yes, of course! I offer a thousand excuses to Mees Estcourt. It is absurd, seeing how wonderfully young she looks in that charming chapeau, to address her as Madame"—Marie paused to regard, with much admiration, the very becoming Gainsborough hat worn by her visitor, and beneath which Claudia's delicate features did, in truth, look almost childlike—"Allons! how could one believe it, that she was Madame?"

"But you seem as though you did believe it. What *can* you mean?" again stammered Claudia.

"Ah! we will not enter into explanations. A dying man, he

may sometimes let out secrets. But one need not give attention to such things. One can forget, *if necessary*." Madame Vandeleur threw such emphasis and signification into these words, and accompanied them by a glance so full of power and meaning, that Claudia felt a sudden conviction that her secret was known to the little woman, and that any further attempt to mislead her, or to disguise the truth, would prove worse than useless.

"Does anyone else know what you suspect?" she demanded, clasping her hands together in piteous agitation. "And have you any proof—any proof that it is true?"

"Nobody knows, Mademoiselle, not one soul but myself," replied Marie, answering the first, but ignoring the second question. "My husband, he has not the least idea. That was the reason I sent him out of the way. And with me," she went on soothingly, "all shall be silent as the tombs. Assure yourself of that, Mademoiselle. We will arrange matters comfortably—you and I, between ourselves—and then it will be as though I had the tongue cut out. *Courage!* there is nothing to fear from me. But you will consent now, perhaps, that we divide the money with the little Claude. Ten thousand dollars for his portion, and the other ten for us, the others of the family—for my husband and myself and our Louis?"

"If you insist upon it, Madame Vandeleur, you shall have ten thousand dollars," said Claudia, summoning all her pride to hide her chagrin in making this concession. "But I shall still give Claude fifteen. And that will leave me without one cent that I can call my own! Only a month ago, when I became twenty-one, I obtained possession of a little fortune—£5,000 in English money—left me by the will of an uncle. It will be very inconvenient, however—very inconvenient and very vexatious, too—if I have to part with it all."

"But Mees Estcourt can get plenty more money," suggested Marie consolingly. "Her father is so rich. One cannot say how rich!"

"You are mistaken. I cannot get any money from my father without telling him for what purpose I require it," protested the girl passionately. "If it had not been for my uncle's legacy I could have done nothing whatever for the child. And it may be very awkward for me to have none of this money in the bank, because—because I am going to be married in a few weeks."

"Ha, Ca!" ejaculated Madame Vandeleur. "You go to marry yourself? And the gentleman he knows nothing? Ciel! Mademoiselle is brave." She fell into silence, regarding Miss Estcourt with an expression of much curiosity and some little pity.

"You shall have the money; all of it!" broke forth Claudia, with alarmed and petulant vehemence. "But for mercy's sake, let us settle the thing at once? Do you consent to take the child, and to bring him up as your own son, on these terms? I will give you a cheque for two thousand pounds, and you shall be paid all the interest for the other three until Claude is twenty-one. Surely that will content you!"

Marie controlled herself by a supreme effort. The word "content" was wholly inadequate, she felt, to express her emotions of transcendent satisfaction and elation. Never, for a moment, had she anticipated such an issue as this from the application to Miss Estcourt! Her delighted amazement at her own good fortune was only equalled by contemptuous astonishment at the folly of her companion in parting so readily with so great a sum.

"But yes, indeed, Mademoiselle, I consent with a good heart," she responded in a quiet voice, but with sparkling eyes. "Mademoiselle is very generous; but she will not repent it. It will be always a satisfaction to her to reflect that her child is so well provided for, and that his new parents will be able to bring him up in comfort and to have him educated *comme il faut*. As for the money—Mademoiselle, I hope, will not miss it. Her husband doubtless will be rich?" She waited for a moment, but Claudia only replied by a nod. "The bargain, then, it is made," she went on. "The dear little Claude, he is now mine, and I will be a good mother to him always. That I promised to his father, and Mademoiselle may rest satisfied of it. But will it be wished that we report, from time to time, concerning his health and welfare?"

"Certainly not! Most decidedly not!" exclaimed Claudia, with trenchant irritation. "I never wish to hear anything either of the child or of you again. The arrangement is that you are to teach him to believe you are his parents, M. Vandeleur and yourself. The money he is to have will be put in trust for him as *Claude Vandeleur*. You must understand that I shall never again own to any connection or interest in him."

"Yes, yes, I comprehend entirely. All shall be exactly as Mademoiselle desires. And now, will you that I call my husband? Or shall I first bring the child? You would like to see him, and to bid him farewell?"

"I don't know," hesitated Claudia. "Yes, bring him to me for a few moments."

CHAPTER XI.

GOOD-BYE FOR EVER.

WHEN Madame Vandeleur had left the house, Claudia sprang to her feet, and began (as was her habit under the stress of any great excitement) to pace to and fro over the boarded floor of the homely farm-house kitchen. For three years she had been a mother, but as yet, she had never consciously looked upon her child. At her own imperative request, he had been taken from her on the day of his birth, and, until the present moment, she had neither had the opportunity nor the desire to see him. Did she desire it now? Claudia scarcely knew whether she did or no, so mixed and paradoxical were her sentiments. But unquestionably she was very much agitated at the thought of this meeting, which was to be the first and, as she intended, the *last* between herself and the poor little fellow whom she had, as it were, bartered away to another woman. With a prevision that the interview would prove a trying one to her nerves, she hoped that it might take place without witnesses. This idea reminded her of Ella Thorne; and going to the door, Claudia peeped forth, meaning to assure her friend that she should not be kept much longer waiting.

Rather to her surprise, however, Ella was no longer seated on the well where she had left her, neither could Claudia see her anywhere.

The fact was that, growing weary of solitude and inaction, Ella had wandered off for a little stroll, and coming presently to the wood at the back of the house, she had there fallen in with Paul Vandeleur and the two children.

Intensely abhorring the situation in which she found herself as the confidant of Claudia's miserable secret, Ella had, nevertheless, aided and abetted her friend's schemes to the extent of lending her the support of her company upon the present expedition. Also she had helped, not passively but actively, in another way—viz., in the securing of Claudia's money to Claudia's boy—and she meant to give still further assistance in the same direction. For, seeing that the latter was bent, with such headstrong determination, upon involving herself still further in the meshes of duplicity and wrong, this seemed to Ella the only mode in which something of justice could be done. In her idea, the very least thing that Claudia could do in the way of atonement to her injured child was this relinquishment of her uncle's legacy in his behalf. Already, in taking measures towards the securing of this object, Ella felt, not without reason, that she had

become tarred with the pitch in which she was so reluctantly dabbling. Torn one way by her own natural uprightness, and another by mistaken notions as to the claims of friendship and fidelity, the poor girl's conscience was far from at ease respecting her own share in these proceedings, and she marked her disapprobation of them in such manner as she could ; as, for instance, in refusing to be present this afternoon at the interview with Madame Vandeleur.

Turning away from the door in front of the house, after fruitlessly glancing around in search of her friend, Claudia caught the sound of a second door being opened and closed, and, in another moment, Madame Vandeleur appeared leading a little boy by the hand.

"Le voici, Mademoiselle ; this is our Claude !" she announced. "Go, my child, and speak with the pretty lady." And loosening her hand, she gave him a gentle push forward, then adding, "I will leave you for a short time, Mademoiselle," retired, with a courteous and graceful bow, to watch the interview from an adjoining closet, through a hole made by the removal of a knot of wood in the boarded partition.

Meantime, sinking upon a chair, Claudia held out her hands with a silent gesture of invitation. The child approached, betraying no fear, but, on the contrary, regarding her with a look of great interest and admiration.

"Ah ! comme tu est belle !" he exclaimed, clasping his little hand round her ungloved fingers, and smiling with unabashed delight into her face.

A strange sensation—a feeling as of sudden stricture about the heart, and then of an equally sudden expansion of that organ—overtook Miss Estcourt. Something in the sound of that ringing infantile voice, in the touch of those soft baby-hands, seemed to thrill to the very centre of her being. She stooped and lifted the child to her knee, pushed back his hair, and kissed him on the brow and cheek. "Can you speak English, Claude ?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"But yes, only I must not," he answered in French.

"You must not ! Why, dear ?" she inquired with surprise.

"My papa does not allow me to speak English to anyone but his own self," babbled the child. "Poor papa, he went to sleep, oh, so fast ! And they put him into a hole in the ground, because nobody could awaken him. But Louis thinks he will have got out of the hole by the time we go back home ; and if he hasn't, we shall take some spades and dig him out, Louis and I, because I want him so much."

Claudia returned no answer to this perfectly serious observation. She was scrutinising the little fellow's features to see in how far he

resembled the father of whom he was speaking—the man whom she had so bitterly disliked, and whom, even now that he lay in his grave, she could not bring herself to pardon for having been to her the cause of so much unhappiness. But though, as a result of her study, she found the resemblance between the two very striking (for Claude had inherited poor Hubert's dark eyes and handsome high-bred lineaments, modified, of course, by his age), she could not feel any repugnance to the child. Yet, before she had seen him, Claudia had been sensible of entertaining very decided repugnance towards this innocent offspring of her unhappy and deeply-regretted union. But, at sight of his pretty baby-face, at touch of his dimpled little hands, her aversion had suddenly melted away, and something of the natural maternal feeling had been born within her. Half frightened by this new, unexpected emotion, this strange softening and yearning of the heart, Claudia hastened to break the spell of silence.

"You used to speak English, then, with your papa sometimes, Claude?" she questioned.

"Not sometimes, but very often," he replied. "We used to talk about my mamma in English."

"About your mamma?" echoed Claudia faintly.

"Yes, I have a mamma, and she is beautiful—*belle comme tu*—and my papa says she is good, too. But I don't think she *can* be, because she doesn't love him and she doesn't love me, and it makes him cry to talk about her. Oh! . . . " He paused suddenly and made a little gesture of distress, then broke himself into tears.

"What is the matter, my darling?" demanded Claudia, moved by his grief, but, at the same time, greatly disquieted by his remarks.

"Oh! I ought not to have said that! Papa never allows that I speak of her, of my mamma, only to him alone, and in English. But I forgot, and . . . and I *never* forgot before," he sobbed.

"Never mind this time, dear. Don't cry!" soothed Claudia. "But, listen, Claude; you must never, never, *never* say anything like this again to anyone. It is all a mistake. You have no mamma, my poor little fellow, you have never had any mamma, but Madame Vandeleur. Don't you—don't you call her '*ma mère*'?"

Claude knitted his small brows in perplexity.

"Yes, but . . . " he stammered, "but also I have a *mamman*, only I must not talk of her—is it not true?"

"No, no! you must forget all that, Claude. Little boys can only have *one mamman*, and . . . and that was your mamma who brought you in to see me." Claudia's voice shook, and she ended the sentence with a sob.

Claude looked up startled. He was by no means a shy child, and he had experienced no alarm on being left alone with this stranger—rather, indeed, he had felt singularly attracted by her. The dawn of æsthetic emotion in the little fellow was proved by his delight in her delicate beauty and dainty apparel. Even now, though startled, he was not alarmed.

“Qu’as tu, donc? Tu vas pleurer?” he asked, in his pretty prattling French, putting up his hand to stroke her face.

All at once Claudia broke down. She caught the child to her breast, and began to weep softly, straining him closer and closer, and raining kisses, the while, on his round, velvety cheeks and rosy lips.

Madame Vandeleur, gazing on this scene from her unsuspected loophole, grew alarmed. Was it possible that Miss Estcourt might, after all, repent of her bargain? Marie’s own maternal feelings were so strong—she knew so well the potency of caressing little fingers, of chubby baby-arms clasped around a mother’s neck (as those of the three-year-old Claude were now clasped round the neck of her visitor)—that a sickening fear began to lay hold of her respecting the security of the golden future which had just opened before her fascinated eyes.

Supposing the young lady were to change her mind—to claim the child, and take him away, and upset all those glorious arrangements? Marie quaked with uneasiness. She had as little anticipated, as Claudia herself had done, an effect of this sort from an introduction of the boy. She had judged “Mademoiselle” to be a person wholly without sensibility—and behold she was all melted in tears, fondling and moaning over her disowned child, as though already he had won a place in her heart! Marie felt that it was high time to go in and put an end to that interview. Accordingly, creeping on tiptoe to the back-door, she opened and closed it noisily—as though re-entering the house by that way—and presented herself to Claudia. “Pardon, Mademoiselle, have I come too soon?” she inquired. “I was in fear that the little one might be troublesome to you.”

Claudia hastily dried her eyes.

“No; he has not been troublesome,” she answered. “But I am glad you have come. Take him away, Madame, please take him away before your husband or my friend comes in. I . . . I . . .” She caught her breath for a moment to prevent a fresh outburst. “Give me one more kiss, Claude, and then go, go to thy mother. Good-bye, my darling,” she murmured in her own tongue. “Good-bye for ever! Good-bye for ever!”

She loosened her embrace, but the little fellow clung to her with

a curious tenacity. Madame Vandeleur had, at length, to take him away from her knee absolutely by force, and to carry him crying from the room, his little arms extended towards the "pretty lady" whom he was so reluctant to leave.

"Mon Dieu!" muttered Marie to herself. "It was a little dangerous, that experiment. But, happily, it has ended well. She has not changed her mind!"

CHAPTER XII.

A QUIET WEDDING.

No, Claudia Estcourt had not changed her mind. Yet the danger apprehended by Madame Vandeleur had not been wholly without foundation. For one moment—just one moment—as she had sat with her child's arms clasped about her neck, Claudia had vacillated in her purpose. For one moment she had asked herself should she abandon that purpose? Should she, at this eleventh hour, acknowledge her clandestine marriage and claim her child? Should she brave her father's shocked displeasure, and risk the loss of Douglas Awdry's love? Should she expose herself to the gossip and scandal of Society? Yet, on the other hand, stand forth a free woman—her hidden bonds and chains riven, her secret revealed, with nothing in her life to conceal, no further need for plotting and dissimulation—above all, no further reason for dreading discovery, for living with an oppressive sense of danger ever hanging over her head.

For one moment the balance of motive forces had hung evenly poised, but for one moment only. Then a strong "I dare not" had leaped upon a weak "I would," and the brief indecision was over.

If during the next few weeks—very busy weeks they were—Claudia recalled that indecision at all, it was to congratulate herself upon having in no way yielded to it.

As she had told Madame Vandeleur, she was about to be married, and to be married at once. On the very evening of that day whereupon she had accepted his hand, Captain Awdry—after obtaining her father's sanction to the suggestion—had pressed Claudia to assent to a very quiet but immediate marriage, in order that, upon his return to England, she might go with him as his bride. A little startled, at first, by this proposal, Claudia had, nevertheless, soon been brought to yield to it—and quite as much because her own inclinations urged

acquiescence, as because her lover's circumstances seemed to render it advisable.

The second son of his father—who had been married twice—Douglas Awdry belonged to a family which, wherever it had originally sprung from, had been established in Berkshire for so many generations that it had come to be looked upon as one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, in the county. No higher title than that of Squire had, as yet, been borne by any head of the family—although, by marriage, much blue blood had enriched the race, and although it was currently believed that a Baronetcy, if not a Peerage, had been offered to more than one of its representatives. Whether this were true or no, it is certain that, relying on their antiquity and wealth, the Awdrys held their heads very high, and were wont to boast themselves independent of such adventitious rank, and the equals, at all events, of all those whose handles to their names were of recent acquirement.

Of this family, Captain Douglas Awdry—ex-officer (for he had now resigned his commission) of a cavalry regiment stationed for some time in Quebec—had lately, and very unexpectedly, become the chief. Left an orphan at an early age, Douglas had been brought up under the guardianship of a half-brother, upon whom had devolved the fine entailed estate of Clavermere Chase.

More than twenty years Douglas's senior, and a man of very studious and somewhat unsocial habits, this last Squire Awdry had remained unmarried until quite late in life; and Douglas himself, as well as all the friends and acquaintances of the family, had long learned to consider the reversion of the property as secure to the younger brother.

At the age of forty-five, however, Squire Awdry had suddenly fallen in love with and married a lady of little more than half his age. Two boys had been born of this union; and Douglas, who had gone out to Canada very shortly after it had taken place, had then, of course, entirely relinquished all idea of the inheritance which he had once looked upon as his own. Nevertheless, it had come to him—and earlier than, in the course of nature, he had ever had a right to expect. One letter, received about a month before the opening of this story, had announced to him the deaths of his two young nephews through the attack of some contagious disorder. A second, following by the next post, had conveyed the intelligence that his half-brother (who had been absent from home at the time, travelling in Norway) had succumbed to the shock of being informed of this double catastrophe in a cruelly sudden manner. For to his children the quiet, staid man had shown a passionate attachment,

such as Douglas, who had never received from him any treatment but that of cold severity, could scarcely have believed it to have been in his nature to feel.

Now, had he been nearer, Captain Awdry would, without question, have repaired at once to Clavermere on receipt of these tidings—tidings which, in spite of his personal gain through them, the young man sincerely sorrowed over, though, naturally, with a less keen sorrow than would have possessed him had his relations with his brother been more affectionate. But, at that date, communication between America and England was by no means so rapid as it has since become, and, as Douglas knew, his brother must of necessity be buried long before he could arrive there. Seeing, then, that he could not be in time for the funeral, and believing that the young widow (whom he had heard was overwhelmed by her affliction) would greatly prefer not to have her solitude intruded upon for a few weeks by the arrival of the new proprietor, he had decided *not* to hurry his departure from Quebec.

When, however, the news had come to him that his sister-in-law had already vacated the Chase, and retired to a smaller estate bequeathed to her by his brother, Douglas had looked upon the matter in a different light. He had then become anxious to return to England as soon as possible. But he had been equally anxious to take with him the wife he had chosen, and so had agreed to put off his voyage for the six additional weeks which Miss Estcourt had declared to be the shortest possible time in which she could make her arrangements.

For, poor girl, she had other arrangements to make than those simple and innocent ones which concerned her trousseau! She had that expedition to carry out to the lonely farm-house on the Beauport Slopes, and her bargain with Madame Vandeleur to effect. And when that matter had, as we have seen, been brought to a successful issue, there was another difficulty to face, viz., the legal appointment of a trustee for the little Claude's property. But that difficulty, also, had been met and overcome—not, however, without the aid of much misrepresentation and falsehood.

Ah! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.

And in that falsehood Miss Ella Thorne had felt constrained to take a conspicuous part.

Under pretence of visiting their old school-mistress, Mrs. Cam-
pion, the two girls had taken a trip to Montreal, and had there sought

out a gentleman who was a distant connection of Ella's, and well known to her by repute as a strictly conscientious and honest man. By profession this gentleman was an attorney, and after a little trouble, and by dint of an entire mis-statement of the case, he had been induced to accept the position of trustee for the £3,000, handed over to him by deed of gift in favour of Claude Stephens Vandeleur. He had, however, insisted on having the name of the child's adoptive father, Paul Vandeleur, and also that of a clergyman in Boston (whose name Claudia could never afterwards recollect) associated with his own as co-executors, albeit that he undertook himself the principal responsibility of finding an investment for the property.

As a matter of course, all these arrangements were not conducted quite out of hand, and after the return of the young ladies to Quebec, a good deal of correspondence took place under cover to Ella Thorne.

But, at length, the business was settled, and Claudia Estcourt began to breathe freely—more freely than she had done for years.

Now, she fancied, she had taken a sponge and wiped out the history of the past. She had made a tabula rasa of her old life; "Out of the nettle danger" she had, at last, "plucked the flower safety." Her husband was dead, her child finally disposed of. Now she would cast the recollection of that dreadful mistake of her girlhood wholly away from her, and enter upon her new existence unfretted by fear or anxiety on its account. Henceforth, too, she resolved she would keep her conscience void of such offences as had stained it through these bygone years; she would cultivate, in word and action, the most perfect truth and candour. Although obliged to keep her promised husband in ignorance of events that had preceded their marriage, she would be open with him as the day as to all that should occur after it. Thus compounding for transgressions of the past with resolutions of virtue for the future, Claudia hoped and believed that all would be well with her. She had yet to learn, poor child, that a logical necessity presides over the sequence of events in the moral world, as well as in the physical. That as surely as law governs the succession of visible phenomena, that all cause must have an effect, so in the less tangible realms of human thought and conduct, law is likewise supreme, and no deed, once done, can escape inevitable consequences—although those consequences may be of a nature impossible to predict with any assurance.

Meanwhile, however, gathering courage from her past immunity from detection, and full of blind confidence in those measures she had taken—as at the same time relieving her sense of obligation to the child and shielding her from all future trouble on his account—

Claudia, we repeat, had resolved to cast her fears to the winds, and in a great measure she had succeeded in doing so. The wedding-day drew on apace, and each hour that intervened seemed to bring some fresh augury of future happiness, to paint the horizon of her new life with ever brighter tints. Heart and fancy alike enthralled by the handsome manly lover, who, day by day, appeared to grow more devoted, more passionately attached to her, the girl basked and sunned herself in this warm glow of affection, striving to feel satisfied that no chill of disappointment or misery could ever surprise her. As for Douglas Awdry, he, indeed, trod, during these few weeks of waiting for her, upon enchanted ground. And when at length his girlish bride stood by his side at the altar, the fairest and sweetest picture his eyes had ever rested on, it seemed to the young man that life had no further bliss to bestow, that the summum bonum of existence was already his. As had been arranged, the wedding was a very quiet one, although, owing to the fact that both Captain Awdry and Miss Estcourt were conspicuous figures in Quebec society, it had been difficult to keep it so. Ella Thorne remained with her old school friend until after the ceremony, in which she figured as sole bridesmaid, and on the following day returned to her home in Kingston. The bride and bridegroom embarked directly after their marriage for England ; and if the voyage across the Atlantic could have been taken as protypifying their voyage together through life, the latter would indeed have proved a serene and delightful one. Never within his memory, as the captain declared, had he made a more favourable or rapid passage, or known a spell of such mild and delicious weather. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the tranquillity of the sun-lit waves upon which the married lovers gazed day by day, feeling as though they were floating, in truth, upon a magic ocean of bliss. To have realised how those placid waters would look under another aspect, darkened by storm and lashed into threatening fury, into devouring rage, would have been almost as difficult after those weeks of continuous serenity, as to have imagined their own lives broken upon by disquieting doubt, or wrecked by a tempest of passion and pain.

Several times during the weeks of his daughter's brief engagement Mr. Estcourt had hinted at a probability that he would very shortly give up his house and his business in Canada and come to reside in London, in order that he might be near to the beloved and only child, whom he had given, with somewhat inexplicable readiness, into the hands of another. Not, however, he had explained, that he intended, as yet, wholly to relinquish his connection with commerce,

but merely to confine his attention to the ship-building concern, in which, it will be remembered, he had a partnership, on the banks of the Thames.

With the reputation which he enjoyed for great wealth, Douglas Awdry had felt astonished that his proposed father-in-law, who was now approaching his sixtieth year, should thus persist in keeping himself still in harness, when surely there could be no occasion for it. Also, he had felt still more surprised by the manner in which Mr. Estcourt had treated the matter of settlements. In return for his own very liberal provision for his wife, that gentleman had promised his daughter a dowry of £20,000. But he had stipulated with Douglas to hand it over in the course of four years, £5,000 at a time, and he had put off payment of the first £5,000 until three months after the wedding-day. Having so large a fortune of his own, the young man had expressed himself as perfectly content with this arrangement, although, at the same time, he had certainly wondered at it. His love for Claudia was so great, that he would gladly have married her had she not possessed a penny. She was not, however, he knew (or believed he did), altogether penniless even on the day of the marriage. For, as her father had informed him, she had a little fortune of £5,000 invested in a Canadian bank, which fortune Douglas had insisted on having settled upon herself, with such legalities as were necessary before the passing of the Woman's Property Act. All these mercenary matters, howbeit, had been discussed and arranged by the two gentlemen between themselves, and Claudia was not even aware that her husband knew of the legacy bequeathed to her by her uncle.

CHAPTER XIII.

MADAME GAINS THE DAY.

A PAIR of small heads—one covered with a thick mass of flaxen curls, the other curly too, but dark as night—nestled side by side on the same pillow, and a pair of bright, clean washen little faces looked eagerly up into one that was bending over them. Madame Vandeleur had just finished putting her two children to bed. It was, perhaps, a little earlier than she was accustomed to perform that duty, for the light of the summer evening had not yet begun to fade, only to mellow, and the golden glory of sunset was still in prospect; but the children had not minded the earliness of the hour because the process of bathing and undressing had been enlivened by what

little folks of every nation and clime under the sun so dearly love—to wit, a tale.

A very entrancing tale this had proved, and the eyes of both children had grown large and round with interest as they listened.

The subject had been rather a curious one, and the story had had for its heroes two small boys just the ages of Claude and Louis. These boys, it appeared, had changed names with each other, and through that change both had reaped some most wonderful and startling benefits bestowed upon them by fairies. The delightful things that had happened to them, however, had only happened a long, long time after they had thus changed names; and they would not have happened at all (this Marie had been very particular in impressing upon her young auditors) if the little boys had ever forgotten, after they had once begun it, to call each other by the wrong names.

“And may we *really* try it, my mother, Claude and I?” demanded Louis in an awed whisper—(a suggestion to that effect having emanated playfully from the little woman on the conclusion of her tale)—“may we really try it, and see if the fairies will bring *us* flying ponies and bags of bon-bons? Oh, do permit us!”

“Yes, you *shall* try it, my Louis,” assented his mother, “but not until after you leave the house of Grand-père. You must not begin till I tell you that it is time; and then, you know, you must never, never forget that you are Claude and he is Louis. But to-morrow I will tell you the tale again. And now, mes enfants, good-night. Sleep well, and may holy angels guard your bed!”

Breathing that pious prayer, Madame Vandeleur bestowed a butterfly kiss on the chubby cheek of the dark-haired little fellow, and a warmer, more lingering salute on that of his bedfellow. Then quitting the large, loft-like chamber, she descended a short flight of narrow and very creaking stairs, and entered the living-room or united kitchen and sitting-room of the farm. The only occupants, at present, of this latter apartment were her father and his nephew, Marie’s cousin, the one smoking a pipe in morose silence, the other whittling aimlessly a piece of wood.

“Eh bien, mon père, you are enjoying your pipe?” observed Madame cheerfully. “But where then is my husband?”

“Gone outside like a sulky hound,” growled her father, removing his pipe for a moment, but avoiding his daughter’s eye. “I have been telling him—and by my soul it is true—that people may outstay their welcome. Figure to yourself a whole family dropping upon a poor man like a swarm of locusts, and eating up his substance for a month at a time! Mon Dieu, it is unreasonable!”

Madame Vandeleur laughed.

"You are right, my father, it *is* unreasonable," she assented; "but compose yourself, we shall be gone now, au plus vite possible—even to-morrow. I will go and consult with Paul on the subject. And, listen, it is the last time we shall trespass on your hospitality, any of us, I promise it!"

"Nay, nay, I meant not that," began the old man; "for a few days."

"But *I* mean it, my good father, I mean it, and with good reason. Au revoir!" And nodding her head, Marie laughed again, very pleasantly, and passed from the house.

She found her husband seated in a dejected attitude on the low parapet of the well which Ella Thorne had chosen as a resting place, when, nearly a fortnight ago now, she had come hither in company with Mademoiselle Estcourt, "that charming young fool," upon whom Marie was in the habit of bestowing hourly, though somewhat contemptuous, benisons.

Hearing her approach, Paul turned round with an ejaculation of satisfaction. "Ah! there you are, my wife! I was in expectation you might come out here. I wish much to speak with thee."

"And I, likewise, wish to speak with thee, Paul," rejoined his wife, smiling upon the good-humoured young giant, whose fair hair and clear complexion made him look so much more like a Saxon than a French Canadian. "I have something of much importance to say to thee. But come with me to the wood, yonder. Let us sit and talk where we used to do when thou didst come hither to practise thy wooing, my beloved."

"Ah, those were happy days, were they not?" returned Paul, pressing against his side the hand which his diminutive spouse had passed within his arm. "Very happy days. Though even then, my angel," he added, with a little hesitation, "thou wert something of a tyrant."

"Was I? Chut, chut, my Paul!" She patted his arm and laughed—(the little woman's laugh came very readily at present). "I am never a tyrant to thee excepting for thine own good. But tell me, now, what is it thou dost wish to say?"

"It is simply that I want to ask when we may take our departure from here"—began her husband anxiously. "That strange business about that little Claude, it is all settled now. Wherefore, then, must we still delay our return home?"

"We will not delay it any longer. Allons! mon ami, cheer up! I knew it was this that was troubling thee. And I know, besides,

what my father has been saying to thee—though thou art so considerate that thou dost not like to repeat it to me. Ciel, Paul, thy nature is as delicate and tender as a girl's! But here is my arm-chair!"

Madame Vandeleur seated herself, as she spoke, between the forked branches of an ancient tree, which separated conveniently near the roots and offered comfortable support for one. Her husband threw himself on the ground at her feet.

"It is true," he admitted, "that M. Gireaud has been a little ill-natured about our staying here so long; and I was afraid that it might disturb thee to mention it. But since we are to leave at once, he will doubtless be more amiable. And, ah, how glad I am! How charming it will be to find ourselves once more at home."

"But, Paul, my cherished one"—Madame passed her fingers caressingly through his crisp yellow locks—"is it not always home to thee wherever thy wife and thy child—children I should now say—may happen to be?"

"Truly, yes. But . . ." He glanced up at her in swift alarm. "But our farm, Marie—the comfortable house I built for thee, and where we have lived together so many years—that is our home?"

"It *has* been our home, true; but happily, my beloved, it will be so no longer. Why, surely, Paul, thou couldst not dream, with our altered fortunes, still to bury thy family in that sad, that solitary, that barbarous spot? *Fi donc! Fi donc!*"

Paul dropped his head and made no reply. The blow which he had been secretly dreading ever since the fact of their wealth had been announced to him—(that wealth which seemed to the simple fellow so great, and which had been bestowed for reasons so inexplicable—so inadequate to the service required in return—that, as yet he could only regard its possession with vague uneasiness)—that blow had now fallen.

"Dost thou not know, Paul, how I have detested those six dreary years, shut in there out of the world, along with a handful of stupid ignorant people, with no more sense in their heads than the oxen or the pigs?"

"But, my Marie, the good neighbours, they have served and obeyed thee like children," remonstrated her husband. "And thou didst not seem to hate them then?"

"I should hate them *now*, if I lived with them," she answered. "But leave that . . . Thou knewest, at any rate, my Paul, that I suffer much from the cold—that, being fragile, I require a sunny

climate. Why, then, hast thou not already said to me—'Marie, we are now rich, we can live where we will—let us go to some warmer country where thy health will be better?' Ah! Paul, Paul, I fear that, after all, thou art a selfish man—that thou hast no affection, no consideration, for thy wife!"

At this accusation poor Paul blushed crimson, and looked as confused as though really guilty of the charge brought against him. "Selfish?" he repeated, "I did not think—I do not wish to be selfish."

Marie patted his head again. "It is only that thou *dost* not think, my Paul. No, no, I will not believe thee selfish or unkind, only a little thoughtless and a little stupid. But now that thou understandest what I wish, thou wilt yield; is it not so?"

"But, as yet, I do not quite understand," he faltered. "Is it that you desire to leave altogether our old home? To go back there no more?"

"Nay, nay, we will go back for a few days," rejoined Marie, in a tone of amiable concession, "for a week, or even a fortnight, if necessary. There will be the house and farm to sell, and disposition to make of all our belongings. But I have a capital idea, my Paul," she continued cheerfully. "Thou knowest Jules Lecroix is going to marry in the autumn. We will let him have our house for as much as he can afford to pay. It will be an excellent arrangement both for him and for us, will it not?"

Paul gave vent to a stifled groan, which his wife professed to consider an affirmative.

"And then we will go forth together," she resumed, "and see the world! Ah, Paul, a little while ago thou didst talk of happy days, but our happy days have yet to come. And, my husband, I must teach thee ambition. It is true that we are now rich; but we must grow richer. Is it not in the Holy Scripture that one ought to trade with one's talents and make them ten times so many? Therefore, my Paul, we will go to a place where great fortunes are to be made, and our money shall grow two, three, four times as much! I know not yet *how*, it is true, but that I shall discover when we arrive. Paul, we will go to London—to England."

"To England!" he echoed, aghast. "But we know not the language!"

"We shall *learn* the language, mon ami—and there are many people there who understand our own. That I have ascertained."

"But . . . Oh, Marie! Consider—reflect! It is terrible . . . a foreign country!"

"Paul, thou art, in truth, a coward!" exclaimed his wife dis-

dainfully. "Thou should'st have been born a woman, and I a man. I have twice thy brain, and ten times thy spirit!"

"It is true—perfectly true that thou art wiser and cleverer than I, my Marie. Have I not always acknowledged it? But——"

"Then confide thyself to my guidance, Paul," she interposed gently but firmly. "Let me do what I think best, and I engage that thou shalt very shortly say—as thou hast often said before—'Thy way is the best way.'"

Paul sighed. Whether his wife's way was the best way or not, he knew that, in the end, she must have it. Moreover, he did place very great, almost implicit, reliance upon her judgment. And again, that suggestion that she had made about his being "selfish" had disturbed his simple soul with doubt. Perhaps he *was* selfish to dread these proposed changes in his life—to care so much for his old home and his old neighbours. He gulped down something that rose in his throat, and in rather a shaky voice observed,

"Eh, bien, my wife—be it as you wish."

"Thou good Paul! Thou best of husbands! Let me kiss thee! And, now, there is something else—one more little matter which we have to discuss together."

"Yes?" said Paul interrogatively.

"It is about the children"—Madame paused for a second or two, as if considering how to introduce her subject. "Those children, Paul. Attend now. They are both ours, one as much as the other."

"Yes?" put in Paul again.

"We have adopted the little Claude—for *now and always*. We have promised, thou and I, to be his father and mother, and he, for his part, will very soon forget, being but a baby, that he ever called any other 'papa.' We must help him to forget it, my Paul, and we must behave to him precisely as if he were our own offspring—thou understandest?"

"Yes, yes. It will be a little difficult, perhaps, because one naturally inclines to cherish most one own's flesh and blood. But thou art very good, my angel, to desire it, and we will try to treat the poor little orphan as truly our own. We will make no favourite of our Louis."

"Only inasmuch as he is the elder," amended Marie. "What we want to do, my beloved, is to be *just* to both."

"Mais, oui, justice is an excellent thing. But how meanest thou?"

"I mean this," she replied, speaking slowly and emphatically: "It would not be justice, Paul, that one of our children, and the *younger*, should have advantage over the elder. It would be well for them to share alike, but if one *must* have a larger fortune than the

other, then it *ought* to be the first-born. That is what reason and justice demand."

"But I do not comprehend," rejoined her husband, looking up with a puzzled air. "We cannot help it that the little Claude should have, when he is twenty-one. . . . Ha, yes!" His brow smoothed itself suddenly. "Now I understand! That is why thou dost desire to go to England, and that we should endeavour to make our money increase. It is that thou wishest to leave the two boys equal? Well, perhaps you are right, my wife. . . . But still, with 10,000 dollars if we keep that for him, our Louis would surely be sufficiently rich?"

"No, that is *not* what I mean. Thy mind is so dull, Paul, that I must speak out plainly. The 10,000 dollars that are ours, we have to live upon for a time, and possibly, in striving to make them more, we may *lose* some of them." (Madame Vandeleur had no intention of permitting a farthing of their precious bequest to be lost, but she had still less intention of explaining to her husband the deeper motives which had impelled her to the singular design she had formed.) "Therefore, it is my purpose to secure to our own boy—our *eldest* boy, I mean—that 15,000 dollars which we shall have no power, Paul, thou or I, to touch or to waste."

"Comment?" he ejaculated, gazing at her in distressed bewilderment. "But that—it belongs to Claude!"

"Precisely. And Claude shall inherit it. But I mean to turn Louis into Claude, and Claude into Louis."

"Holy Virgin!" The simple fellow's eyes opened wider than before, and he stared at his wife with something like terror in them. Was she claiming to be a witch—a sorceress?

Madame burst out laughing. "Paul, Paul, what an innocent thou art! We shall merely change the *names* of the children. There will be no magic about the matter, thou goose! We go, recollect, to a new country where no one knows us. There Louis will be always Claude—Claude Stephens Vandeleur; and to him necessarily (for he, also, will have forgotten the name of his first years), the 15,000 dollars will be paid when the proper time arrives. *Now* dost thou comprehend what I mean?"

Evidently he did. His expression of bewildered alarm had, whilst she had been speaking, gradually given place to one of mingled pain, dismay, and indignation.

"But it is a wickedness! It is a crime!" he exclaimed, lifting both hands with a shocked gesture. "Thou canst not surely meditate so great a wrong, Marie! Ah! say it is a joke! It is a joke, is it not?"

"What I have said, my husband, it is my settled purpose to accomplish," was the calm reply.

Paul drew himself away from her a foot or two, and his honest, kindly face took a dogged air.

"It shall not be!" he protested, firmly. "I will defeat thy purpose."

"Bon!" This interjection was the sole comment Madame Vandeleur vouchsafed to his contumacious utterance; but the tone in which it was spoken made Paul's flesh creep, as though a sudden chill had come into the balmy evening air.

Nevertheless, he reiterated his words stoutly. "No, it shall not be!"

This time his wife said nothing, and for nearly five minutes a complete silence reigned between the pair.

To Paul that silence, as it continued, grew terrible, by reason of a strange sensation that possessed him, and that, with each second, became more potent and oppressive. He had turned his head away from his companion, but he felt that her eyes were upon him. He felt that she wished him to look at her, and he was conscious of resisting her will with ever-increasing difficulty, with an effort which, in the end, caused large drops of perspiration to start from his brow. And, at length—explain the matter as one may, as electro-biology, odylic force, magnetism or mesmerism—some power which Paul Vandeleur could no longer withstand, drew his gaze to his wife's face. And once having looked at her, the poor fellow remained, as though fascinated, unable to look away again.

At all times pale, Marie's complexion had turned to a whiteness almost like that of a corpse. In her eyes, however, which were glowing like living coals, there was life and energy enough to have supplied ten ordinary women. As those eyes now gazed down into his, Paul quailed, as the lion quails before its tamer.

Once, and only once, before had he attempted to rebel against Marie's indomitable will, and on that occasion a transformation something similar—though not equal in its formidable effect to this—had passed over the little woman's aspect. His breezy, cheerful and ordinarily affectionate wife had turned into the Gorgon Medusa. Not, however, that Paul instituted this comparison—seeing that he had never heard of the serpent-haired maiden—but unquestionably he felt his heart sink within him, as though from living flesh it had become a dead stone. And this change—this terrible change in his wife would continue, he felt implicitly convinced of it, until he should be conquered—until his will had been yielded to hers. What was he to do? The poor fellow loved peace; also, he loved his wife—although, at the present moment, he shrank from her with a feeling rather akin to hate than love. But again, on the other hand, he

loved justice ; he feared God ; he owned a conscience. How was he to reconcile these conflicting forces—these impulses that tore him this way and that ? The desire within himself that leaned towards righteousness—the imperious power outside of himself that impelled towards wrong-doing ? What was he to do ?

A solution of the difficulty—which affected him as a reprieve from execution might affect a condemned criminal—presently occurred to him. Paul Vandeleur resolved to temporise. For the present he would pretend to give way, because, as he had happily reflected, giving way for the present could do no harm ! Why had he not thought of that before ? Why, before either of the boys could gain possession of the fifteen thousand dollars, eighteen years must pass ! For eighteen long years he might suffer Marie to have her way—and so secure peace to himself, and yet there would be no wrong done ! Let his wife carry out this singular freak of hers. Let her change the children's names, for the present, if she would. But when the time arrived when that freak might lead to evil—then Paul registered a vow with himself—*then* he would rise up and prevent it. Yes, he would die rather than permit his orphan charge to be robbed of his rights ! But, in the mean time, what a relief it was that he could gain peace—though not “peace with honour”—of this he was sadly conscious—by the artifice on which he had determined ! Whether, as she looked down into her husband's eyes, Madame Vandeleur read all his thoughts or not, she at all events perceived that for the time being she had gained a victory, and accomplished her ends. As a tide of crimson colour (called up by various emotions) mounted to Paul's brow and spread over his sinewy neck, the Gorgon-like expression melted slowly out of his wife's countenance, and a smile of satisfaction and reconciliation took its place. But the wise little woman forbore to express any triumph either by word or look. She did not even demand from her husband any verbal expression of his submission. In a soft voice she called his attention to the beauty of the sunset flooding the western sky with a golden radiance, such as one could fancy, she remarked, might be reflected from the city of the New Jerusalem, that the good curé had preached about on the last Sunday before they had left home. Then, aying no attention to the fact that Paul had made no response to her observation, she watched on in silence until the amber refulgence had turned into a grey opaqueness. Whereupon, rising and extending her hand to him with sovereign benignity, she suggested, “Now let us return to the house, my cherished one, and announce to my father that we shall leave him on the morrow.”

(To be continued.)

THE LIMITS OF MILITARY DUTY.

IT must needs be that new questions arise, or old perplexities in a fresh form ; and of these one that has risen again in our time is this : Does any moral stain attach to bloodshed committed upon the battlefield ? Or is the difference between military and ordinary homicide a real one, and does the plea of duty sanction any act, however atrocious in the abstract, provided it be committed under the uniform of the State ?

The general opinion is, of course, that no soldier in his military capacity can be guilty of murder ; but opinion has not always been so fixed, and it is worth noticing that in the forms of civilisation that preceded our own, and in some existing modern races of lower type than our own, traces clearly appear of a sense of wrong attaching to any form of bloodshed whatever, whether of fair battle or of base treachery, calling alike for the purifying influences of expiation and cleansing. In South Africa, for instance, the Basuto returning from war proceeds with all his arms to the nearest stream, to purify not only his own person but his javelins and his battle-axe. The Zulu, too, practises ablutions on the same occasion ; and the Bechuana warrior wears a rude kind of necklace, to remind him of the expiation due from him to the slain, and to disperse the dreams that might otherwise trouble him, and perhaps even drive him to die of remorse.¹

The same feelings may be detected in the old world. The Macedonians had a peculiar form of sacrificial purification, which consisted in cutting a dog in half and leading the whole army, arrayed in full armour, between the two parts.² As the Bœotians had the same custom, it was probably for the same reason. At Rome, for the same purpose, a sheep, and a bull, and a pig or boar, were every year led three times round the army and then sacrificed to Mars. In Jewish history the prohibition to King David to build the temple was expressly connected with the blood he had shed in battle. In old Greek mythology Theseus held himself unfit, without expiation, to be admitted to the mysteries of Ceres, though the blood that

¹ Arbousset's *Exploratory Tour*, 397-9.

² Livy, xl. 6.

stained his hands was only that of thieves and robbers. And in the same spirit Hector refused to make a libation to the gods before he had purified his hands after battle. "With unwashen hands," he said, "to pour out sparkling wine to Zeus I dare not, nor is it ever the custom for one soiled with the blood and dust of battle to offer prayers to the god whose seat is in the clouds."¹

For the cause of this feeling we may perhaps choose between an almost instinctive reluctance to take human life, and some such superstition as explains the necessity for purification among the Basutos,—the idea, namely, of escaping the revenge of the slain by the medium of water.² The latter explanation would be in keeping with the not uncommon notion in savage life of the inability of a spirit to cross running water, and would help to account for the necessity there was for a Hebrew to flee, or for a Greek to make some expiation, even though only guilty of an act of unintentional homicide. And in this way it is possible that the sanctity of human life, which is one of the chief marks, and should be one of the chief objects, of civilisation, originated in the very same fear of a post-mortem vengeance, which leads some savage tribes to entreat pardon of the bear or elephant whom they have slain after a successful chase.

But, account as we like for the origin of the feeling, its undoubted existence is the point of interest, for it is easy to see that under slightly more favourable conditions of history it might have ripened into a state of thought which would have held the soldier and the manslayer in equal abhorrence. Christianity in its primitive form certainly aimed at and very nearly effected the transition. In the Greek Church a Christian soldier was debarred from the Eucharist for three years if he had slain an enemy in battle; and the Christian Church of the first three centuries would have echoed the sentiment expressed by St. Cyprian in his letter to Donatus: "Homicide when committed by an individual is a crime, but a virtue when committed in a public war; yet in the latter case it derives its impunity, not from its abstract harmlessness, but solely from the scale of its enormity."

The education of centuries has long since effaced the earlier scruple; but there are thousands of Englishmen to whom a military profession is the last they would voluntarily adopt, and it would be rash to predict the impossibility of the revival of the older feeling, or the dimensions it may ultimately assume. The greatest poet of our

¹ *Iliad*, vi. 266-8; and comp. *Æneid*, ii. 717-20.

² Casalis's *Basutos*, 258.

time, who more than any other living man has helped to lead European opinion into new channels, may, perhaps, in the following lines have anticipated the verdict of the coming time, and divined an undercurrent of thought that is beginning to flow even now amongst us with no inconsiderable force of feeling :—

La phrase, cette altière et vile courtisane,
Dore le meurtre en grand, fourbit la pertuisane,
Protège les soudards contre le sens commun,
Persuade les niais que tous sont faits pour un,
Prouve que la tuerie est glorieuse et bonne,
Déroute la logique et l'évidence, et donne
Un sauf-conduit au crime à travers la raison.¹

The destruction of the romance of war by the greater publicity given to its details through the medium of the press clearly tends to strengthen this feeling, by tempering popular admiration for military success with a cooling admixture of horror and disgust. Take, for instance, the following description of the storming of the Egyptian trenches at Tel-el-Kebir, by an eye-witness of it :—"In the redoubt into which our men were swarming the Egyptians, throwing away their arms, were found cowering, terror-stricken, in the corners of the works, to hide themselves from our men. Although they had made such a contemptible exhibition, from a soldierly point of view, it was impossible to help pitying the poor wretches as they huddled together; *it seemed so much like rats in a pit when the terrier has set to work.*" And some 2,500 of them were afterwards buried on the spot, most of them killed by bayonet wounds in the back.

This is an instance of the *tuerie* that Victor Hugo speaks of, which we all call glorious when we meet in the streets, reserving, perhaps, another opinion for the secret chamber. Still, when it comes to comparing the work of a victory to that of a terrier in a ratpit, it must be admitted that the realism of war threatens to become more repellent than its romance was once attractive, and to deter men more and more from the choice of a profession of which similar disgusting scenes are the common and the probable episodes.

Descartes, the father of modern philosophy and of free thought, who, from a love for arms and camp-life, which he attributed to a certain heat of liver, began life in the army, actually gave up his military career for the reasons which he thus expressed in a letter to a friend : "Although custom and example render the profession of arms the noblest of all, I, for my own part, who only regard it like a

¹ Victor Hugo's *L'âne*, 124.

philosopher, value it at its proper worth, and, indeed, I find it very difficult to give it a place among the honourable professions, seeing that idleness and licentiousness are the two principal motives which now attract most men to it.”¹

Of course no one in modern times would come to the same conclusions as Descartes for the same reasons, the discipline of our armies being somewhat more serious than it was in the first half of the seventeenth century. Nevertheless, it is impossible to read of the German campaign in France without hoping, for the good of the world, that the inevitable association of war with the most revolting forms of crime therein displayed, may some day produce a state of sentiment similar to that anticipated by Descartes.

It may be said that the example of Descartes proves and indicates nothing ; and we may feel pretty sure that his scruples seemed extravagantly absurd to his contemporaries, if he suffered them to know them. Nevertheless, he might have appealed to several well-known historical facts as a reason against too hasty a condemnation of his apparent super-sensitiveness. He might have argued that the profession of a pirate once reflected no more moral discredit than that of a soldier did in his days ; that the pirate's reply to Alexander, that he infested the seas by the same right wherewith the conqueror devastated the land, conveyed a moral sentiment once generally accepted, nor even then quite extinct ; that in the days of Homer it was as natural to ask a seafarer whether he were a freebooter as whether he were a merchant ; that so late in Greek history as the time of Thucydides, several tribes on the mainland of Greece still gloried in piracy, and accounted their plunder honourably won ; and that at Rome the Cilician pirates, whom it devolved on Pompey to disperse, were joined by persons of wealth, birth, and education, “as if,” says Plutarch, “their employment were worthy of the ambition of men of honour.”

Remembering, therefore, these things, and the fact that not so very many centuries ago public opinion was so lenient to the practice of bishops and ecclesiastics taking an active part in warfare that they commonly did so in spite of canons and councils to the contrary, it is a fair subject for speculation whether the moral opinion of the future may not come to coincide with the feeling of Descartes, and it behoves us to keep our minds alive to possibilities of change in this matter, already it would seem in process of formation. Who will venture to predict what may be the effect of the rise of the general level of education, and of the increased religious life of our time, on the

¹ Baillat's *Vie de Descartes*, i. 41.

popular judgment of even fifty years hence regarding a voluntarily adopted military life?

We may perhaps attribute it to the extreme position taken up with regard to military service by the Quakers and Mennonites that the example of Descartes had so slight a following. That thick phalanx of our kind who fondly mistake their own mental timidity for moderation, perpetually make use of the doctrines of extremists as an excuse for tolerating or even defending what in the abstract they admit to be evil; and it was unfortunately with this moderate party that Grotius elected to throw in his lot. No one admitted more strongly the evils of war. The reason he himself gave for writing his "*De Jure Pacis et Belli*" was the licence he saw prevailing throughout Christendom in resorting to hostilities; recourse had to arms for slight motives or for none; and when war was once begun an utter rejection of all reverence for divine or human law, just as if the unrestrained commission of every crime became thenceforth legitimate. Yet, instead of throwing the weight of his judgment into the scale of opinion which opposed the custom altogether (though he did advocate an international tribunal that should decide differences and compel obedience to its decisions), he only tried to shackle it with rules of decency that are absolutely foreign to it, with the result, after all, that he did very little to humanise wars, and nothing to make them less frequent.

Nevertheless, though Grotius admitted the abstract lawfulness of military service, he made it conditional on a thorough conviction of the righteousness of the cause at issue. This is the great and permanent merit of his work, and it is here that we touch on the pivot or central question of military ethics. The orthodox theory is, that with the cause of war a soldier has no concern, and that since the matter in contention is always too complicated for him to decide upon its merits, his only duty is to blindfold his reason and conscience, and rush wheresoever his services are commanded. Perhaps the best exposition of this simple military philosophy is that given by Shakespeare in his scene of the eve of Agincourt, where Henry V., in disguise, converses with some soldiers of the English army. "Methinks," says the king,

I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable

William. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Yet the whisper of our own day is, Does it? For a soldier, now-

adays, enjoys equally with the civilian, who by his vote contributes to prevent or promote hostilities, the greater facilities afforded by the spread of knowledge for the exercise of his judgment ; and it is to subject him to undeserved ignominy to debar him from the free use of his intellect, as if he were a minor or an imbecile, incompetent to think for himself. Moreover, the existence of a just and good cause has always been the condition insisted on as alone capable of sanctioning military service by writers of every shade of thought—by St. Augustine as representing the early Catholic Church, by Bullinger or Becon as representatives of the early Reformed Church, and by Grotius as representative of the modern school of publicists. Grotius contends that no citizen or subject ought to take part in an unjust war, even if he be commanded to do so. He openly maintains that disobedience to orders is in such a case a lesser evil than the guilt of homicide that would be incurred in fighting. He inclines to the opinion that, where the cause of war seems doubtful, a man would do better to refrain from service, and to leave the king to employ those whose readiness to fight might be less hampered by questions of right and wrong, and of whom there would always be a plentiful supply. Without these reservations he regards the soldier's task as so much the more detestable than the executioner's, as manslaughter without a cause is more heinous than manslaughter with one,¹ and thinks no kind of life more wicked than that of men who, without regard for the cause of war, fight for hire, and to whom the question of right is equivalent to the question of the highest wage.²

These are strong opinions and expressions, and as their general acceptance would logically render war impossible, it is no small gain to have in their favour so great an authority as Grotius. But it is an even greater gain to be able to quote on the same side an actual soldier. Sir James Turner at the end of his military treatise called "*Pallas Armata*," published in 1683, came to conclusions which, though adverse to Grotius, contain some remarkable admissions and show the difference that two centuries have made on military maxims with regard to this subject. "It is no sin for a mere soldier," he says, "to serve for wages, unless his conscience tells him he fights in an unjust cause." Again, "That soldier who serves or fights for any prince or state for wages in a cause he knows to be unjust sins damnably." He even argues that soldiers whose original

¹ ii. 25, 9, 1. Tanto carnifice detestabiliores quanto pejus est sine causâ quam ex causâ occidere.

² Ib. 2. Nullum vitæ genus est improbius quam eorum qui sine causâ respectu mercede conducti militant, et quibus ibi fas ubi plurima merces.

service began for a just cause, and who are constrained by their military oaths to continue in service for a new and unjust cause of war, ought to "desert their employment and suffer anything that could be done to them before they draw their swords against their own conscience and judgments in an unjust quarrel." ¹

These moral sentiments of a military man of the seventeenth century are absolutely alien to the military doctrines of the present day; and his remarks on wages recall yet another important landmark of ancient thought that has been removed by the progress of time. Early Greek opinion justly made no distinction between the mercenary who served a foreign country and the mercenary who served his own. All hired military service was regarded as disgraceful, nor would anyone of good birth have dreamt of serving his own country save at his own expense. The Carians rendered their names infamous as the first of the Greek race who served for pay; whilst at Athens Pericles introduced the custom of supporting the poorer defenders of their country out of the exchequer.² Afterwards, of course, no people ever committed itself more eagerly to the pursuit of mercenary warfare.

In England also gratuitous military service was originally the condition of the feudal tenure of land, nor was anyone bound to serve the king for more than a certain number of days in the year, forty being generally the longest term. For all service in excess of the legal limit the king was obliged to pay; and in this way, and by the scutage tax by which many tenants bought themselves off from their strict obligations, the principle of a paid military force was recognised from the time of the Conquest. But the chief stipendiary forces appear to have been foreign mercenaries, supported, not out of the commutation tax, but out of the king's privy purse, and still more out of the loot won from their victims in war. These were those soldiers of fortune, chiefly from Flanders, Brabant, or Routers, whose excesses as brigands led to their excommunication by the Third Lateran Council (1179), and to their destruction by a crusade three years later.³

But the germ of our modern recruiting system must rather be looked for in those military contracts or indentures, by which from about the time of Edward III. it became customary to raise our forces; some powerful subject contracting with the king, in consideration of a certain sum, to provide soldiers for a certain time and task. Thus in 1382 the war-loving Bishop of Norwich contracted

¹ 364.

² Potter's *Greek Antiquities*, ii. 9.

³ Henry's *Britain*, iii. 5, 1; Grose, i. 56.

with Richard II. to provide 2,500 men-at-arms and 2,500 archers for a year's service in France, in consideration of the whole fifteenth that had been voted by Parliament for the war.¹ In the same way several bishops indented to raise soldiers for Henry V. And thus a foreign war became a mere matter of business and hire, and armies to fight the French were raised by speculative contractors, very much as men are raised nowadays to make railways or take part in other works needful for the public at large. The engagement was purely pecuniary and commercial, and was entirely divested of any connection with conscience or patriotism. On the other hand, the most obviously just cause of war, that of national defence in case of invasion, continued to be altogether disconnected with pay, and remained so much the duty of the militia or capable male population of the country, that both Edward III. and Richard II. directed writs even to archbishops and bishops to arm and array all abbots, priors, and monks between the ages of sixteen and sixty for the defence of the kingdom.²

Originally, therefore, the paid army of England, as opposed to the militia, implied the introduction of a strictly mercenary force consisting indifferently of natives or foreigners, into our military system. But there was no moral difference between the two classes of mercenaries so engaged. The hire, and not the cause, being the main consideration of both, the Englishman and the Brabançon were equally mercenaries in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The prejudice against mercenaries either goes too far or not far enough. If a Swiss or an Italian hiring himself to fight for a cause about which he was ignorant or indifferent was a mercenary soldier, so was an Englishman who with equal ignorance and indifference accepted the wages offered him by a military contractor of his own nation. Either the conduct of the Swiss was blameless, or the Englishman's moral delinquency was the same as his.

The public opinion of former times regarded both, of course, as equally blameless, or rather as equally meritorious. And it is worth noticing that the word *mercenary* was applied alike to the hired military servant of his own as of another country. Shakespeare, for instance, applies the term mercenary to the 1,600 Frenchmen of low degree slain at Agincourt, whom Monstrelet distinguishes from the 10,000 Frenchmen of position who lost their lives on that memorable day—

In this ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries.

¹ Grose, i. 38.

² *Ibid.*, i. 67.

And even so late as 1756, the original signification of the word had so little changed, that in the great debate in the House of Lords on the Militia Bill of that year Lord Temple and several other orators spoke of the national standing army as an army of *mercenaries*, without making any distinction between the Englishmen and the Hessians who served in it.¹

The moral distinction that now prevails between the paid service of natives and of foreigners is, therefore, of comparatively recent origin. It was one of the features of the Reformation in Switzerland that its leaders insisted for the first time on a moral difference between Swiss soldiers who served their own country for pay, and those who with equal bravery and credit sold their strength to the service of the highest foreign bidder.

Zwingli, and after him his disciple Bullinger, effected a change in the moral sentiment of Switzerland equivalent to that which a man would effect nowadays who should persuade men to discountenance or abandon military service of any kind for pay. One of the great obstacles to Zwingli's success was his decided protest against the right of any Swiss to sell himself to foreign governments for the commission of bloodshed, regardless of any injury in justification ; and it was mainly on that account that Bullinger succeeded in 1549 in preventing a renewal of the alliance or military contract between the cantons and Henry II. of France. "When a private individual," he said, "is free to enrol himself or not, and engages himself to fight against the friends and allies of his sovereign, I know not whether he does not hire himself to commit homicide, and whether he does not act like the gladiators who, to amuse the Roman people, let themselves to the first comer to kill one another."

But it is evident that, except with a reservation limiting a man's service to a just national cause, Bullinger's argument will also apply to the case of a hired soldier of his own country. The duty of every man to defend his country in case of invasion is intelligible enough ; nor originally did the duty of military obedience in any country mean more. In 1297 the High Constable and Marshal of England refused to muster the forces to serve Edward I. in Flanders, on the plea that neither they nor their ancestors were obliged to serve the king outside his dominions ;² and Sir E. Coke's ruling in Calvin's case,³ that Englishmen are bound to attend the king in his wars as well without as within the realm, and that their allegiance is not local but indefinite, was not accepted by writers on the constitu-

¹ *Parliamentary Debates*, May 24, 1756. ² Sir S. Scott's *British Army*, ii. 333.

³ N. Bacon's Notes to *Selden's Laws*, ii. 60.

tion of the country. The existing militia oath, which strictly limits obedience to the defence of the realm, covered the whole military duty of our ancestors ; and it was only the innovation of the military contract that prepared the way for our modern idea of the soldier's duty as unqualified and unlimited with regard to cause and place and time. The very word *soldier* meant originally stipendiary, his pay or *solde* (from the Latin *solidum*) coming to constitute his chief characteristic. From a servant hired for a certain task for a certain time the steps were easy to a servant whose hire bound him to any task and for the whole of his life. The existing military oath, which binds a recruit and practically compels him as much to a war of aggression as of defence at the bidding of the executive, owes its origin to the revolution of 1689, when the refusal of Dumbarton's famous Scotch regiment to serve their new master, William III., in the defence of Holland against France, rendered it advisable to pass the Mutiny Act, containing a more stringent definition of military duty by an oath couched in extremely general terms. Such has been the effect of time in confirming this newer doctrine of the contract implied by the military status, that the defence of the monarch "in person, crown, and dignity against all enemies," to which the modern recruit pledges himself at his attestation, would be held to bind the soldier not to withhold his services were he called upon to exercise them in the planet Mars itself.

Hence it appears to be an indisputable fact of history that the modern military theory of Europe, which demands complete spiritual self-abandonment and unqualified obedience on the part of a soldier, is a distinct trespass outside the bounds of the original and, so to speak, constitutional idea of military duty ; and that in our own country it is as much an encroachment on the rights of Englishmen as it is on the wider rights of man.

But what is the value of the theory itself, even if we take no account of the history of its growth ? If military service precludes a man from discussing the justice of the end pursued in a war, it can hardly be disputed that it equally precludes him from inquiries about the means, and that if he is bound to consider himself as fighting in any case for a lawful cause he has no right to bring his moral sense to bear upon the details of the service required of him. But here is a loophole, a flaw, in the argument ; for no subject nor soldier can be compelled to serve as a spy, however needful such service may be. That proves that a limit does exist to the claims on a soldier's obedience. And Vattel mentions as a common occurrence the refusal of troops to act when the cruelty of the deeds commanded

of them exposed them to the danger of savage reprisals. "Officers," he says, "who had the highest sense of honour, though ready to shed their blood in a field of battle for their prince's service, have not thought it any part of their duty to run the hazard of an ignominious death," such as was involved in the execution of such behests. Yet why not, if their prince or general commanded them? By what principle of morality or common sense were they justified in declining a particular service as too iniquitous for them and yet in holding themselves bound to the larger iniquity of an aggressive war? What right has a machine to choose or decide between good and bad any more than between just and unjust? Its moral incompetence must be thoroughgoing, or else in no case afford an extenuating plea. You must either grant it everything or nothing, or else offer a rational explanation for your rule of distinction. For it clearly needs explaining, why, if there are orders which a soldier is not bound to obey, if there are cases where he is competent to discuss the moral nature of the services required of him, it should not also be open to him to discuss the justice of the war itself of which those services are merely incidents.

Let us turn from the abstract to the concrete, and take two instances as a test of the principle. In 1689, Marshal Duras, commander of the French army of the Rhine, received orders to destroy the Palatinate, and make a desert between France and Germany, though neither the Elector nor his people had done the least injury to France. Did a single soldier, did a single officer, quail or hesitate? Voltaire tells us that many officers felt shame in acting as the instrument of this iniquity of Louis XIV., but they acted nevertheless in accordance with their supposed honour, and with the still orthodox theory of military duty. They cut down the fruit-trees, they tore down the vines, they burnt the granaries; they set fire to villages, to country-houses, to castles; they desecrated the tombs of the ancient German emperors at Spiers; they plundered the churches; they reduced well-nigh to ashes Oppenheim, Spiers, Worms, Mannheim, Heidelberg, and other flourishing cities; they reduced 400,000 human beings to homelessness and destruction—and all in the name of military duty and military honour! Yet, of a truth, those were dastardly deeds if ever dastardly deeds have been done beneath the sun; and it is the sheerest sophistry to maintain that the men who so implicitly carried out their orders would not have done more for their miserable honour, would not have had a higher conception of duty, had they followed the dictates of their reason and conscience rather than that of their military superiors, and refused to sacrifice their humanity

to an overstrained theory of their military obligation, and their memory to everlasting execration.

In the case of these destroyers military duty meant simply military servility, and it was this reckless servility that led Voltaire in his "Candide" to put into the mouth of his inimitable philosopher, Martin, that definition of an army which tales like the foregoing suggested and justified: "A million of assassins, in regiments, traversing Europe from end to end, and committing murder and brigandage by rules of discipline for the sake of bread, because incompetent to exercise any more honest calling."¹

An English case of this century may be taken as a parallel one to the French of the seventeenth, and as an additional test of the orthodox military dogma that with the cause of war a soldier has no concern. It is the Copenhagen expedition of 1807, than which no act of might within this century was more strongly reprobated by the public opinion of Europe, and by all but the Tory opinion of England. A fleet and army having been sent to the Danish capital, and the Danish Government having refused to surrender the fleet, which was demanded as the alternative of bombardment, the English military officials proceeded to bombard the city, with infinite destruction and slaughter, which were only stayed at last by the surrender of the fleet as originally demanded. There was no quarrel with Denmark at the time, there was no complaint of injury; only the surrender of the fleet was demanded. English public opinion was both excited and divided about the morality of this act, which was only justified on the plea that the Government was in possession of a secret article of the Treaty of Tilsit between Napoleon and the Czar of Russia, by which the Danish fleet was to be made use of in an attack upon England. But this secret article was not divulged, according to Alison, till ten years afterwards,² and many disbelieved in its existence altogether, even supposing that its existence would have been a good case for war. Many military men therefore shared in the feeling that condemned the act, yet they scrupled not to contribute their aid to it. Were they right? Read Sir C. Napier's opinion of it at the time, and then say where, in the case of a man so thinking, would have lain his duty: "This Copenhagen expedition—is it an unjust action for the general good? Who can say that such a precedent is pardonable? When once the line of justice has been passed, there is no shame left. England has been unjust. . . . Was not our high honour worth the danger we might perhaps have risked in maintaining that honour inviolate?"³

¹ *Candide*, c. xx.

² Alison's *Europe*, vi. 491.

³ *Life of Sir C. Napier*, i. 77.

These opinions, whether right or wrong, were shared by many men in both services. Sir C. Napier himself says : "Were there not plenty of soldiers who thought these things wrong? . . . but would it have been possible to allow the army and navy . . . to decide upon the propriety of such attacks?"¹ The answer is, that if they did, whether allowed or not, such things would be impossible, or at all events, less probable : than which there could not be a more desirable consummation. Had they done so in this very instance, our historians would have been spared the explanation of an episode that is a blot upon our annals.

A more pleasing precedent, therefore, than that of the French officers in the Palatinate, or of the English at Copenhagen, is the case of Admiral Keppel, who bravely refused to take part in the war of England against her American colonies, because he deemed her cause a bad one. He did no violence to his reason or conscience, nor tarnished his fame by acting a part, of which in his individual capacity he disapproved. His example is here held up as illustrating the only true doctrine, and the only one that at all accords with the most rudimentary principles of either religion or morality. The contrary doctrine bids a man to forswear the use of both his reason and his conscience in consideration for his pay, and deprives him of that liberty of thought and moral action compared with which his civil and political liberty are nothing worth. What is this contrary doctrine when stripped of all superfluities, and displayed in the outfit of common sense and common words? What is it but that the duty of military obedience overrides all duty of a man towards himself; that though he may not voluntarily destroy his body he cannot do too much violence to his soul; that it is his duty to annihilate his moral and intellectual being, to commit spiritual suicide, to forego the use of the noblest faculties which belong to him as a man; that to do all this is a just cause of pride to him, and that he is in all respects the nobler and better for assimilating himself to that brainless and heartless condition which is that also of his charger or his rifle?

If this doctrine is true and sound, then it may be asked whether there has ever been or exists upon the earth any tyranny, ecclesiastical or political, comparable to this military one; whether any but the baser forms of priestcraft have ever sought to deprive a man so completely of the enjoyment of his highest human attributes, or to absolve him so utterly from all moral responsibility for his actions.

This position can scarcely be disputed, save by denying the reality of any distinction between just and unjust in international

¹ *Military Law*, 17.

conduct ; and against this denial may be set not only the evidence of every age, but of every language above the stage of mere barbarism. Disregard of the difference is one of the best measures of the civilisation of a people or epoch. We at once, for instance, form a higher estimate of the civilisation of ancient India, when we read in Arrian that her kings were so apprehensive of committing an unjust aggression that they would not lead their armies out of India for the conquest of other nations.¹ One of the best features in the old pagan world was the importance attached to the justice of the motives for breaking the peace. The Romans appear never to have begun a war without a previous consultation with the College of Fecials as to its justice ; and in the same way, and for the same purpose, the early Christian emperors consulted the opinion of the bishops. If a Roman general made an unjust attack upon a people his triumph was refused, or at least resisted ; nor are the instances unfrequent in which the senate decreed restitution where a consul, acting on his own responsibility, had deprived a population of its arms, its lands, or its liberties.² Hence the Romans, with all their apparent aggressiveness, won the character of a strict regard to justice, which was no small part of the secret of their power. "You boast," the Rhodians said to them, "that your wars are successful because they are just, and plume yourselves not so much on the victory which concludes them as on the fact that you never begin them without good cause."³ Conquest corrupted the Romans in these respects as it has done many another people ; but even to the end of the Republic the tradition of justice survived ; nor is there anything finer in the history of that people than the attempt of the party headed by Ateius the tribune to prevent Crassus leaving Rome when he was setting out to make war upon the Parthians, who not only had committed no injury, but were the allies of the Republic ; or than the vote of Cato, that Cæsar, who, in time of peace, had slain or routed 300,000 Germans, should be given up to the people he had injured in atonement for the wrong he had done to them.

The idea of the importance of a just cause of war may be traced, of course, in history, after the extinction of the grand pagan philosophy in which it had its origin. It was insisted on by Christian writers who, like St. Augustine, did not regard all military service as wicked.

¹ *Indian Expedition*, ix.

² Livy, 39, 3 ; 42, 21 ; 43, 5.

³ Livy, xlv. 22. Certe quidem vos estis Romani, qui ideo felicia bella vestra esse, quia justa sint, præ vobis fertis, nec tam exitu eorum, quod vincatis, quam principii quod non sine causâ suscipiatis, gloriamini.

What, he asked, were wars, but acts of brigandage on a vast scale, if their justice were put out of the reckoning.¹ A French writer of the time of Charles V. concluded that while soldiers who fell in a just cause were saved, those who died for an unjust cause perished in a state of mortal sin.² Even the Chevalier Bayard, who accompanied Charles VIII. without any scruple in his conquest of Naples, was fond of saying that all empires, kingdoms, and provinces were, if without the principle of justice, no better than forests full of brigands³; and the fine saying is attributed to him, that the strength of arms should only be employed for the establishment of right and equity. But on the whole the justice of the cause of war became of less and less importance as time went on; nor have our modern Christian societies ever derived benefit in that respect from the instruction or guidance of their churches at all equal to that which the society of pagan Rome derived from the institution of their Fecials, as the guardians of the national conscience.

It was among the humane endeavours of Grotius to try to remedy this defect in modern states by establishing certain general principles by which it might be possible to test the pretext of any given war from the side of its justice. At first sight it appears obvious that a definite injury is the only justification for a resort to hostilities, or in other words, that only a defensive war is just; but then the question arises how far defence may be anticipatory, and an injury feared or probable give the same rights as one actually sustained. The majority of wars, that have not been merely wars of conquest and robbery, may be traced to that principle in history, so well expressed by Livy, that men's anxiety not to be afraid of others causes them to become objects of dread themselves.⁴ For this reason Grotius refused to admit as a good *casus belli* the fact that another nation was making warlike preparations, building garrisons and fortresses, or that its power might, if unchecked, grow to be dangerous. He also rejected the pretext of mere utility as a good ground for war, or such pleas as the need of better territory, the right of first discovery, or the improvement or punishment of barbarous nations.

A strict adherence to these principles, vague as they are, would

¹ *De Civitate Dei*, v. 4.

² *Arbre des Batailles*, quoted in Kennedy's *Influence of Christianity on International Law*.

³ Petitot, xvi. 137.

⁴ III. 65. Cavendo ne metuant, homines metuendos ultro se efficiunt, et injuriam ab nobis repulsam, tamquam aut facere aut pati necesse sit, injungimus aliis.

have prevented most of the bloodshed that has occurred in Europe since Grotius wrote. The difficulty, however, is, that, as between nations, the principle of utility easily overshadows that of justice ; and although the two are related as the temporary to the permanent expediency, and therefore as the lesser to the greater expediency, the relation between them is seldom obvious at the time of choice ; and it is easy beforehand to demonstrate the expediency of a war of which time alone can show both the inexpediency and the injustice. Any war, therefore, however unjust it may seem, when judged by the canons of Grotius, is easily construed as just when measured by the light of an imperious and magnified passing interest ; and the absence of any recognised definition or standard of just dealing between nations affords a salve to many a conscience that in the matters of private life would be sensitive and scrupulous enough. The story of King Agesilaus is a mirror in which very few ages or countries may not see their own history reflected. When Phœbidas, the Spartan general, seized the Cadmeia of Thebes in the time of peace, the greater part of Greece and many Spartans condemned it as a most iniquitous act of war ; but Agesilaus, who at other times was wont to talk of justice as the greatest of all the virtues, and of valour without it as of little worth, defended his officer's action, on the plea that it was necessary to regard the tendency of the action, and to account it even as glorious if it resulted in an advantage to Sparta.

But when every allowance is made for wars of which the justice is not clearly defined from the expediency, many wars have occurred of so palpably unjust a character, that they could not have been possible but for the existence of the loosest sentiments with regard to the responsibility of those who took part in them. We read of wars or the pretexts of wars in history of which we all, whether military men or civilians, readily recognise the injustice ; and by applying the same principles of judgment to the wars of our own country and time we are each and all of us furnished for the direction of our conscience with a standard which, if not absolutely scientific or consistent, is sufficient for all the practical purposes of life, and is completely subversive of the excuse which is afforded by occasional instances of difficult and doubtful decision. The same facilities which exist for the civilian when he votes for or against taxation for a given war, or in approval or disapproval of the government which undertakes it, exist also for the soldier who lends his active aid to it ; nor is it unreasonable to claim for the action of the one the same responsibility to his own conscience which by general admission attaches to the other.

It is surely something like a degradation to the soldier that he should not enjoy in this respect the same rights as the civilian ; that his merit alone should be tested by no higher a theory of duty than that which is applied to the merit of a horse ; and that his capacity for blind and unreasoning obedience should be accounted his highest attainable virtue. The transition from the idea of military vassalage to that of military allegiance has surely produced a strange conception of honour, and one fitter for conscripts than for free men, when a man is held as by a vice to take part in a course of action which he believes to be wrong. Not only does no other profession enforce such an obligation, but in every other walk of life a man's assertion of his own personal responsibility is a source rather of credit to him than of infamy. That in the performance of any social function a man should be called upon to make an unconditional surrender of his free will, and yield an obedience as thoughtless as a dummy's to superior orders, would seem to be a principle of conduct pilfered from the Society of Jesus, and utterly unworthy of the nobility of a soldier. As a matter of history, the priestly organisation took the military one for its model : which should lead us to suspect that the tyranny we find fault with in the copy is equally present in the original, and that the latter is marked by the same vices that it transmitted to the borrowed organisation.

The principle here contended for, that the soldier should be fully satisfied in his own mind of the justice of the cause he fights for, is the condition that Christian writers, from Augustine to Grotius, have placed on the lawfulness of military service. The objection to it, that its adoption would mean the ruin of military discipline, will appear the greatest argument of all in its favour when we reflect that its universal adoption would make war itself, which is the only reason for discipline, altogether impossible. Where would have been the wars of the last two hundred years had it been in force ? Once restrict legitimate warfare to the limits of national defence, and it is evident that the refusal of men to take part in a war of aggression would equally put an end to the necessity of defensive exertion. If no government could rely on its subjects for the purposes of aggression and injustice, it goes without saying that the just cause of war would perish simultaneously. It is therefore altogether to be wished that that reliance should be weakened and destroyed.

This reasoning contains the key that is alone capable of closing permanently the portals of the Temple of Janus : that there exists a distinction between a just and an unjust war, between a good and a bad cause, and that no man has a right either to take part knowingly

and wilfully in a cause he believes to be unjust, nor to commit himself servilely to a theory of duty which deprives him, at the very outset, of his inalienable human birthright of free thought and free will. This is the principle of personal responsibility which has long since won admission everywhere save in the service of Mars, and which requires but to be extended there to free the world from the custom that has longest and most ruinously afflicted it. For it attacks that custom where it has never yet been seriously attacked before,—in the heart, the brain, and the conscience, that, in spite of all warping and training, still belong to the individual units who alone make it possible. It behoves all of us, therefore, who are interested in abolishing military barbarism, not merely to yield a passive assent to it ourselves, but to claim for it assent and assertion from others.

For this principle, that lies ready to our hands, if it has not yet the prescription of time and common opinion in its favour, is sealed nevertheless with the authority of many of the best intellects that have helped to enlighten the past, and is indissolubly contained in the teaching alike of our religious as of our moral code. It can, in fact, only be gainsaid by a denial of the fundamental maxims of those two guides of our conduct, and for that reason stands absolutely proof against the assaults of argument. Try to reconcile with the ordinary conceptions of the duties of a man or a Christian the duty of doing what his conscience condemns, and it may be safely predicted that you will try in vain. The considerations that may occur of utility and expediency beat in vain against the far greater expediency of a world at peace, freed from the curse of the warrior's destructiveness; nor can the whole armoury of military logic supply a single counter-argument which does not resolve itself into an argument of supposed expediency, and which may not therefore be effectually parried, even on this narrower debating ground, by the consideration of the overwhelming advantages which could not but flow from the universal acceptance of the contrary and higher principle—the principle that for a soldier, as for anyone else, his first duty is to his conscience.

J. A. FARRER.

GEORGE ELIOT.

GEORGE ELIOT may not always hold, either in popular estimation or in the judgment of critics, such high rank among English novelists as was accorded to her during the last twenty years of her life. But her best writings will endure, and students of other generations besides our own will find it profitable to examine and, as far as may be, to understand the peculiar conditions under which her genius grew, and the causes of the blemishes and shortcomings of her work in some respects, as well as of its excellence and brilliance in others. Towards this much help has been rendered by the account of "George Eliot's Life, as related in her Letters and Journals," which Mr. J. W. Cross, her devoted friend during more than ten years, and her husband during the last seven months of her life, has diligently and discreetly prepared.

Mr. Cross's volumes are not in any sense a biography. George Eliot had, by implication, forbidden the writing of a detailed and complete record of her life. "Is it anything short of odious," she exclaimed, "that as soon as a man is dead his desk should be raked, and every insignificant memorandum which he never meant for the public be printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to read his books?" Mr. Cross has not ventured on any such sacrilege. He has, however, collected a large number of George Eliot's letters, and has extracted from them and from her note-books so much as he considered sufficient "to show the development of her intellect and character." He has performed his labour of love with remarkable tact and commendable good taste. The volumes show only too plainly how George Eliot wished to be thought of, and too little of what she really was; but, partial and incomplete as they are, they are of great value and interest, and the opportunity they afford for a brief but at the same time more comprehensive retrospect than they themselves contain is worth taking advantage of.

"God be thanked," Mr. Browning said in the tender and beautiful poem with which, concluding his "Men and Women," he dedicated the whole series to his wife—

God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her !

George Eliot was a woman not a man, and it may be that the fact of her being a woman caused her "two soul-sides" to be more like one another than men's are apt to be. At any rate, the "soul-side" with which she faced the world served very plainly to show the world how loyally she loved it. She could be stern as well as gracious in her writings, and in private life there was a certain hardness of bearing which was not really out of harmony with the softness, often bordering on weakness, of her prevailing temperament. But in her best and most famous literary efforts there was a rare honesty of philanthropic intention to do ungrudgingly, and in prompt obedience to the dictates of duty, the highest service in her power to her fellow-creatures ; and what she was to all the world in her prime, she also then was to those immediately around her, and she had been, according to her light and strength, within the narrower limits of her life in younger days.

The history of her youthful life is very instructive, especially if we look at it to see how, while struggling almost from the first to enlarge its range, she found even in its narrowness room enough for the healthy exercise of all her sympathies and talents. Her father, Robert Evans, had advanced from being a master carpenter to a post of considerable trust and influence as a land agent and surveyor in Warwickshire before she was born, the youngest of five children, on November 22, 1819. When she was four months old the family settled at Griff, near Nuneaton, and in that quiet home she resided, except while at school in the neighbourhood, for more than twenty years. "Middlemarch" is not the only one of her novels containing distinct reminiscences of the surroundings of her youth, though it is in the description here given of Caleb Garth that we have the nearest approach to a portrait of her father, supplemented long afterwards by the slight sketch entitled "Looking Back" in "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such." "My father," we are told in the last-named book, "was a Tory who had not exactly a dislike to innovating dissenters, but a right opinion of them as persons of ill-founded self-confidence. And I often smile at my consciousness that certain conservative prepossessions have mingled themselves for me with the influences of our Midland scenery, from the tops of the elms down to the buttercups and the little vetches." Often accompanying her father on his drives through country lanes and to quaint old houses, her love of nature in all its varying moods had early

encouragement ; but her youngest brother was her dearest companion in the days of toddling childhood. It is not easy to say how much autobiographical accuracy there was in the series of short poems, miscalled sonnets, which she wrote when she was forty-eight, under the title of "Brother and Sister ;" but they furnish some charming glimpses of her in those early days. "I cannot choose," she says in the opening lines—

I cannot choose but think upon the time
 When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
 At lightest thrill from the bees' swinging chime,
 Because the one so near the other is.
 He was the elder, and a little man
 Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
 And I the girl that, puppy-like, now ran,
 Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.
 I held him wise ; and when he talked to me
 Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
 I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
 Where men grew blind—though angels know the rest.
 If he said "Hush !" I tried to hold my breath :
 Wherever he said "Come !" I stepped in faith.

Again, speaking of their walks in springtime and autumn, amid gay flowers and "black-scathed grass," through pretty lanes and terror-haunted copses, she writes :—

Thus rambling, we were schooled in deepest lore,
 And learnt the meanings that give words a soul,
 The fear, the love, the primal passionate store,
 Whose shaping impulses make manhood whole.
 Those hours were seed to all my after good ;
 My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,
 Took easily as warmth a various food
 To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.
 For who in age shall roam the earth and find
 Reasons for loving that will strike out love
 With sudden rod from the hard year-pressed mind ?
 Were reasons sown as thick as stars above :
 'Tis love must see them as the eye sees light ;
 Day is but number to the darkened sight.

These, of course, were after-thoughts—the reflections of a woman of forty-eight, not of a child of four or five. None the less, George Eliot was right in looking back with moist eyes to the surroundings of her infancy, in saying of them that they all, both large and little—

Were but my growing self, are part of me,
 My present Past, my root of piety—

and in exclaiming—

But were another childhood's world my share,
I would be born a little sister there !

All was not happy, however, in little Mary Ann Evans's child-life. She was sent to a boarding-school when she was only about five, and though at this and at other schools in which she was educated during the next twelve years she appears to have been constantly a favourite both with teachers and with fellow-pupils, her home enjoyments were not frequent, and became fewer as time passed by. When she was seventeen her mother died after a long illness, which had required zealous nursing, and next year her elder sister's marriage threw on her prematurely the cares of housekeeping. With all her respect for her father, there does not appear to have been much intimacy between them, and she and her brother were now much farther apart in tastes and pursuits than they had been before they reached their teens. Of a very impressionable nature, Miss Evans had acquired what must be called strong religious convictions from one of her schoolmistresses, and her letters to some of her friends and kindred, including an aunt who was a Methodist preacher, and who suggested the character of Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede," show that at this time her mental and moral condition was somewhat similar to that of the unsatisfied Saint Theresa, described in the prelude to "Middlemarch"—one "whose loving heart-beats and sobs after an unattained goodness tremble off and are dispersed among hindrances, instead of centering in some long recognisable deed." Maggie Tulliver, in "The Mill on the Floss," was in some respects, but only in some, a recollection of herself. "She threw some exaggeration and wilfulness, some pride and impetuosity, even into her self-renunciation. Her own life was still a drama for her, in which she demanded of herself that her part should be played with intensity. And so it came to pass that she often lost the spirit of humility by being excessive in the outward act ; she often strove after too high a flight, and came down with her poor little half-fledged wings dabbled in the mud."

But along with her strong Calvinism there was a clear and almost painful knowledge of her intellectual strength. "You may try, but you can never imagine," she wrote long afterwards in "Daniel Deronda," "what it is to have a man's force of brains in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl." Her religious feelings helped her to devote herself meekly to clothes-mending, jam-making, and all the other incidents of housekeeping for her aged father, and the brother who now reproved her quest of knowledge ; but these

things were evidently irksome, and she found it hard that she could get no little leisure for studying languages, science, and music, in order to make advance on the school education with which she was by no means satisfied. She was thus prepared for the great change that came to her soon after her father had removed from Griff to Coventry in the spring of 1841, when she was in her twenty-second year.

Charles Bray, the philosopher and phrenologist, lived at Coventry. With him and his clever wife, and his wife's cleverer sister, Miss Sarah Hennell, Miss Evans soon made acquaintance. Charles Bray's most important work, "*The Philosophy of Necessity*," had just been published, and it doubtless helped materially to a conversion, which was nearly as sudden and complete as any that the Calvinists, from whom Miss Evans now parted company, are apt to take inordinate credit for. A few months after she had denounced theatre-going as a frivolous and debasing waste of time, she felt that her conscience would not allow her to go to church, and there by her presence to give tacit assent to doctrines and practices which she now held to be wrong.

Let it be noted that in her new frame of mind Miss Evans made no very great departure from the old. All through her life she was a profoundly religious woman. In throwing off what she regarded as the chains of her Calvinistic youth, she surrendered none of her faith in the Supreme Good, which she held it is the duty of all erring mortals to strive after with all their might. This conviction found beautiful expression in the hymn that she wrote late in life, beginning :—

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence ; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's march
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven,
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

It was some time, however, before Miss Evans's old friends could reconcile themselves to her new way of thinking. Though her father did not persevere in his threat of turning her out of his house, and she continued to attend on him as a careful housekeeper and an affectionate companion until his death in 1849, her new indepen-

dence made it all the more expedient for her to begin to earn her own living. She translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and did other hackwork, with none of the hackworker's carelessness, during the ten years that she passed chiefly at Coventry.

In 1851, invited to settle in London and take an active part in editing the *Westminster Review*, to which she had already been a frequent contributor, she entered on another stage of life, and found fresh openings for literary activity and intellectual development, which broadened considerably during the next quarter of a century.

Very interesting and characteristic glimpses into one corner of the London life of a generation ago—a corner illuminated by some then and subsequently famous men, as well as by other women besides the one who was soon to shine in it most brightly of all—are furnished by Miss Evans's letters and journals in 1851 and the following years. "On Friday," she wrote in September 1851, "we had some nice people, among others a Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has just brought out a large work on 'Social Statics.'" On November 27: "Carlyle called the other day, strongly recommending Browning the poet as a writer for the *Review*, and saying, 'We shall see,' about himself." On April 22, 1852: "I went to the opera on Saturday with my 'excellent friend Herbert Spencer,' as Lewes calls him. We have agreed that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like. He is a good, delightful creature, and I always feel better for being with him." On May 27: "My brightest spot, next to my love of *old* friends, is the deliciously calm *new* friendship that Herbert Spencer gives me. We see each other every day, and have a delightful *camaraderie* in everything. But for him my life would be desolate enough." On March 28, 1853: "We had a pleasant evening last Wednesday; Lewes, as always, genial and amusing. He has quite won my liking in spite of myself." On April 16: "People are very good to me. Mr. Lewes especially is kind and attentive, and has quite won my regard, after having had a good deal of my vituperation. Like a few other people in the world, he is better than he seems. A man of heart and conscience, wearing a mask of flippancy."

George Henry Lewes, two and a half years older than Miss Evans, had begun to make his mark as a diligent writer of books, thoughtful and suggestive, but chiefly conspicuous for grace of style and skilful reproduction of other writers' opinions, long before their acquaintance began. He had also been married for several years. The marriage, however, had ceased to afford any happiness to either

husband or wife, and those who knew Lewes best, and were most anxious to find excuses for him, were not able to hold him blameless in the matter. The sparkle and versatility that rendered him attractive in society had not conduced to domestic enjoyment or to his own moral vigour. He was leading a Bohemian life in and out of London, and was squandering his mental faculties, a voluntary exile from the home which he still did his best to maintain in external comfort for its occupants, but which he had helped to make intolerable for himself, when Miss Evans settled in London, and when Mr. Herbert Spencer, then, as always afterwards, profiting by the worthy friendship he had formed with her, brought him within the circle of their intimacy. The friendship between these two appears to have lasted for nearly three years on terms which violated no conventional law, and to have been slow in reaching a stage at which there was any risk of conventionality being openly broken down.

In the mean while Miss Evans was gradually finding the conditions of her new life in London, as a single woman, mixing freely in literary society, less agreeable and sufficient than she had anticipated. The strain of her work for the *Westminster Review* was more than she could bear, and the result of all her hard work was a very scanty income of about £9 a month. Early in 1854 she found it necessary to resign her editorial duties. "I shall be much more satisfied on many accounts to have done with that affair," she wrote on her thirty-fourth birthday; "but I shall find the question of supplies rather a difficult one this year." Some time before that she had thought of going to Australia with her married sister, who had just lost her husband. "One wants *something* to keep up one's faith in happiness," she had then written—"a ray or two for one's friends, if not for one's self." She threw rays on her friends' lives, but had few to boast of in her own. Her letters told of headaches and heart-aches, weariness of body and depression of spirits. She was burdened with other people's troubles as well as her own, and with one other's especially. "Poor Lewes is ill," she wrote to Mrs. Bray on April 18, 1854, "and is ordered not to put pen to paper for a month; so I have something to do for him in addition to my own work, which is rather pressing." Ten weeks afterwards, accompanying Lewes to Weimar on the journey needed for the completion of his "Life of Goethe," she took a step which led to her doing a great deal more for him during the next two-and-twenty years.

This step Mr. Cross rightly calls "the most important event in George Eliot's life." Those who think apology for it necessary or possible will remember that Lewes, being divorced in all but legal

form, and precluded from obtaining a formal dissolution of his marriage by law, had come under the elevating influence of Miss Evans who, deeming that her own life and work would be ennobled by companionship with him, felt also, and yet more strongly, that her companionship would give vigour and dignity to his life and work, which had been deteriorating under conditions from which the only way of escape appeared to be the one they deliberately adopted. It must be remembered, too, that their course of life having been chosen, it was adhered to as steadfastly and honourably as any marriage ratified in church could be. Alienating many old friends and all her kinsfolk by her action, Miss Evans offered what she considered sufficient explanation or excuse to, at any rate, one of them. "Light and easily broken ties," she said in a letter to Mrs. Bray, written fourteen months after her decision had been made and acted on, "are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done. That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion. But I *do* remember this ; and I indulge in no arrogant or uncharitable thoughts about those who condemn us, even though we might have expected a somewhat different verdict. From the majority of persons, of course, we never looked for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except, indeed, that being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us."

There would hardly be occasion for saying the little that has here been said on this subject, were it not that a fair recognition of it is essential to an understanding of George Eliot's future career and work. It is safe to assert that there would have been no George Eliot had it not been for the exceptional relationship that grew up, and continued till death parted them, between Mary Ann Evans and George Henry Lewes. A Miss Evans there would have been, and perhaps a Mrs. Somebody, who might have done brilliant and original work in literature, advancing from the translating of German treatises and the writing of review articles to the production of valuable novels, poems, philosophical and political essays, and what not ; but the peculiar outcome of genius for which George Eliot is eminent would hardly have been possible. George Eliot's influence on Lewes was greater and worthier than his on her. She rescued

him from the low state into which he had fallen, encouraged him to write his "*Life of Goethe*," and to progress from such lucid popularisings of science as his "*Physiology of Common Life*" to such bold speculations in psychology as were made in his "*Problems of Life and Mind*." But George Eliot was also stimulated by Lewes, and if the counsel she received from him was not always of the wisest—if also, and yet more, her exceptional relations with him excluded her from much society that would otherwise have been helpful and welcome, and thus warped some of her interests and restricted her vision of the world and its actual complications—it is not to be supposed that, had she lived on in unmarried solitude or become the wife of a less congenial husband, her genius would have yielded such good and abundant fruit as straightway began to appear.

Miss Evans had always been a keen and reverent student of human thoughts and actions, as exhibited in the lives of those with whom she was in contact, and of nature in all its forms and moods. She had also dabbled in science. Her zealous participation in Lewes's physiological and psychological studies, however, evidently gave fresh impetus to her intellectual activity; and the assistance she thus received from him was of higher quality, if not of more practical value, than the inducement that no less manifestly came through him to put her extraordinary talents to the best marketable use. Unbusinesslike as Lewes was in many ways, he had plenty of shrewdness and tact in enabling his helpmate to contribute to the family exchequer, from which provision had to be found not only for the education of his children, who soon learnt to regard her as mother, but also for the support of their own discarded mother. "It had always been a vague dream of mine," we read in one of George Eliot's memoranda, "that some time or other I might write a novel, and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another." But only "an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighbouring farmhouses" was written, until, many years afterwards, the manuscript having been shown to Lewes, "he was struck with it as a bit of concrete description." "By-and-by," George Eliot naïvely adds, "when we came back to England, and I had greater success than he ever expected in other kinds of writing, his impression that it was worth while to see how far my mental power would go towards the production of a novel was strengthened. He began to say very positively, 'You must try and write a story.'"

The result of that guidance was "*The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*," begun in September 1856, and published,

as the first of the "Scenes from Clerical Life," at the beginning of 1857. "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" and "Janet's Repentance" followed; then "Adam Bede"; and the success of George Eliot, as the authoress decided henceforth to call herself, in such novel-writing as was sure to bring her both fame and money, was assured.

It is plain that not a little of Lewes's satisfaction in this fresh disclosure of his companion's literary skill grew out of its pecuniary value. But there was nothing degrading in that, and if George Eliot shared his feeling in this respect to the extent of rejoicing that she now had the prospect of increasing the comfort of those dear to her, the more exalted satisfaction derived from the doing of good work, for the work's own sake, which chiefly prompted her, was duly and sufficiently echoed by him. "I am very happy," she wrote in June 1857, to one of the friends who clung to her, "happy in the highest blessing life can give us, the perfect love and sympathy of a nature that stimulates my own to healthful activity. I feel, too, that all the terrible pain I have gone through in past years, partly from the defects of my own nature, partly from outward things, has probably been a preparation for some special work that I may do before I die."

There was more in that sentence than, perhaps, the writer thought of when she penned it. Condemned by the frowns of all but the few who either approved or excused her arrangement with Lewes, even more than by her chronic ailments, to abstain from much intercourse with the people around her, she had to go back to her youthful recollections and associations for the material of the novels on which she was busy till the close of 1860. There was plenty of invention and original fancy in "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," as well as in their forerunners; but her own reminiscences furnished the basis of her earlier stories and much of their superstructure, and even in "Felix Holt," in "Middlemarch," and in "Daniel Deronda," the same material was freely, if less easily, drawn upon. Building her novels out of incidents that she had herself seen or heard about, enriching them with an abundance of fresh humour and much sound philosophy, moreover, she made them all, in divers ways, exponents of her own deep feelings and strong impulses, the pains and the pleasures, the joys and the agonies that, in the happier and perhaps calmer stage of life in which she now found herself, were still the components of all that was best and most real in her moral and mental constitution. In this connection a few lines from "A Minor Prophet," one of her least known poems, and not otherwise very admirable, written in 1869, should be quoted. "I cleave," she said,

To Nature's blunders, evanescent types,
 Which sages banish from Utopia.
 "Not worship beauty?" say you. Patience, friend!
 I worship in the temple with the rest;
 But by my hearth I keep a sacred nook
 For gnomes and dwarfs, duck-footed waddling elves,
 Who stitched and hammered for the weary man
 In days of old. And in that piety
 I clothe ungainly forms inherited
 From toiling generations, daily bent
 At desk, or plough, or loom, or in the mine,
 In pioneering labours for the world.
 Nay, I am apt, when floundering confused
 From too rash flight, to grasp at paradox;
 And pity future men who will not know
 A keen experience with pity blent,
 The pathos exquisite of lovely minds
 Hid in harsh forms—not penetrating them
 Like fire divine within a common bush
 Which grows transfigured by the heavenly guest,
 So that men put their shoes off; but encaged
 Like a sweet child within some thick-walled cell,
 Who leaps and fails to hold the window bars,
 But, having shown a little dimpled hand,
 Is visited thenceforth by tender hearts
 Whose eyes keep watch about the prison walls.

These lines charmingly indicate the appreciative sympathy with which George Eliot regarded much in the mass of humankind which thoughtless or supercilious onlookers are prone to ignore or to despise. "At least eighty out of a hundred of your adult male fellow-Britons, returned in the last census," she wrote in "Amos Barton," her first story, "are neither extraordinarily silly, nor extraordinarily wicked, nor extraordinarily wise; their eyes are neither deep and liquid with sentiment, nor sparkling with suppressed witticisms; they have probably had no hair-breadth escapes or thrilling adventures; their brains are certainly not pregnant with genius, and their passions have not manifested themselves at all after the fashion of a volcano. They are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald and disjointed. Yet these commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows and their sacred joys; their hearts have, perhaps, gone out to their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share? Depend upon it, you would

gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones."

Here we have the key to the most persistent motive and the prevailing method of all George Eliot's fiction. Even her heroes and heroines are nearly always commonplace persons, and the scores of other men and women, young and old, who people the world that she creates out of altogether human materials are each and all of them commonplace persons. None are wholly good or wholly bad; all are, as we see in real life, mixtures of good and bad, in whose worthiest deeds we are called upon to discern and to deplore some flaws, and whose worst weaknesses, follies, and crimes are shown to have traces of virtue. Speaking in her own voice or through her different characters, George Eliot always preaches or illustrates the same broad, generous view of human life, and ever with the purpose of urging us to be tender to our neighbours, and, at the same time, to be wary in mending our own habits and choosing our own ways in life with as much good sense as we can command.

George Eliot's novels are all love stories in a broader sense than most other romance writers'. "Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another," she exclaims in "Janet's Repentance," "not calculable by algebra, nor deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf and glowing tasselled flower! Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapour, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft, responsive hands, they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us with appealing tones; they are clothed in a living, human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame."

The sort of romance with which George Eliot brilliantly, but not garishly, illuminates her world of commonplace is hinted at in those words. The most prosaic life becomes poetic, the rudest instrument can pour forth melody, when love strikes the note—not merely the passion with which so many novelists chiefly concern themselves, though to that George Eliot gives full recognition as one of the mightiest forces, perhaps the mightiest—but love of all sorts, the love between parent and child, between brother and sister, between friend

and friend. George Eliot's love-stories, as such, and apart from all the accessories of the central thread of each, have seldom been matched for truthfulness and wholesomeness. Each of the three "Scenes of Clerical Life" gives notable evidence of the subtlety and wisdom with which the author analyses the different phases of woman's character under conditions that submit it to the severest strain, and "Janet's Repentance," short as it is, contains, especially in this respect, some of George Eliot's finest work. In "Adam Bede" we have broader and more complicated studies of the same sort. Another sort appears in "The Mill on the Floss," which, amid much else that is admirable and pathetic, presents a perfect memoir of a girl's mental and spiritual development amid circumstances, all entirely natural in themselves, which might seem to have been specially designed for the making and marring of her character. Different again, yet equally true both to nature and to art, is "Silas Marner," unfolding a beautifully impressive love-story between the hardly-used, and all but ruined, weaver and the little waif who rescues him from perdition and whom he makes happy as his adopted daughter.

"Silas Marner" concluded the first series of George Eliot's novels, and the one which, with the exception of "Romola," comprised her best work as a novelist. All in that series came from her heart spontaneously, or with as much spontaneity as was possible under the pressure of publishers' demands and of an honest and honourable desire to use the opportunity now offered for securing a modest competency and protection from all risk henceforth of poverty to herself or to those dependent on her. After that, or after the writing of "Romola," authorship was much more of a business with her. So it was, at any rate, with "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Her writing of these later novels was quite allowable, and if she was induced to write them by motives quite as exalted as any that prevail with nine-tenths of the authors who live by their pen, she put into them more zealous and hearty work than any but a very few successful authors can be credited with. But for all that, and notwithstanding all their great merits, they were in the nature of task-work. It would seem that she had well-nigh exhausted all the stores of material for prose fiction that came naturally and readily to her. Her preference was now for poetry and for such didactic utterances as fitted best with her mature life and her altered position as one of the recognised and honoured leaders of thought.

Something must be said, however, about "Romola," which many of her admirers regard as the best of all her novels, and which certainly

was the one with which she took most loving pains. In it, under a genuine inspiration, and with a worthy ambition to achieve success in a department of fiction different from that in which she considered that she had done nearly all she could do satisfactorily, she threw herself back with wonderful energy into the world of mediæval thought and action which had Florence for its centre and Savonarola for its great reformer; and, with amazing realism of detail and vigour of comprehensive grouping, tracked out through the maze of antique movements and conceptions the beautiful and pathetic story of a heroine, from whose character and surroundings we are taught in most impressive terms to see, as it has been said, that "acceptance of a wider duty gives purpose and meaning to a life that has missed its private chord." This was no slight achievement; and the two journeys to Italy which were undertaken on account of it, the reading of hundreds of books in order that she might obtain complete mastery of her subject, and everything else that she did in brave furtherance of her purpose, were well paid for by the result. But the cost was heavy. "I remember my wife telling me," says Mr. Cross, "how cruelly she suffered from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of 'Romola' ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, 'I began it a young woman, I finished it an old woman.'"

It is not strange that, when George Eliot went back to the Midland counties in the nineteenth century and to the associations of her youth for the groundwork of fresh novels, they lacked freshness. "Felix Holt," whatever its value as a political treatise, was as a novel much inferior to "Romola," the main lesson of which it, to some extent, repeated and modernised. In "Middlemarch," with hardly less skill in the mastery of details than we find in "Romola," and with far more varied strength in the delineation of diverse human passions, commonplace and rare, George Eliot made a unique study of some social conditions of the present day, especially as they mightily affect, and are very feebly affected by, the temper and conduct of such a modern Saint Theresa as she might have herself aspired to be in her Warwickshire years; but there was over-wrought subtlety in the doleful, fatalistic lesson conveyed by her record of the sad and well-nigh wasted life of Dorothea. And "Daniel Deronda" shows yet more excess of psychological elaboration and artificiality in the portraiture of another luckless heroine, Gwendolen, with the inimitably drawn, but to many readers hardly attractive Jew reformer, for its hero. George Eliot did well in not venturing on further

novel-writing after "Daniel Deronda" was finished. The peculiar pungency of satire and fierceness of humour that show themselves on nearly every page of "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such" were a more suitable ending of her work as an author.

Her poems, excellent as some of them are, and curiously indicative as they all are of many of her moods during the years in which they were written, need not be commented on here. Nor is it necessary to supplement the brief review which has been given of her career up to the time when she became famous, by tracing her life during the remaining two-and-twenty years. All the assistance given by Mr. Cross's volumes towards a proper understanding of each stage and phase in this, for the most part, happier and more prosperous period, is welcome and full of instruction. George Eliot was more than a great writer, and the powerful influence that she exerted on contemporary thought and action by her converse with a large and ever-growing circle of friends, as well as by her books, was too important a factor in our social and intellectual development for any thoughtful observer to lose sight of. But these matters stand apart from, however they may be related to, the consideration of her own education as an author.

The conventional prejudices which were shocked by George Eliot's relationship with George Henry Lewes were, to a large extent, weakened, if they were not overcome, by the loyalty and persistence with which that relationship was maintained to the last ; and they were well-nigh propitiated by her marriage with Mr. Cross in May 1880, nearly eighteen months after Lewes's death, and barely more than seven months before her own death on December 22, 1880. It is well that it was so, if thereby any portion of the reading world is encouraged to accept more readily, and to profit more largely by, the pure and noble teachings in morality and in nearly every branch of social wisdom that are abundantly and beautifully uttered in the writings of this woman of genius.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

SOME USES OF SERPENTS.

PROBABLY the most important use to which serpents are put by man, the world over, is as food—repugnant as that idea seems to a civilised palate. That the flesh and eggs of crocodiles, turtles, lizards, and frogs are eaten, is well known; then why not that of snakes? As a matter of fact, serpents are welcomed to the larders—if so unctuous a word will consent to represent stores so lean!—of many barbarians. The Rev. J. L. Krape writes of the Dokers, of East Africa, that they let their nails grow as long as those of the vultures, explaining that they “are used in digging for ants, and in tearing to pieces the serpents which they devour raw.” I hesitate to believe that he saw this with his own eyes.

In the Far East and Polynesia, such meat has always been an article of diet, the Andamanese, for instance, liking the sea-snakes, though refusing terrestrial species. The Karens of Burma and South Australians offer further instances, while this kind of food has long been accepted by the poorer classes of China.

In the Americas, north, south, and central, most of the native races ate serpent-flesh—some from choice, like the Brazilians; others, occasionally, in a ceremonial way, like the Mexicans and Californians; and many, to fight famine during periods of scarcity. The rattlesnake, especially, has been an article of food from one side of the continent to the other; but this is partly owing to the superstitious regard the aborigines of the United States had (and have) for this striking reptile, coupled with the notion which belongs to most primitive men, that one's mind and temperament are influenced by the moral qualities of what is assimilated into the blood, a notion which lies at the foundation of nearly all cannibalism. The cunning spitefulness and certainty of the rattlesnake seem desirable virtues to a Red Indian, hence he eats the snake on certain occasions to acquire them. Many tribes have dances and ceremonies in which the *Crotalus* forms a part. The subject of the symbolism, religious significance, and world-wide use of serpents in sacred rites, is too large and involved to enter upon in this connection, however, and I only allude to it in order to say, that at the conclusion of

these ceremonies, in some instances, the snakes are eaten. Along the coast of Southern California, however, according to Bancroft, all snakes *except* the rattler, were held to be edible. As for the Piutes of the Utah Basin, whose food-supply was limited, and whose tastes were more degraded, perhaps, than those of any other of the native races of North America, they were accustomed to impale the living snake lengthwise on a stick, and hold it writhing over the fire until it was broiled (Powers Smith's report, 1876, p. 453).

John Josselyn, Gent., in one of his quaint old books published about 1672, in regard to New England, records that the New England Indians, "when weary with travelling," would take up rattlesnakes with their bare hands, "laying hold with one hand behind their head, with the other taking hold of their tail, and with their teeth tear off the skin of their backs and feed upon them alive ; which, they say, refresheth them." Charlevoix, an even older writer, says the Indians of Canada (of his day) "chase it and find its flesh very good. I have even heard some *Frenchmen*, who had tasted it, say that it was not bad eating."

An old negro once told me that many of the plantation hands in Alabama and Mississippi were accustomed to eat rattlesnakes, now and then. This, too, might have had some superstition in it, however, though the Central Africans are credited with making food of the huge serpents which prowl in their hot forests, particularly the python.

When at Picolata, Eastern Florida, near the end of the last century, the wise writer of "*Bartram's Travels*" himself killed an unusually long rattlesnake and dragged it into the settlement. "The adventure," says Bartram, "soon reached the ears of the commander, who sent an officer to request that, if the snake had not bitten himself, he might have him served up for his dinner ; I readily delivered up the body to the cooks, and being that day invited to dine at the governor's table, saw the snake served up in several dishes, Governor Grant being fond of the flesh of the rattlesnake ; I tasted it, but I could not swallow it."

I remember hearing, quite lately, of a denizen of the marshes along the North Carolina coast, who, when he couldn't get oysters, always ate snakes—"they are as good as eels," he would assert.

That serpents should figure in the primitive pharmacopœia (which is dictated chiefly by superstition and whim) is natural. Connected with the worshipful regard and veneration in which serpents are held by savage men in all parts of the world, we find that this animal enters, largely into the list of amulets and charms, and that it forms

one of the most universal implements in the mystic equipment of medicine-men, fetish-conjurers, and rain-doctors, the world around. Among the African Marutse medicine-bags are cut from the skin of the python ; they also wear chest-bands and waist-bands of boa or other snake's skin. Krape says that the chief ornament of the East Africans is the spine of a snake worn round the neck ; and that the natives of Fernando P'o, male and female, wear as an ornamental belt its strung vertebræ. It is stated by Peter Jones, the interpreter Long, and others, that when the Ojibways went to war, each took a black water-snake, pulled out its teeth, tied head and tail together, and fastened it round his body. This soon killed it, but the warriors continued to wear these horrible belts until the end of the foray. In a similar way, according to Brickell, the Indians of North Carolina wore "girdles or sashes" of the skin of the king-snake—the most powerful one they knew, for it was able to kill even the dreaded rattler.

All this was undoubtedly prompted by superstition, and much of a piece with the Ojibway's custom of carrying the poison of a rattlesnake to battle in a box or bag as a charm ; but serpents have contributed largely to the world's stock of alleged medicines employed in regular practice. The bodies of snakes, after removal of the viscera, are dried in China and mixed with other drugs in order to make them more effective ; since, from the serpent's habit of hiding in crevices, it is argued and believed that this element causes the whole mixture to penetrate to the utmost recesses of the body. In the Fukien province of China, as appears from the drug collection at the United States National Museum at Washington, snake-skin, powdered, is applied to relieve itching in cutaneous diseases, for piles, &c. The gall of the boa, and, perhaps, other species, is administered internally.

In America the rattlesnake stands especially high as an effective curative, just as the viper has for centuries held an important place in the popular pharmacy of the Old World. Laskiel wrote : "The flesh of the rattlesnake, dried and boiled to a broth, is said to be more nourishing than that of the viper, and of service in consumptions. Their gall is likewise used as a medicine. . . . The skin usually shed by rattlesnakes, is dried and pounded fine by the Indians, who use it internally for many purposes." John Carver records that the Ojibways extracted splinters by means of its cast skin. "It is amazing," he exclaims, "to see the sudden efficacy of this application, notwithstanding there does not appear to be the least moisture remaining in it." In his curious "Natural History of North Carolina," Brickell also refers to this point. "These snakes," he says, "cast their skins every year, and commonly remain near the

place where the old skin lies. These cast skins are frequently pulverised and given with good success in fevers ; so is the gall, mixed with clay, made up in pills, and given in pestilential fevers and the small-pox, for which it is accounted a noble remedy, and a great arcanum, which only some few pretend to know, and to have had the first knowledge and experience of for many years ; so are the rattles good to expedite the birth, and no doubt but it has all those excellent virtues that the viper is endowed with."

The use of *Crotalus* rattles in parturition or for abortion seems to have been very widespread among our aborigines, extending into Mexico and far northward. A Dakota medicine-man explained it by saying that the child heard the rattle, and supposing the snake was coming made haste to get out of its way—a remarkable example of hereditary instinct ! This is nonsense, of course. The real explanation of the custom belongs to the category of religious superstition, as does a large part of savage medical practice.

In casting its skin every spring, the serpent seems to renew its life—a marvellous and suggestive thing. No wonder that the child-like Indians saw in this something supernatural, and stored the cast-off skins in the medicine-bag, believing them endowed with fetishistic and remedial virtues. "Itself thus immortal, they thought it could impart vitality to them. So when the mother was travailing in sore pain and the danger neared that the child would be born silent, the attending women hastened to catch some serpent and give her its blood to drink." Among the red men of the New World, as with ancient Esculapians in the Old, it stands as the sign of the remedial art. Europeans were not slow in accepting these Indian ideas of medicine, and have been still slower in giving them up.

I have heard, within very modern days, of rattlesnake's oil prescribed as a febrifuge, and for divers other ailments, while its value in rheumatism is regarded by few persons with doubt. The demand for it is shown by the fact that the serpents are often hunted systematically in order that quantities of their oil may be obtained. That was the object the men of Warren County, New York, had in killing the eleven hundred snakes of which Dr. Kay gives an account. Every summer to this day, citizens of Portland, Connecticut, go out to the Rattlesnake Ledges and catch the reptiles with gaff-hooks, the local druggists paying them four dollars an ounce for the oil, which finds ready sale. A prominent physician in Washington told me of a case, within his knowledge, where a man, suffering from an ulcer, took a rattlesnake into his bed with the vague idea of somehow extracting the virulence of the sore. In some rural districts of the

Union, men wear the rattles in their hats as a remedy for headache ; and I knew of a case in the Watauga Mountains of North Carolina, where a man, who was far gone with consumption, hung the body of a rattlesnake to dry and smoke in his chimney, in order that he might nibble at it and get well. His faith was weak, and he did not take the medicine ; but a sickly boy began to pull the flesh from the skeleton, and grew fat and sturdy before he had finished it. In the Eastern States it used to be considered a "specific" in cases of epilepsy—a disease with which more witchcraft and superstition is mixed up than almost any other on the catalogue.

In view of these facts, it is not strange that parts of the rattlesnake should be regarded of value as a specific against the poison of its own bite.¹

Similia similibus curantur—hair of the dog cures the bite—is a precious doctrine in the old pharmacopœia, and one handed down from savagery, I fancy. Thus, according to Spanish historians, the Opatas, a Mexican race, took this plan when one of their people was bitten : Seizing the reptile's head between two sticks, the unfortunate Indian would stretch the creature out and bite it along the body ; whereupon, as in Goldsmith's poem of the hero of Islington, the man recovers of the bite, the snake it is that dies. New England tribes prescribed a powder from the serpent's cast skin ; the Delawares and Chippewas rubbed its fat into the wound, and the Potawatamies kept the fang about them as a sure charm against the bite.

The homœopathic school (to come back to modern days) has long employed poisons as medicines, after carefully testing them on the healthy human body. Among these are the poisons of the *Crotalus*, of the *Cobra-di-capello*, the two European vipers, and the *Curucucu*, or Bushmaster, a serpent of the genus *Lachesis*, whose home is in Guiana.

As a means of suicide the small venomous serpents of oriental countries have always been in vogue—the asp of Cleopatra recurring to everyone's memory as a prominent example. In certain parts of Bengal there is said to be a race of Gypsies, one of whom for a fee will furnish a small cobra to any applicant, "and no questions asked." A man who desires to commit murder procures one of these reptiles and places it within a bamboo just long enough to let the head protrude a trifle at one end, and the tail at the other. Armed with this deadly weapon the murderer creeps softly to his enemy's tent at dead of night, cuts a hole in the wall, and introduces the

¹ It is a very old tradition that the viper's fat will cure the viper's bite, as well as other severe and poisonous wounds, such as deep scratches from a cat's claws.

bamboo. The tortured reptile, careless upon whom it wreaks its animosity, strikes its fangs into the sleeper, then is withdrawn, and the assassin steals silently away.

That arrows and spears are poisoned with the venom of serpents, either by itself or in combination, is well known; but how far the woorali poison of Brazil is indebted to this agent for its virulence it is hard to tell.

The skins of serpents have been put to a great diversity of applications, for some of which there is a constant demand, as, for example, among the Vacqueros of Mexico, who protect with rattlesnake hide the cantel and other parts of their saddles likely to be chafed by the tightened lasso, the scales forming a hard and slippery surface better resisting wear than leather; knife sheaths of serpent-hide, as seen among the natives of the Gaboon-river district of Africa, and in South America horse trappings, sword scabbards, and instrument cases are frequently covered with the handsome skin of the anaconda. At the Centennial Exhibition the Argentine Republic showed many tanned skins of snakes, together with boots of the same, and others tipped with lizard's hide. There is also a pair of boots in the United States National Museum made of finely mottled rattlesnake skin, scales outward. In neither case, however, is the effect pleasing, on account of the inapplicability of the material to the purpose; but as a covering for sword-sheath, small box, or musical instrument, the polished and handsome arrangement of colours and scales becomes highly attractive.

For musical instruments, indeed, snake skin has long been preferred by some barbarous makers. At a meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences during the autumn of 1883, Mr. H. T. Cresson is reported to have described certain musical instruments of the ancient Aztics—a nation into whose religion and political economy the serpent, both symbolical and actual, seems to have entered with extraordinary frequency. The *huehuetl*, or large drum of the great temple, at the ancient pueblo of Tenochtitlan, he said, was covered with skins of serpents, and when beaten could be heard a distance of several miles. Whether this material made it more resonant than any other sort of leather, I am not skilful enough to judge. In Surinam, I know, the native drum, which is shaped like an inverted large-mouthed bottle, has a head of snake skins, with the scales outward; and I have seen on the Pacific coast and in museums a great many Chinese and Siamese guitars of the well-known banjo-like shape, which were covered with the skin of some large ophidian. In China the skin of the yan-a, a kind of boa, is said to be the material preferred,

Among the Hupa Indians of Northern California the Dentalium shells, which serve them as native money, are of various sizes and degrees of perfectness, some shells being unfit for circulation as coins. Hence, according to Mr. Stephen Powers, "real money is ornamented with little scratches and carvings, and with very narrow strips of thin, fine snake skin, wrapped spirally around the shells."

Snakes are often employed in tropical countries as a sort of domestic animals. The ship-chandlers of Rio de Janeiro, for example, have each a boa housed among their bulky goods to act as a rat-catcher ; these often become partially tamed, and are recruited by menageries, in which service they perform another utility by affording an income to their owners. Belt and other writers tell how certain species are introduced into the houses of Central and South Americans to clear them of roaches and other disagreeable vermin ; and the same is true of the East Indian latitudes. It has even been done in more northerly climes, for I have a note that some years ago garter snakes were introduced upon Treat's Island, near Eastport, Maine, to kill the mice ; and that now the land is overrun with them.

Lastly, there may be mentioned as a human utilization of serpents (in addition to their educational value in museums), the horrid industry of charming and juggling, by which so many miserable Arabs, Hindoos, Malays, and Chinese, not to speak of the performers in our circuses, sustain themselves ; and also the earning of bounties amounting to many thousands of dollars annually, offered by oriental governments for the killing of poisonous reptiles—especially the cobra.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

SHAKESPEARE & NAPOLEON III.

SHAKESPEARE and Napoleon III. What can be the relation between these two names? the reader will ask. The answer is simple. That reign which began in treachery and ended almost in the ruin of a nation added to its other titles to shame that of having opposed itself to the glory of Shakespeare. The story is brief and laconic as an imperial decree. It is, in fact, the story of a decree.

In 1864, the year of the Shakespeare tercentenary, French literature had made Shakespeare its own, as far perhaps as the genius of the language and of the race permitted. Through the influence of the works of Shakespeare, seconded by that of Goethe, Schiller and Walter Scott, themselves intellectual children of Shakespeare, the French stage had been emancipated from the fetters of classical tragedy. French poetry had received an infusion of new life, and a whole new literature had sprung into existence, which although imitative, in reality, like the old classical literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had nevertheless its roots in modern soil, in the soil of mediæval and modern Europe, and not in the stones and dust of ancient Greece and Rome. In 1864 the Romantic school had played its rôle; it had accomplished a literary renaissance; it had awakened the nation to a sense of its individuality, and to a knowledge of its history in the novels and dramas of Dumas; it had swept away the benumbing tyranny of the pseudo-Aristotelian unities and substituted for them the liberty of the drama. The battle was won. The glory of Shakespeare was as undisputed in France as in any country, and in the faithful and excellent translation of François Victor Hugo, the son of the great poet, the French had at length raised a literary monument not unworthy of the great master.

Victor Hugo himself, following the example of his son, took up his Shakespeare, the idol of the generation of 1830, and, with a view to introducing the new translation which François Victor Hugo had completed after ten years of loving labour, he wrote his volume called *William Shakespeare*. Mr. John Russell Lowell rightly estimates this curious production in the following apostrophe,—“M. Hugo

alone, convinced, that as founder of the French Romantic school, there is a kind of family likeness between himself and Shakespeare, stands boldly forth to prove the father as extravagant as the son. Calm yourself, M. Hugo, you are no more a child of his than Will Davenant was !”

The book was published in 1864, a few days before the jubilee, and every means was employed by the publisher and by the poet's friends in France to make the volume famous. It was, indeed, to have been one of the great features of the celebration of the tercentenary in France, and at the same time a grand literary manifesto, as is set forth in the publisher's prospectus, from which we extract a few characteristic lines. “ À l'occasion de Shakespeare, M. Victor Hugo a abordé toutes les questions complexes de l'art et de la civilisation. Quelle que soit la grandeur du titre, le livre le déborde. Ce n'est pas une œuvre purement littéraire, c'est un livre où sont magistralement traités les sujets les plus variés d'histoire, de philosophie et d'art. Il est idéal et humain, et c'est par là qu'il se rattache aux émotions actuelles, aux questions pendantes et aux intérêts vivants. Ce sera le manifeste littéraire du dix-neuvième siècle.”

Victor Hugo, it must be remembered, was at this time a voluntary exile. In his dignified retirement at Guernsey he represented to the liberal youth of imperial France the very personification of outraged liberty. Every word that he wrote re-echoed in the silence that Napoleon had spread around his throne. *Napoléon le Petit* and *Les Châtiments* had made all the younger generation soldiers of the Republic, so that not only was Victor Hugo the father of all contemporary poets, but he was also the political master of the generations that arrived at manhood while the empire weighed upon France like a sinister carnival.

It is this twofold character of poet and politician, of artist and philanthropist that makes Victor Hugo a very delicate subject of discussion. In this celebration of the purely literary glory of Shakespeare one would have thought that politics, least of all things, would have been able to throw in a discordant note. But in talking and reasoning about France and things French it has been said we must never forget to take into consideration the *imprévu*, “ the unforeseen.” The conduct of the Imperial Government was, doubtless, stupid, but perhaps Victor Hugo's friends were not altogether reasonable.

However that may be, *William Shakespeare* was “ puffed ” to an alarming extent. Victor Hugo himself was, perhaps, only indirectly responsible for the preliminary *réclames* which filled the columns of the newspapers, and for the posters that covered the blank walls of

France. The great poet has always been renowned for his business capacity, and he drove such hard bargains with his publisher at that time, Lacroix, that he finally brought the poor man to bankruptcy and ruin. In advertising the volume beyond all measure Lacroix was only looking after his own interests.

The public celebration of the tercentenary was to have consisted in a banquet and a special performance at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre. The programme of the evening comprised the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and M. Paul Meurice's *Hamlet*, the second version in conformity with the text of Shakespeare, and relieved of the "improvements" of Alexandre Dumas. The banquet was announced to take place at the Grand Hôtel, and the newspapers of April 12, 1864, contained a paragraph to this effect :

"A meeting of writers, authors, dramatic artists, and representatives of all the liberal professions has been held with a view to organising at Paris, for April 23, a fête on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare.

"Have been nominated members of the French Shakespearian Committee : MM. Barye, Ch. Bataille (of the Conservatoire), Hector Berlioz, Alexandre Dumas, Jules Favre, George Sand, Théophile Gautier, François-Victor Hugo, Jules Janin, Legouvé, Littré, Michelet, Eugène Pelletan, Regnier (of the Comédie Française). Secretaries : MM. Laurent Pichat, Leconte de Lisle, Félicien Mallefille, Paul de Saint-Victor, Thoré. The presidency of honour was conferred upon M. Victor Hugo."

Both the banquet and the performance were prohibited at the last moment "par ordre de l'autorité." A Shakespeare banquet, which had been organised by the English residents in Paris, was likewise prohibited to prevent jealousy.

Nevertheless, the *Presse* had published the toast "To Shakespeare and to England" which Victor Hugo had sent from Guernsey to be read at the banquet, a toast "À la réussite définitive des grands hommes, et à la communion des peuples dans le progrès et dans l'idéal !" Was there anything seditious in the speech ? Was there any allusion, any phrase, that lent itself to equivocation ? No. The simple name of Victor Hugo, the honorary president, was alone the cause of the prohibition. The author of *Napoleon le Petit* was the bugbear of the Empire.

This is the simple story of the prohibition of the Shakespeare Banquet. It was announced ; it was prohibited ; and there was an end of it. But the gossips did not dismiss the matter so lightly. The *Hugophiles* and the opposition were furious ; Emile de Girardin wrote

as severely ironical a criticism of the Government as the Government thought proper to allow, and the wits spun sprightly yarns which revealed something of what was going on behind the scenes. Edmond About, for instance—who, by the way, was at that time a habitué of the *séries* of Compiègne—represented—very pleasantly it must be confessed—the Shakespeare Banquet as an advertisement, organised by the publisher of *William Shakespeare*, as a “réclame en nourriture.” “The scenery,” continues M. About in his *chronique* in the *Nouvelle Revue de Paris*, “the scenery would have represented something simple and terrible, in the style of the last act of ‘*Lucrèce Borgia*.’ The president’s chair, covered with a black veil, was to have remained empty, in order to remind the guests of the exile of M. Victor Hugo, who is not an exile. The author of the volume had sent to Paris a preface in the form of a toast. . . . Unfortunately, the Government, which does not sufficiently count upon the force of ridicule, put an end to the fête by an act of authority.”

It may interest Shakespearians to read the toast that George Sand sent to be proposed at the banquet. Here it is in the original French :

“C’est une excellente idée que de fêter les grands morts. Ce sont nos saints et nos prophètes, à nous autres ; et nous devrions avoir notre calendrier. Je m’associe de toute ma foi et de tout mon cœur à votre réunion. J’y serai en esprit. Portez-y, en mon nom, la santé du divin Shakespeare, celui de nous tous qui se porte le mieux, car il a triomphé de Voltaire et il est sorti sain et sauf de ses puissantes mains.

“Un autre jour, nous fêterons Voltaire quand-même, vu qu’il a triomphé de bien d’autres. Notre gloire à nous sera d’avoir remplacé nos maîtres dans le même panthéon, et d’avoir compris que tout génie vient du même Dieu, le Dieu à qui tout beau chemin conduit et dont la vérité est le temple.

“Mes respects ou amitiés à tous nos frères en Shakespeare.—*George Sand.*”

THEODORE CHILD.

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.¹

I AM about to endeavour to set forth the life and work of Sir William Siemens, who was not only an ardent scientific discoverer, but one whose work for the last five or six years has interested the general public to a degree that has perhaps never before been the case with any man so devoted to science as he was. Of him it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that he has, beyond all his contemporaries, promoted the practical application of scientific discovery to industrial purposes. It has also been said by one who had the privilege of his friendship, that "no one could know him without feeling how lovely his character was. Wonderful as were the qualities of his mind, they were equalled by the nobleness of his heart."

These two sentences, then, will serve to indicate my purpose. In telling, with necessary brevity, the story of the life of Sir William Siemens, I shall try to keep in view the fact that even his great powers, without his large heart, would never have produced the impression which he did upon the national mind. Hence, after I have given a sketch of some of the more important discoveries of the inventor, and their consequences to the national life, I shall, with the help of materials most kindly and liberally placed at my disposal by his family, try to show what manner of man he was, and what impression he made upon those who had the very great advantage of personal communion with him.

Charles William Siemens was born at Lenthe in Hanover on April 4, 1823, and was one among many of a family eminent for their scientific knowledge and practical skill. The possession of such unusual talents by a whole family is rarer, perhaps, in the intellectual life of England than in that of Germany; at any rate, in the absence of definite statistics such as those compiled with so much care by Mr. Francis Galton, the general impression is that such is the case. It is not difficult to discern in the scientific career of the Brothers Siemens some prominent characteristics of their race; and in the life of Sir William, the sympathy of the German mind for

¹ A Lecture delivered before the (London) Sunday Lecture Society, January 18, 1885.

general principles, and the tenacity with which it clings to them, are well illustrated, and stand out in strongly-marked contrast to the usual indifference of the average English mind to theoretic conclusions, as opposed to so-called practical ones. It would be well-nigh impossible to find among Englishmen one instance in which an inventor has been so confident of the possible utility of a few grand general principles, that he has worked out from them several great inventions ; and that he felt himself justified in this confidence after years of hard work is evidenced by his own saying that "the farther we advance, the more thoroughly do we approach the indications of pure science in our practical results."

William Siemens received his early educational training at Lübeck, and in the course of it the stimulus afforded to excellence of workmanship by the German guild system made an early and lasting impression upon his mind, for he repeatedly referred to it in after life. From Lübeck he went to the Polytechnical School at Magdeburg, where he studied physical science with apparatus of the most primitive kind, and under great disadvantages, as compared with the facilities of our modern laboratories. After this he studied at Göttingen University, where, under Wöhler and Himly, he first got that insight into chemical laws which laid the foundation of his metallurgical knowledge, and here began to develop in him that wonderful thirst for discovery, which abundant success never quenched. Here, also, occurred what he has himself described as "the determining incident of his life." Mr. Elkington, of Birmingham, utilising the discoveries of Davy, Faraday, and Jacobi, had devised the first practical application of that form of energy which we now call the electric current, and in 1842 he established a practical process of electro-plating. In the following year, as the result of his own and his brother Werner's work, William Siemens presented himself before Mr. Elkington with an improvement in his process, which was adopted. This is the first on the list of inventions on the diagram behind me. Speaking of his first landing in London he says :—

"I expected to find some office in which inventions were examined, and rewarded if found meritorious ; but no one could direct me to such a place. In walking along Finsbury Pavement, I saw written up in large letters so-and-so (I forget the name) 'undertaker,' and the thought struck me that this must be the place I was in quest of. At any rate I thought that a person advertising himself as an undertaker would not refuse to look into my invention, with a view of obtaining for me the sought-for recognition or reward. On entering the place I soon convinced myself, however, that I had come

decidedly too soon for the kind of enterprise there contemplated, and finding myself confronted with the proprietor of the establishment, I covered my retreat by what he must have thought a very inadequate excuse."

Returning to Germany, he became a pupil in the engine works of Count Stolberg, to study mechanical engineering. While there he worked out a great improvement upon Watt's centrifugal governor for regulating the supply of steam to an engine, and in 1844 he returned to England with his invention, and soon decided to stay here. His object in doing so was to enjoy the security which the English patent law afforded to inventors, for in his own country there were then no such laws. This chronometric governor, though not very successful commercially, introduced him to the engineering world ; it was originally intended for steam engines, but its chief application has been to regulate the movement of the great transit instrument at Greenwich. Then followed in quick succession several minor inventions which met with varying practical success, such as the process of anastatic printing, which was made the subject of a Royal Institution lecture in 1845 by Faraday ; a water meter, which has since been in general use ; an air pump, &c., &c.

About this time the researches of Joule, Carnot, and Mayer upon the relations between heat and mechanical work were attracting much attention among scientific men, and at the age of twenty-three, William Siemens adopted the hypothesis now known as the dynamical theory of heat. More than once I have drawn attention to the exact numerical relation between units of heat and units of work established by Joule, viz., that 772 foot-pounds of work is required to generate heat enough to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water 1° Fah., and I have pointed out here and elsewhere that this was the first well-authenticated example of that grandest of modern generalisations, the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, the truth of which is constantly receiving new illustrations.

With a mind thoroughly pervaded by this important principle, Siemens applied himself to the study of steam and caloric engines, and saw at once that there was an enormous difference between the theoretical and the actual power gained from the heat developed by the combustion of a given quantity of coal, and hence that there was a very large margin for improvement. He at once determined to try to utilise some of this wasted heat, and he conceived the idea (to which I invite your particular attention) of making a regenerator, or an accumulator, which should retain or store a limited quantity of heat, and be capable of yielding it up again when required for the

performance of any work. In the factory of Mr. John Hicks, of Bolton, he first constructed an engine on this plan; the saving in fuel was great, but it was attended by mechanical difficulties which at that time he was unable to solve. The Society of Arts, however, recognised the value of the principle by awarding him a gold medal in 1850. Three years afterwards, his paper "On the Conversion of Heat into Mechanical Effect," before the Institution of Civil Engineers, gained him the Telford premium (awarded only once in five years) and the medal of the Institution. In 1856 he gave a lecture upon his engine at the Royal Institution, considered as the result of ten years' experimental work, and as the first practical application of the mechanical theory of heat; he then indicated the economic considerations which encouraged him to persevere in his experiments, pointing out that the total national expenditure for steam-coal alone amounted to eight millions sterling per year, of which at least two-thirds might be saved!

His efforts to improve the steam-engine, however, were speedily followed by a still more important application of the mechanical theory of heat to industrial purposes. In 1857 his younger brother, and then pupil, Frederick (who, since the death of Sir William, has undertaken the sole charge of the development of this branch of his elder brother's work), suggested to him the employment of regenerators for the purpose of saving some of the heat wasted in metallurgical operations, and for four years he laboured to attain this result, constructing several different forms of furnace. His chief practical difficulties arose from the use of solid fuel—coal or coke—but when, in 1859, he hit upon the plan of converting the solid fuel into gaseous, which he did by the aid of his gas-producer, he found that the results obtained with his regenerators exceeded his most sanguine expectations. In 1861 the first practical regenerative gas furnace was erected at the glass works of Messrs. Chance Bros. in Manchester, and it was found to be very economical in its results. Early in 1862 the attention of Faraday was drawn to this matter, and on June 20 of the same year, that prince of experimentalists appeared before the Royal Institution audience for the last time to explain the wonderful simplicity, economy, and power of the Siemens regenerative gas furnace. Age and experience have not diminished the high estimation in which it is held; after nearly twenty years of continuous working and extended application, Sir Henry Bessemer described it in 1880 as an "invention which was at once the most philosophic in principle, the most powerful in action, and the most economic, of all the contrivances for producing heat by the combustion of coal."

The furnace consists essentially of three parts ; (1) the gas producer, which converts the solid coal into gaseous fuel ; (2) the regenerators, usually four in number, which are filled with firebrick piled in such a way as to break up into many parts a current of air or gas passing through them ; (3) the furnace proper, where the combustion is actually accomplished. In using the furnace, the gaseous fuel and air are conducted through one pair of regenerators to the combustion chamber ; the heated gases from this, on their way to the chimney, pass through the other pair of regenerators, heating them in their passage. In the course of, say, one hour, the currents are reversed, so that the comparatively cold gas and air pass over these heated regenerators before entering the furnace, and rob them of their heat. While this is going on, the first pair of regenerators is being heated again, and thus, by working them in alternate pairs, nearly all the heat, which would otherwise have escaped unused into the chimney, is utilised.

By this process of accumulation the highest possible temperature (only limited by the point at which its materials begin to melt) can be obtained in the furnace chamber, without an intensified draft, and with inferior fuel.

It has been found that this furnace is capable of making a ton of crucible steel with *one-sixth* of the fuel required without it, and that while the temperature of the furnace chamber exceeded 4,000° Fahrenheit, the waste products of combustion escaped into the chimney at 240° Fahrenheit, or very little above the temperature at which water boils in the open air.

At the locomotive works of the London and North Western Railway at Crewe, where these furnaces have long been used, it was formerly the practice to lock a piece of pitch pine into the flue leading to the chimney, and if at the end of the week the wood was charred, it was evidence that more heat had been wasted than ought to have been, and the men in charge of the furnace were fined.

This all-important national question, the waste of fuel, which in modern phraseology may be truly called the waste of energy, was constantly before the mind of Sir William Siemens, who lost no opportunity, in his public utterances, of impressing his hearers, and that still wider circle which he reached through the medium of the press, with a sense of the weighty consequences which it involved. In an address at Liverpool in 1872, as President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, he estimated the total coal consumption of this country at one hundred and twenty million tons, which at 10s. per ton amounted to sixty millions sterling. He strongly asserted

that one-half of this might be saved by the general adoption of improved appliances which were within the range of actual knowledge; and he went on to speak of outside speculations, which would lead to the expectation of accomplishing these ends with one-eighth or even one-tenth of the actual expenditure. In 1873 he delivered a famous lecture on Fuel to the operative classes at Bradford, on behalf of the British Association, in which he illustrated how fuel should be used by three examples, typical of the three great branches of consumption: *a*, the production of steam power; *b*, the domestic hearth; *c*, the metallurgical furnace. In connection with the last point he mentioned that the Sheffield pot steel-melting furnace only utilised *one-seventieth* part of the theoretical heat developed in the combustion, and contrasted with it his own furnace for melting steel. In discussing the question of the duration of our coal supply, he indicated what should be our national aim in the following suggestive and inspiring passage:

"In working through the statistical returns of the progressive increase of population, of steam power employed, and of production of iron and steel, &c., I find that our necessities increase at a rate of not less than 8 per cent. per annum, whereas our coal consumption increases only at the rate of 4 per cent., showing that the balance of 4 per cent. is met by what may be called our 'intellectual progress.' Now, considering the enormous margin for improvement before us, I contend that we should not be satisfied with this rate of intellectual progress, involving as it does an annual deficit of four million tons to be met by increased coal production, but that we should bring our intellectual progress up to the rate of our industrial progress, by which means we should make the coal production nearly a constant quantity for several generations to come."

One of the direct results of this lecture, which was read and warmly commended by some of the most eminent men of the time, was that Dr. Siemens was consulted by Mr. Mundella in reference to parliamentary action by the Board of Trade in regard to the coal question.

In 1874 he received the Albert Gold Medal from the Society of Arts "for his researches in connection with the laws of heat, and for services rendered by him in the economisation of fuel in its various applications to manufactures and the arts," and in 1877 he devoted nearly the whole of his address to the Iron and Steel Institute, of which he was then President, to the same subject, in which, as regards the probable duration of our coal supply, he had been for some time engaged in a controversy with the late Professor Jevons, maintaining

that "the ratio of increase of population and output of manufactured goods would be nearly balanced for many years to come by the further introduction of economical processes, and that our annual production would remain substantially the same within that period, which would probably be a period of comparatively cheap coal."

One of the most important applications of the regenerative furnace has been to the manufacture of steel, and he soon perceived that it was necessary for himself to solve the various difficulties which others regarded as practically insuperable. "Having," he says, "been so often disappointed by the indifference of manufacturers and the antagonism of their workmen, I determined in 1865 to erect experimental or 'sample steel works' of my own at Birmingham, for the purpose of maturing the details of these processes, before inviting manufacturers to adopt them." The success of experiments in 1867-68, in making steel rails, brought about the formation of the Landore Siemens Steel Co., whose works were opened in 1874. When Dr. Siemens was knighted, the employes of this company embodied their congratulations in an address, and had prepared for him a very beautiful model of a steel furnace in ivory and silver; the presentation of these was prevented by his premature death, but the address stated that "the quantity of steel made here to the end of last year on your process was upwards of 400,000 tons!" In the ten years ending in 1882, the annual production of open-hearth steel in the United Kingdom increased from 77,500 tons to 436,000 tons. During an action in the Superior Courts of the United States, it was stated that the inventor had received a million dollars in royalties, the annual saving in that country by his process being $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions of dollars! These statements refer mainly, I believe, to the conversion of cast or wrought iron into steel, either by the "direct" process of acting on pig-iron with iron ore in an open hearth, or by the "scrap-process" (Siemens-Martin) of melting wrought-iron and steel scrap in a bath of pig-metal. Both of these require the preliminary treatment of the blast furnace, and in speaking of them in 1873, Dr. Siemens said that "however satisfactory these results might appear, I have never considered them in the light of final achievements. On the contrary, I have always looked upon the direct conversion of iron and steel from the ore, without the intervention of blast furnaces and the refinery, as the great object to be attained." How far he succeeded in this may be gathered from the fact that in a paper read on April 29, 1883, before the Iron and Steel Institute, on the "Manufacture of Iron and Steel by the Direct Process," he showed how to produce 15 cwt. of wrought iron

direct from the ore in three hours, with a consumption of 25 cwt. of coal per ton of metal, which is one-half the quantity previously required for the production of a ton of pig-iron only, in the blast furnace! The long and costly experiments which ended in the realisation of his views extended over twenty-five years; and it is worthy of note that he told the Parliamentary Committee on Patents that he would not have continued them if the English patent law had not insured such a period of protection as would repay him for his labour.

Great, however, as the economic results of the gas-producer have been, its inventor looked forward to still more remarkable applications of it. In 1882 he told the British Association, in his presidential address, that he thought "the time is not far distant when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas as the most convenient, the cleanest, and the cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will be seen only at the colliery or the gas-works. In all cases where the town to be supplied is within, say, thirty miles of the colliery, the gas-works may with advantage be planted at the mouth, or, still better, at the bottom of the pit, whereby all haulage of fuel would be avoided, and the gas, in its ascent from the bottom of the colliery, would acquire an onward pressure sufficient probably to impel it to its destination. The possibility of transporting combustible gas through pipes for such a distance has been proved at Pittsburg, where natural gas from the oil district is used in large quantities." It may be well to point out here that as a step towards this, it was a favourite project of his—practically carried out in some places—to divide the gaseous products of the ordinary distillation of coal into two, the middle portions being illuminating gas of 18 to 20 candle power instead of 16, and the first and last portions, which under this system may be largely increased, being heating gas; such gas he expected to see sold at 1s. per 1,000 cubic feet. The obvious and only practical objection to the plan is the necessity for doubling all the mains and service-pipes. That we shall eventually burn gaseous fuel on the domestic hearth, as we have lately learnt to do on the metallurgical, I have not the smallest doubt; it is a mere question of the time necessary for the education of the public mind upon the question; the apter the pupil, the more speedy will be the desired result. Let it be thoroughly understood by every one that the soot which hangs in a pall over London in a single day is *equivalent to at least fifty tons of coal*, and then there will be no difficulty in seeing that the true and the only remedy for our London fogs, with all their attendant ills, is—gaseous fuel. May we not

hope that, though Sir William Siemens has gone from among us, the great movement for smoke abatement, in which he so earnestly laboured during the last three years of his life, may have full effect?

If I have dwelt thus long upon this particular branch of my subject, it is because I know of no other which so well illustrates two points in Sir William Siemens' character which I alluded to at the outset : his unwavering devotion to general principles and their consequences, and his ardent desire to promote the practical welfare of mankind. There is, however, as the late Professor Rolleston remarked to him, no subject which more impresses the minds even of persons who are laymen as regards science, than the history of Telegraphy (and I may perhaps be permitted to add, of Electrical Engineering generally), now so inseparably connected with his name. The University of Göttingen, at which he studied, was the cradle, if not the birthplace, of the electric telegraph in 1833. Shortly after, Sir Charles Wheatstone in England, and Mr. Morse in the United States, were simultaneously working at the same problem, and each claimed the honour of having solved it.

The telegraph, however, was still in a very undeveloped state when the Brothers Siemens began to study it, and their series of inventions, especially for long-distance telegraphy, largely aided in bringing it to its present condition. One of their first was the Relay, an electro-magnet so delicate that it will move with the weakest current. By the use of five of Siemens' polarised relays, a message can be sent by the Indo-European Telegraph from London to Teherán, a distance of 3,800 miles, without any retransmission by hand, and during the Shah of Persia's visit in 1873, Dr. Siemens arranged for messages to be thus regularly despatched from a room in Buckingham Palace. In 1858, Messrs. Siemens Brothers established near London the well-known telegraph works, and the construction by them in 1868 and following years of the Indo-European Telegraph—the overland double line to India through Prussia, Southern Russia, and Persia—was the first great undertaking of the kind. Writing of it in August 1882, during the first Egyptian campaign, Dr. Siemens said, "At the present time our communication with India, Australia, and the Cape depends, notwithstanding the nominal existence of a line through Turkey, on the Indo-European Telegraph."

The Messrs. Siemens were also pioneers in submarine telegraphy, the first cable covered with gutta-percha having been laid across the Rhine by Dr. Werner Siemens in 1847. The invention of the machine for coating the conducting wire with the insulating

material, gutta-percha or indiarubber, is entirely due to Dr. William Siemens, who also subsequently designed the steamship *Faraday* for the special work of laying and repairing submarine cables. This unique vessel was launched on Feb. 16, 1874, and when she was completed, Dr. Siemens invited all his scientific friends to inspect her, and challenged them to suggest any improvements in her arrangements. She was first used in laying the Direct United States Cable, which is above 3,000 miles in length. In this connection I may perhaps be permitted to relate a very characteristic anecdote. When Dr. Siemens took a contract for a cable, the electrical tests of which were specified, it was his invariable habit to give out to the works a considerably higher test, which every section of the cable had to pass, or be rejected *in toto*. In the case of this cable, probably during manipulation on board ship, a minute piece of wire penetrated the insulating material, bringing down the electrical test to a point below the "works" test, but still decidedly above the contract test. The discovery was not made until so late that to cut out the faulty piece involved a delay of some days in the middle of the Atlantic, but Dr. Siemens insisted upon its being done; after this, stormy weather came on, and the cable had to be cut and buoyed; while the *Faraday* had to winter on the American side, and resume operations next spring. The money loss involved amounted, I am told, to more than £30,000. Perhaps the most remarkable of the later feats was the fulfilment of a contract with the Compagnie Française du Telegraphe de Paris à New York, who ordered a cable 3,000 miles long from the Messrs. Siemens in March 1879, and it was handed over to them in perfect working order in September of the same year! There are now nearly 90,000 miles of submarine cable at work, costing about £32,000,000, and a fleet of thirty-two ships are employed in laying, watching, and repairing these cables, of which there are now eleven across the Atlantic alone.

In connection with the subject of telegraphy, and as an instance of the versatility of Dr. Siemens's inventive powers, I may point out that in 1876 he brought out the pneumatic postal telegraph tube, by which, as is pretty generally known, written messages are blown or sucked through tubes on various metropolitan routes, instead of being transmitted electrically. About the same time, also, he constructed his ingenious bathometer, for ascertaining the depth of the sea at any given point, without the tedious operation of sounding; and some years previously he worked out his electrical thermometer or pyrometer, enabling the observer to read the temperature (when-ever he desired) at any distant and inaccessible point, such as the

top of a mountain, the bottom of the sea, the air between the layers of a cable, or the interior of a furnace.

Probably the most prominent idea associated in the public mind with the name of Siemens is that of electric lighting, and perhaps electric tram and railroads. As I have more than once pointed out in this room, the dynamo-machine, by which mechanical energy is converted into that form of energy known as electricity (which may be used both for lighting and for the transmission of power), is derived from a principle discovered by Faraday in 1831. Sir William Siemens' devotion to this, and the important practical consequences which he deduced from it, constitute another example of that mental characteristic to which I have already alluded. Faraday's discovery, briefly described, was that when a bar magnet was suddenly inserted into a coil of wire, or when a wire was suddenly moved through a magnetic field, a momentary current of electricity was developed in the wire. Although this current is exceedingly small and brief, it is capable of unlimited multiplication by mechanical arrangements of a simple kind. One means for accomplishing this multiplication was the Siemens armature of 1857, which consisted, at first, of a piece of iron with wire wound round it longitudinally, not transversely, the whole to be rotated between the poles of a powerful magnet; in its present form it is one of the most powerful and perfect things of its kind, and the evolution of the Siemens armature, as we now have it, from the rudimentary type of a quarter of a century ago, has been characterised by Sir W. Thomson as one of the most beautiful products of inventive genius, and more like the growth of a flower than to almost anything else in the way of mechanism made by man.

Ten years afterwards came his classical paper "On the Conversion of Dynamical into Electrical Force, without the use of permanent Magnetism," which was read before the Royal Society on February 14, 1867. Strangely enough, the discovery of the same principle was enunciated at the same meeting by Sir Charles Wheatstone, while there is yet a third claimant in the person of Mr. Cromwell Varley, who had previously applied for a patent in which the idea was embodied. It can never be quite certain, therefore, who was the first discoverer of the principle upon which modern dynamo-machines are constructed. I need not describe here the way in which this principle is carried out in all dynamo-machines. Suffice it to say that they differ from Faraday's magneto-electric machines in having electro-magnets in the place of permanent steel magnets, and that these electro-magnets are, if I may be allowed the expression, self-excited by the play of mutual give and take between the armature and the magnet.

It was the invention of the dynamo-machine which made practicable the application of electricity to industrial purposes. Experiments have shown that it is capable of transforming into electrical work 90 per cent. of the mechanical energy employed as motive power. Its practical application is still in its infancy. In 1785 Watt completed his "improvements" in the steam-engine, and the century which has since elapsed has not sufficed to demonstrate the full extent of its utility. What may we not expect in the next hundred years from the extension of the dynamo-machine to practical purposes?

In the development of appliances for the production of the electric light Sir William Siemens took a leading part, and, as is well known, his firm has been *facile princeps* at all the important electrical exhibitions. But while ever zealous to promote its progress, he never took a partisan view of its utility, candidly admitting that gas must continue to be the poor man's friend. In 1882 he told the Society of Arts that "Electricity must win the day *as the light of luxury*, but gas will find an ever-increasing application for the more humble purposes of diffusing light."

In the hands of Dr. Siemens the enormous energy displayed in the Electric Arc was applied to other purposes than mere lighting. In June 1880 he greatly astonished the Society of Telegraph Engineers by exhibiting the power of an electrical furnace designed by him to melt considerable quantities of such exceedingly refractory metals as platinum, iridium, &c. He explained that he was led to undertake experiments with this end in view by the consideration that a good steam-engine converts 15 per cent. of the energy of coal into mechanical effect, while a good dynamo-machine is capable of converting 80 per cent. of the mechanical into electrical energy. If the latter could be expended without loss in an electric furnace, it would doubtless far exceed in economy any known air furnace.

Moreover Sir William Siemens may fairly be described as the creator of electro-horticulture. Some experiments which he made early in 1880 led him to the conclusion that the electric light could influence the production of colouring matter in leaves, and promote the ripening of fruit at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day and night. In the following winter he put these conclusions to the test of experience on a large scale at his country house, Sherwood, near Tunbridge Wells, and the results obtained were communicated to the British Association at York in 1881, in a paper, the value of which was recognised by its receiving the rare distinction of being printed in full in the annual report.

Some photographs, which he kindly allowed me to take, represent the difference between three kinds of corn grown under ordinary conditions, and the same corn, under the same conditions, with the added stimulus of the electric light from sunset to sunrise. He came to the conclusion that, although periodic darkness evidently favours growth in the sense of elongating the stalks of plants, the *continuous* stimulus of light was favourable to a healthy development at a greatly accelerated pace, through all the stages of the annual life of the plant, from the early leaf to the ripened fruit.

I have left until the last any notice of a field of work which the Messrs. Siemens may be truly said to have made peculiarly their own, viz., the electrical transmission and distribution of power; for I firmly believe that in the future, although not perhaps in the near future, the practical consequences of this will be such as are little dreamed of now; and this opinion is, I know, held by men far more competent to judge than I am.

In March 1877 Dr. Siemens startled the world, in his address to the Iron and Steel Institute, by his proposal to transmit to distant points some of the energy of the Falls of Niagara. As I have before explained in this room, the electrical transmission of energy depends upon the fact that a dynamo-machine may be used either to convert mechanical into electrical energy, *or to effect the reverse change*. Hence to transmit power in this way, two dynamo-machines, connected by a metallic conducting rod, or cable, are necessary; the first, at the water-fall or other source of power, produces the electrical energy, which, in its turn, is reconverted into mechanical power by the second dynamo at the other end of the line. In his own grounds at Tunbridge Wells he made numerous experiments in this subject, distributing the power from a central steam-engine over various parts of his farm, there to perform different functions. The most interesting practical examples, as yet, are to be seen in the electric railroads erected and worked by Siemens Brothers in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, &c., and in the Electric Tramroad at Portrush. The special interest of this line lies in the fact that it was the first real application to railroads of "waste energy," inasmuch as the cars are propelled by the power of a waterfall eight miles off! The last occasion on which I had the privilege of meeting Sir William Siemens was when, honoured by his invitation, I was present at the opening of this line in September 28, 1883. On that occasion, which, half-a-century hence, will be as memorable as the opening of the Stockton and Darlington railroad, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland recognised the fact that this was an entirely new departure in the development of

the resources of Ireland, and Sir William Siemens, in a most characteristic speech, admitted that, had he known the difficulties before him, he should have thought twice before he said "Yes" to Dr. Traill's question as to whether the proposed line could be worked electrically, but that, having said "Yes," he was determined to carry out the project. As illustrating the character of the man, I may here quote the saying common in his workshops, that as soon as any particular problem had been given up by everybody as a bad job, it had only to be taken to Dr. Siemens for him to suggest half-a-dozen ways of solving it, two of which would be complicated and impracticable, two difficult, and two perfectly satisfactory.

His extraordinary mental activity is shown in the fact that between 1845 and 1883 no less than 133 patents were granted in England to the Messrs. Siemens, 1846 and 1851 being the only years in which none were taken out. During the same period he contributed as many as 128 papers on scientific subjects to various journals, only three years in this case also being without such evidences of work, and in 1882 the number of these papers reached seventeen, the average being about seven patents and original scientific papers per year for more than the third of a century, a truly wonderful record of untiring industry. To show the impression his work made upon the world, I quote the following passage from the many which appeared in the newspapers at the time of his death. It is headed :

ONE MAN'S INTELLECT.

Siemens telegraph wires gird the earth, and the Siemens cable steamer *Faraday* is continually engaged in laying new ones. By the Siemens method has been solved the problem of fishing out from the stormy ocean, from a depth comparable to that of the vale of Chamounix, the ends of a broken cable. Electrical resistance is measured by the Siemens mercury unit. "Siemens" is written on water meters, and Russian and German revenue officers are assisted by Siemens apparatus in levying their assessments. The Siemens process for silvering and gilding, and the Siemens anastatic printing, mark stages in the development of these branches of industry. Siemens differential regulators control the action of the steam-engines that forge the English arms at Woolwich, and that of the chronographs on which the transits of the stars are marked at Greenwich. The Siemens cast-steel works and glasshouses, with their regenerative furnaces, are admired by all artisans. The Siemens electric light shines in assembly-rooms and public places, and the Siemens gas light competes with it, while the Siemens electro-culture in greenhouses bids defiance to our long winter nights. The Siemens electric railway is destined to rule in cities and tunnels. The Siemens electric furnace, melting three pounds of platinum in twenty minutes, was the wonder of the Paris Exposition, which might well have been called an exposition of Siemens apparatus and productions, so prominent were they there.

Almost alone among all these results, his theory of the "Conservation of Solar Energy" dealt with a question not affecting, or at

least not immediately affecting, human welfare. A great authority has characterised this as "one of the highest and most brilliant flights that the scientific imagination has ever made." While astronomers quietly accepted the conclusion that the sun is cooling down, and will become at some distant but calculable epoch a mere cinder hung in space, he endeavoured to show that energy can no more be lost in the solar system than it is in the laboratory or the factory. Sir William Siemens's theory assumed that the interplanetary spaces are filled with an exceedingly thin or rare atmosphere of the compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, such for example as aqueous vapour and hydro-carbons. In this atmosphere the sun is revolving with a velocity four times that of the earth, and hence the solar atmosphere at his equator is thrown out to an enormous distance from his surface. One consequence of this is a perpetual indraught, at the poles of the sun, of the surrounding atmosphere. Thus the sun is everlastingly being fed, and everlastingly sending out its light and heat, which thus recuperate themselves; in this way the solar energy, which is sometimes assumed to be lost in the empty void of interstellar space, really acts upon the rare vapours therein, and converts the universe into a kind of vast regenerative furnace! Had the author of this ingenious theory lived but a few years longer, he would doubtless have laboured to strengthen it with further observations and arguments. As it is, it must remain as a daring and original suggestion, the effort of a keen and sagacious mind to bring to fresh subjects the experience and the knowledge accumulated by work of quite a different kind. It is more scientific to believe, with him, that there is some restorative and conservative agency at work, than to suppose that the universe is gradually cooling down into a ball of slag, were it only because his theory does not require an effort of creation at once tremendous and futile. It leaves us free to avoid contemplating a time when the solar system was not, and another when it will cease to be.

Let us now take a brief glance at one or two of Sir William Siemens's public addresses on more general subjects. His interest in education was so keen, and especially in that branch of education known as technical or technological, that these addresses almost invariably had this for their subject, and were frequently given at some public ceremony in connection with it, such for example as distributions of prizes. The most important of them, perhaps, was given on October 20, 1881, at the re-opening of the Midland Institute in Birmingham. He there surprised his audience by depreciating the German polytechnic system of colleges, on the

ground that their students were wanting in originality and adaptability to new conditions. After recounting at some length the recent industrial applications of electricity, he said :

"My chief object in dwelling, perhaps unduly, upon these practical questions, is to present to your minds in a concrete form the hopelessness of looking upon any of the practical processes of the present day as permanent, to be acquired in youth and to be the staple occupation of a lifetime. . . . The practical man of former days will have to yield his place to the unbiassed worker who with open mind is prepared for every step forward as it arises. For this purpose it is necessary that he should possess, beyond the mere practical knowledge of his trade, a clear appreciation of the principles of action underlying each operation, and such general acquaintance with the laws of chemical and physical science as will make it easy for him to adapt himself to the new order of things."

He urged the prime importance of the teaching of science being included in the curriculum of *every* school, and of an adequate supply of trained teachers, as well as of properly equipped laboratories of all kinds, wherein to train them. Replying to the proverb, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," he said : "A little knowledge is an *excellent* thing, only it must be understood that this little is fundamental knowledge," and he endorsed Lord Brougham's pithy saying, "Try to know something about everything, and everything about something."

In 1878 and 1879 he gave addresses on the same subject in Liverpool, Tunbridge Wells, Paris, and elsewhere. In pointing out the results of the superior French system of technical education, he urged that we should not servilely copy it, but that we should imitate the French example with due regard to the idiosyncrasies of our own country. He approved the spontaneous and self-supporting nature of the English system, as more adaptable to free and vigorous development than a governmental system. His address to the Coventry Science Classes in October 1882, upon *Waste*, in which he took as examples, waste of time, of food, of personal energy, of mechanical energy, and of fuel, was full of wise and sound practical advice, clothed in the simplest language.

In conclusion, let me try, with the aid of private letters and papers which it has been my privilege to peruse, to bring before you some of the personal characteristics of the man whose life-work we have been considering. Of his extraordinary perseverance in overcoming obstacles I have already spoken, and it has been well remarked that, to a mind and body requiring almost perpetual

exercise, these difficulties supplied only a wholesome quantity of resistance. In the two valuable qualities of tenacity and pliancy of intellect he has perhaps never been surpassed. Suppleness and nimbleness of mind are rarely allied with that persistent "grip," which, without them, is not unlikely to degenerate into obstinacy. In Sir William Siemens these qualities were happily balanced. His talents were the admiration of his contemporaries, and his memory will ever be respected and honoured by all, friends and rivals alike ; for the facility with which he applied his powers to the solution of the most difficult problems was equalled by the modesty with which he presented the successful result of his efforts. An eminent engineer said of him, " With all his great work, no envious word was ever mixed ! " At the time when he received his honorary degree from the University of Oxford, a distinguished Oxonian wrote : " I believe an alumnus more distinguished by great ability, and by a high and honourable determination to use it for the good of his fellowmen, and to help forward man's law of existence, ' Subdue the earth and have dominion over it,' never received a degree from the University of Oxford." Of the other distinctions heaped upon him, it was often said that the Society rather than Dr. Siemens was honoured ; and when he was knighted, a well-known man of science, writing to congratulate him, said : " At the same time I feel that the ennobling of three such men as yourself, Abel, and Playfair confers more honour on the order of knighthood than even it does on science."

The fame of Sir William Siemens was world-wide, as it deserved to be ; but those who knew him best will be the most ready to acknowledge that the qualities of his heart were no less conspicuous than those of his intellect. Hear what his pupils and assistants said of him :—" How my dear old master will be missed, and what a gap in many walks of life will be unfilled ! " " There are many younger members of our profession who will look elsewhere in vain for such genial uniform kindness and sympathy as his invariably was." " The seven years I spent in his service were the happiest in my life." " It was the loss of the kindest and best friend I ever had, and I have not known such sorrow since the loss of my older brother. The keenest incentive I had in my new work was the desire of showing him that his kindly recommendation was justified by the event." In acknowledging the gift from Lady Siemens of some objects of remembrance, one writes : " They, as visible objects on which his eyes must have rested frequently, will, I feel certain, when I shall look at them, tend to encourage me in overcoming difficulties, of

which there exist always plenty for those who wish to contribute their share, however small, to the progress of things of this world. It is this example which Sir William Siemens has given to all the world, which will, I believe, be the most beneficial for future generations, and for those who are wise enough to follow it."

Of his character as a man of business let Messrs. Chance Bros. speak, as one testimony out of many: "Our firm having been the first to carry out in England on a large scale the Siemens regenerative process, we were brought into close and frequent communication with him, and had the opportunity of appreciating not only his extraordinary inventive powers, but also his thorough straightforwardness and integrity of character."

I have spoken of his interest in education, and I quote two opinions thereon. Lord Sherbrooke, in conversation with a mutual friend, regretted immensely that he had not been a pupil of Sir W. Siemens, and spoke of him, and of those who were working with him to enlarge our sphere of knowledge, as the salt of the earth. A distinguished American expressed himself as strongly impressed not only with a sense of his great learning, but with admiration of the native strength of his mind, and the soundness of his educational views.

Many testified to his great benevolence. The German Athenæum wrote: "If the world of science has lost in your late husband one of its brightest stars, the poor, the striving student, as well as the struggling artist, have lost a liberal benefactor and a patron; and on hearing of his sad and but too early death, many will have exclaimed, 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again!'" An eminent man spoke of him as one "whose life has been spent in an unselfish and unceasing devotion to God's creatures." Many of the letters which I have read convey the thoughts of some of his friends on hearing of his death, in language such as this: "We all felt struck down; realising how much poorer his loss had left the world, leaving us as he did when full of the vigour of his endless interests, and brightening all around him, not only by his genius and high intellect, but by his marvellous benevolence and tender consideration, so full was he of kind feeling and thought for others. He was in a high degree the possessor of those sweet domestic virtues which, while so simple and unostentatious, were so spontaneous and charming. What an eminently well-rounded life was his! Our children will always remember how he was held up to them as a man almost without an equal." A confidential servant, who had lived in his family many years, wrote of him as the most Christ-like man she

had ever met ; and that he always reminded her of the Arab prince who asked the recording angel, when writing in his book the names of those who loved the Lord, to write him as one who loved his fellow-men ; the angel wrote and carried the book to heaven, bringing it back again to show ; and when the prince looked, lo, his name led all the rest !

Of his family relations, the Rev. Mr. Haweis thus wrote, in a sermon on "Friends !" "What a beautiful sight, too, was the friendship of the late Sir William Siemens for his brothers, and theirs for him ! not less beautiful because lived out unconsciously in the full glare and publicity of the commercial world, into which questions of amity are not supposed to enter, especially when they interfere with business. But here were several brothers, each with his large firm, his inventions, his speculations, yet each at the other's disposal ; never eager to claim his own, never a rival ! These men were often separated by time and space, but they were one in heart."

One who had exceptional opportunities of knowing him wrote : "His characteristic of intensity in whatever he was engaged in was remarkable. Even in his relaxations he entered into them with his whole heart ; indeed, it did one good to hear his ringing laugh when witnessing some amusing play—the face lit up with well-nigh childlike pleasure—no trace of the weariness which had been visible after a long day of work of such varied kinds, all demanding his most serious attention, involving often momentous world-wide results. As a travelling companion he was indeed the light and happiness of those who had the privilege to be with him. Everything that could lessen fatigue, or add to the enjoyment and interest of the journey, was thought of, and tenderly carried out, and the knowledge of the pleasure he was giving was his sweet reward. Young people and children clustered round him, and he spared no trouble to explain simply and clearly any question they asked him."

The Rev. D. Fraser, in a funeral address, said : "The combination of mental power with moral uprightness and strength is always impressive. And this is what signally characterised him whose death we mourn. There have been very few more active and inquiring minds in this generation : the keenness and swiftness of his intellectual processes were even more surprising than the extent and variety of his scientific attainments. But such powers and such acquirements have, alas ! been sometimes in unworthy alliance with jealous dispositions and a low moral tone. What will endear to us the memory of William Siemens is that he was, while so able and skilful, also so modest, so upright, so generous, and so totally free

from all narrowness and paltriness of spirit. And God, whose wisdom and power he reverently owned, has taken him from us ! ”

Yes, God has taken him from us to a deeper insight into, and a greater work amongst and beyond, those works of His which he so loved and studied here. Can we imagine a greater fulness of joy than that which must now be his in the vast increase of his knowledge, and the satisfying of every wish of the great warm heart and noble nature which was so plainly but the beginning of better things? How can we doubt that for a nature so richly endowed there is higher scope alike for knowledge and for service in the great Eternity? Such beauty and grandeur and energy and power cannot be laid low—they are not destroyed, nothing is lost, but all will live again in ever-growing splendour ! A noble, beautiful, and gifted spirit has passed to the higher and fuller life, and with us is left an influence for good which cannot die. Just as this generation is now profiting by the solar radiation which fell on the earth countless ages ago, so will the labours of Charles William Siemens form a store of knowledge, potential with respect to this and succeeding generations, and destined to confer advantages, greater than we can now estimate, on the ever-advancing cause of science, and on the moral, intellectual, and material progress of humanity !

WM. LANT CARPENTER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WHY GREAT MEN ARE USUALLY LITTLE MEN.

IN the last volume of the "Zeitschrift für Biologie" is a paper by M. Rubner on the influence of stature on that decomposition of matter upon which vital energy depends. That small animals consume more oxygen in proportion to their size than large animals has been already shown by Regnault and Reiset. Rubner's researches have been devoted to comparing different sized animals of the same species, all of which were subjected to the same conditions of temperature and exercise.

His results are expressed in the following table: the first column giving the weight of the dog; the second, the amount of daily vital combustion; the third, the amount of this in relation to the weight.

Body weight of Dog	Calories per day per kilogramme	Relative formation of heat
31.2	35.68	100
24.0	40.91	114
19.8	45.87	128
18.2	46.20	129
9.6	65.16	182
6.5	66.07	184
3.2	68.07	247

Rubner attributes all the difference to the relatively greater surface of the smaller animals, and consequent increase of the loss of animal heat by greater surface radiation.

But there is something more behind this. Why is the animal heat kept up? Are we to regard the animal as merely a fire burning to waste, or as a furnace which by its combustion generates vital power?

Assuming the latter to be correct, as is now universally admitted, the smaller animal has a larger relative supply of vital power than the larger, but both having muscles proportionate to their size, the

excess of vital energy of the smaller is available for the supply of brain power.

Therefore the little man is, *cæteris paribus*, better supplied with brain power than the big man. Q.E.D.

THE CHEMISTRY OF MANURING.

ONE of the most definite and simple teachings of modern chemistry to agriculturists is that afforded by the analysis of the ashes of plants. These ashes represent all the mineral matter that the plants have taken from the soil, excepting the nitrogenous compounds, which are volatilized when the ash is obtained by ordinary burning.

This being known, and also the composition of the ash of his manures, the farmer who knows a little of chemistry may select the special manures suitable for maintaining the fertility of the soil in reference to special crops, and thus supersede the "four-course system" or any other rotation of crops.

An interesting and simple application of this is afforded in the case of the mountain pastures of Switzerland, Norway, and other countries where such pastures produce nothing but milk, *i.e.* from which nothing but milk is carried away.

Supposing that they are to be manured, it is evidently very important to learn exactly what manure is required, as the cost of carrying heavy loads of useless material to such elevations would be ruinous.

About 25 per cent. of the ash of milk is potash, and another 25 is phosphoric acid, the remainder being 22 of lime, 11 of soda, 15 of chlorine, and a little iron, magnesia, and sulphur. The chlorine and soda are returned to the soil by the salt supplied to the cattle as part of their daily food. Thus there remain but little more to be supplied than the potash, phosphorus, and lime, and the question whether these are required at all depends upon whether the disintegrated rock matter, which forms the scanty soil of these chalet and saeter pasturages contains these.

In most cases they do contain the potash and the lime (granitic rocks usually are well supplied with potash compounds, as in feldspar), and thus only a little of phosphorous compounds, such as bone dust, or the superphosphates of our artificial manures, are required to maintain perennial fertility.

Of these only as much as one man could carry on his back would suffice annually for several acres.

This note is suggested by some recent analyses of the ash of cow's milk by M. Schrodtt and H. Hansen, by which the variations of the composition of the ash at different periods of lactation have been determined.

ALCOHOL AND THE LOWER ANIMALS.

IN *Knowledge*, October 24, 1844, is an account of some experiments that must have severely shocked the more ardent abstainers from ardent spirits. Fishes (Prussian carp) apparently dead were supplied with brandy in very serious quantities, and were revived thereby, while others treated on blue ribbon principles died.

I have lately made similar experiments on actinia (sea anemones) and antheas (the species on which I experimented were *actinia mesembryanthemum* and *anthea cereus*, both from the Black Rocks, Brighton).

These animals being very demonstrative of their state of health by expanding and contracting, opening and shutting, displaying or concealing their tentacles, and even showing signs of life when in a state of partial putrefaction, dying only bit by bit, are well suited for such experiments.

I found that the inspiring influence of alcohol on languishing specimens was very decided, but that they resembled human beings by suffering still more decided subsequent reaction.

The experiments were made by adding whisky and brandy to the water in which they were immersed, and comparing the condition of the specimens thus treated with that of others maintained on temperance principles. They were all afterwards returned to the larger aquarium from which they were taken for experiment, and the alcoholized specimens were in the course of slow dying (as is their wont when they do expire), when I added alcohol to this larger aquarium, but in a very small proportion. This killed the whole family, and also a vigorous periwinkle and some previously healthy mussels.

On the other hand I supplied a sickly chicken with a teaspoonful of whisky in a small saucer of water. The invalid drank it voluntarily and greedily, and recovered.

CANNIBALISM OF FISHES.

A FEW weeks ago I opened the stomach of a cod-fish weighing 9½ lbs. I found in it two full-grown herrings, one large whiting, one codling, seven flounders, one small sole, and one small skate, all

newly swallowed. From the mouth of the whiting a large live worm issued. Besides these were half-digested remains of other fish, chiefly flounders.

All the large-mouthed fishes are curiously voracious and usually cannibals. I have seen a small eel swallow a still smaller eel, head first, the tail half of the swallowed fish projecting from the mouth of the swallower, and moving for some hours. The swallowing thenceforth proceeded very slowly, evidently according to the rate of digestion of the part that had reached the stomach, as some days elapsed before the end of the tail of the swallowed fish disappeared.

To show the mouth capacity of some fishes take two John Dorys of equal size ; open the mouth of one to its full capacity, and it will be found large enough to take in the whole of the second fish.

NATIONAL FISH HATCHING.

WE hear a good deal about the Nationalisation of the Land. My readers need not be alarmed, as I am not about to discuss that question, but to suggest that we should do a great deal more than we have done hitherto in the Nationalisation of the Sea. The facts referred to in the above note show that young fishes need protection, not only from their recognised enemies, but also from their own mothers and fathers.

The United States have a well-organised and *working* Fish Commission. The reports published by the Commissioners since their appointment in 1871 are highly interesting. The Commissioners commenced with scientific work—learning what fish existed on the East Coast of America, and the changes that had taken place as regards abundance and distribution ; and then proceeded to practical work.

Their results by no means confirm Dr. Huxley's idea that dredging, trawling, netting, and other kinds of fishing have no perceptible effect on the supply of fish, but prove the contrary.

When America was first discovered its coast was swarming with fish. Cape Cod received its name from the abundance thereabouts. Now it is a rare thing to catch cod-fish within several miles of the shores where formerly they might be hooked from the rocks. Even in deep water they are becoming scarcer.

The fish-hatching experiments of the Commission, which failed at first, finally became successful, and now preparations are being made for the establishment of a great laboratory and hatching station at Wood's Holl, Mass. Millions of young fish will be sent out from

this station to all parts of the New England coast and there launched in the ocean to struggle for themselves.

The Norwegians are also doing what we are still neglecting to do. Last year their Association for Promoting the Sea Fisheries hatched seven millions of cod, haddocks, &c., and expects to turn out fifty or sixty millions this winter. Having shown what ought to be done, and can be done, the Association has appealed to the Norwegian Government to act for the nation in developing the unappropriated national harvest field, and I have no doubt that *that* Government will do its duty.

It is evident that such work can only be done by the nation. Private enterprise is absurdly out of the question. We might as well ask private enterprise to build and man the navy, as that it should stock the coast with fishes for anybody else to catch. An improvement in our fish supplies benefits the whole nation, and the nation, as a whole, should pay for it. We can nationalise the sea at once without attacking anybody's rental, and the national outlay, if judiciously made, would be a very profitable investment.

OUR SUPPLY OF SOLES.

I MAY add to the above note a fact which comes within the reach of my own recollection. More than forty years ago there was suddenly discovered on the east coast of England (Yorkshire, if I remember rightly) what was then called "The Silver Bank." London for a time was glutted with soles, that were retailed at twopence per pound or thereabouts. These soles were dark slate coloured, nearly black, on the upper side, and *at first* many of them were very large—there were monsters among them. Gradually the average size diminished, then "slips" were caught, and finally "The Silver Bank" ceased to be important; whether it now exists at all as a fishing-ground I do not know.

I am only speaking from casual memory, but it would be well if somebody who knows more about this bank should supply accurate details, as its history would supply crucial facts for testing the question of whether trawling does or does not drive away ground fishes, and supply data as to how such trawling should be limited and regulated.

The diminution in the size of the soles, and the present scarcity of large soles everywhere indicate pretty plainly that ruinous exhaustion may and does result from trawling. Practical fishermen are tolerably unanimous on the subject, and, greatly as I respect Dr.

Huxley, I think that he is quite wrong on this subject, and that his authority is doing mischief.

I have been out with trawlers and greatly shocked at the waste of fish-life they effect in sweeping ruthlessly over areas of sea-bottom measurable in square miles, and bringing therefrom almost every living thing that comes in front of the wide jaws of the trawl, the mouth of which is as long as the ship, which drags it at the rate of one or two miles per hour. A fleet of trawlers thus, with a good breeze, make a clean sweep of many square miles in a single day, and the fish that escape the "pocket" of the trawl-net are probably frightened away, and forced to live in deeper water beyond the trawlers' reach, or perish altogether.

THE PROTECTION OF SEA BIRDS.

ARE we acting wisely in protecting sea birds on our coast? In suppressing the brutal propensities of bloodthirsty savages who go about with guns killing birds or any other creatures for mere amusement's sake, we certainly do well. Nothing can be more disgusting than the contemplation of a boatful of these degraded wretches shooting sea-gulls with roaring exultation at the fall of each of their helpless victims.

From an economic point of view the excessive multiplication of these birds is by no means desirable, and such excessive multiplication seems to be their habit wherever fishes exist in sufficient quantities to support them.

I was led to reflect on this during a recent trip to Torquay. The Great Western Railway skirts the sea between Exminster and Newton, where, during the last six or seven years, since I have become familiar with this coast, a great increase in the number of sea birds appears to have taken place. Can we spare them the vast quantity of fish which they consume?

A PERFECT FILTER.

IN the *Comptes Rendus* (vol. 99, p. 247) is a paper by C. Chamberland, describing a filter made of unglazed earthenware ("biscuit porcelain"), through which the water is forced by pressure. The filtration is said to be perfect, the small organic germs and microbia failing to pass through. This was proved by filtering very impure water, and careful microscopic examination of the result. The material of this filter is easily cleaned by brushing and heating to destroy the arrested organic matter.

This reminds me of a filter that was used by my schoolmaster, and by others at the same period, but seems now to be almost forgotten. It was simply a lump of porous stone—sandstone apparently—which was called “filtering stone.” This was hollowed out to form a receptacle for the water which oozed through and dropped very slowly from the under surface.

It is not at all surprising that such a filter should become obsolete ; besides its cumbrous mass, it must have been very difficult to clean when, like all other efficient filters, it became clogged with the impurities it arrested.

These objections do not apply to the biscuit porcelain, which can be made thin and light, and of any convenient shape. By supplying the filtering material in duplicate, and arranging it for ready removal and replacement, periodical purification by brushing and baking could easily be effected. The pressure might be supplied by connecting the porcelain vessel with an ordinary domestic water-pipe supplying from a good height.

My experience of “rapid” filters is by no means satisfactory. I lately purchased two of different kinds that are largely advertised, and have since abandoned them, finding, as I might have expected, that their inefficiency is directly proportionate to their rapidity.

M. Chamberland’s experiments do not seem to be known in England, and therefore I hope that this note may “meet the eye” of some enterprising manufacturer who will construct and supply an avowedly *slow* filter for household use where a moderate quantity of truly purified water is required for drinking purposes. About one gallon per day, rather than several gallons per hour, should be attempted and avowed.

The kind of porcelain required is that which is largely used for the porous cells of voltaic batteries. Its manufacture is perfectly well understood at the Potteries, and it is very cheap. Common old-fashioned tobacco-pipes are of similar ware.

TABLE TALK.

ERRORS OF WRITTEN LANGUAGE.

I READ with much interest the "Notes on Popular English," by the late Isaac Todhunter, which appeared in a recent number of one of our popular magazines. In these some customary errors in written English are ably derided. Against the misuse of the word "limited" in such a phrase as "Although the space given to us was limited"; against the readiness with which the term "invaluable" is applied to articles of small and easily appreciable worth, and against such obvious absurdities as occurred in a recent speech of a cabinet minister, who spoke of an individual remaining "too long under the influence of the *views* which he *imbibed* from the *Board*," Todhunter eloquently protests. We are, however, it seems to me, under the influence of habits of rapid composition, degrading our language "all down the line." Far more important than any error advanced in the essay is the habit of men to qualify or hyperbolise a superlative. When we say a thing is complete or supreme or exact, all is said; a man who says "more complete" is obviously ignorant what complete means. He intends to say "more nearly complete." If a vessel is full we cannot fill it fuller. These mistakes are made by writers otherwise capable. Quite recently, the author of an important history protested against my objection to his saying "from whence." Whence means from which or from where, and the mention of the from does away with the need of the word. A man might just as well say to thither as from whence. I make no pretence to exceptional accuracy, though I claim to take great pains to avoid errors of the existence of which I am aware. I should greatly like, however, to furnish, from the writings of men of eminence and from the highest journalism, instances of errors of daily occurrence, and to write a short treatise on the abuses of language, for which in his own works a young writer should keep a careful look-out. In an addendum to Todhunter's article the following supremely comic mixture of confused metaphors is quoted from a newspaper: "A new *feature* in the social arrangements of the Central Radical Club *took place* the other evening."

"Talented," which Coleridge denounced, "as though there were a verb to talent," "lengthened" for long, and "more than halved," are among the words or forms against which Mr. Todhunter protests.

DEGRADATION OF THE LANGUAGE.

IT is curious, if not specially edifying, to watch the gradual process of degradation of language to which I have referred. Dabblers in philology are well aware how words like villain, for instance, which originally signified a farm-servant, a serf; knave, primarily a boy, servant; rascal, which expresses plebs; varlet, a younker, and so forth, came to be used as terms of reproach. Nice observation is, however, necessary to see the process while it is current. Our squeamishness with regard to expressions void of the slightest offence is a signal cause of corruption. One word, the simple signification of which is bath, has obtained a reputation altogether unsavoury, and I have, in like fashion, lately seen the word lavatory applied to localities in which not the slightest provision is made for ablution. The most curious instance of misuse I have recently seen was, however, in a London daily newspaper, in which, *à propos* of Christmas weather, a correspondent dating from a country town said, "Frost and snow have been experienced in neighbouring parishes, *but* here the weather is seasonable." There is "much virtue in a" *but* as well as an *if*. It proves in this case that in the opinion of our writer seasonable has lost its true meaning, and has become a useless synonym for mild. Such instances of ignorance are common enough. That last quoted illustrates, however, the manner in which deterioration of language is wrought.

A HISTORY OF TAXATION.

SO far from belonging wholly to political economy, the question of taxation is, both socially and morally, of wide-spread interest. I know no subject that will better repay inquiry than the consideration of the kind and amount of taxation that a people will bear without mutiny. I do not speak of mere grumbling which any form of taxation is likely to promote, but of absolute upheaval. Almost all great rebellions have been brought about by resistance to taxes. Against the unjust and excessive imposts of the Romans, Boadicea fulminated when she led her forces to battle with Suetonius. In the eleventh century Worcester was spoiled at royal command on account

of resistance to the levy of the Danegeld. Four centuries later Wat Tyler led the Kentishmen who rose against the Poll Tax. In 1449 Lord Saye and Sele, the king's treasurer, was beheaded by order of Cade; and in 1488 a new subsidy led to the slaughter of the fourth Earl of Northumberland by the Yorkshiremen. Nine years subsequently, the Cornishmen, revolting against taxation, marched under Lord Audley so far as Blackheath. More than once, in presence of the menacing attitude of Kent and Suffolk, Henry VIII. gave up the attempt to levy taxes, and contented himself with benevolences. When to this it is added that resistance to taxation led to the great Revolution by which the Commonwealth was founded, and to the loss of our American colonies, the part it has played in English history is apparent. Other nations have a kindred experience, the rebellion of the Jacquerie in France, and the outbreak of the Revolution being largely due to oppressive taxation. In the revolt of the Netherlands the imposition of the "tenth penny" roused to collective resistance the Flemish burghers, who had remained comparatively unmoved at continuous massacres, and the sack of cities—neighbours to their own. In the very presence of Alva, however, when this impost was demanded, "the brewers refused to brew, the bakers to bake, the tapsters to tap," and daily life came to a stand, and all as a resistance to taxation. No such outbreaks as taxation has brought about have, indeed, been produced from any other cause. A "History of Taxation" which Mr. Dowell has just published¹ furnishes striking proof how intolerant of over-taxation Englishmen have ordinarily shown themselves. In philosophic grasp and in interest this book is alike excellent.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Longmans & Co.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO BRIDES-ELECT.

IN a pleasant morning-room, square in shape, rather low in the ceiling, and comfortably but not luxuriously furnished, two young ladies sat sewing, with a little work-table between them. Forming part of a moderately-sized detached house, not very recent as to its date of erection, this room looked out at the back upon an eminently English kind of garden. The centre of the garden was occupied by a small lawn, garnished at its corners and edges by trim parterres, brilliant at present with the gorgeous colouring of summer bedding-out plants. On one side of the lawn, gravel walks wound in and out of a diminutive shrubbery of laurels and rhododendrons; on the other, appeared a row of greenhouses and cucumber-frames. A holly-hedge, at the farther end of the lawn, separated a portion of the ground devoted to vegetable horticulture, and the whole was enclosed within high brick walls with fruit-trees nailed against them.

A very prosaic garden it was, all neatness and order, with nothing unrestrained or sylvan about it, and not even a redeeming glimpse beyond at the low dappled hills which stretched at no great distance in an irregular semicircle, shutting in the nearer view of a sweet pastoral landscape. Nevertheless, on this warm July morning, with a deep azure sky, flecked by soft cirrous clouds to canopy it, the garden looked very peaceful and inviting. From the morning-room where Edith and Rose Ashmead sat at their needle-work, two other ladies might have been seen pacing slowly backwards and forwards, with parasols over their heads, amidst the tall laurel and rhododendron-bushes. One of the windows of the room—it boasted two,

coming down to the ground and opening laterally, so as to be used as doors—stood a little apart, and every now and then a gentle westerly breeze stirred the pages of a newspaper which lay on a hassock close by it.

“Oh! dear, how I should like to go for a walk!” sighed one of the young ladies, dropping her work on her lap. “I do hate sewing. But I suppose I must keep at it, or my things will never be ready.”

“They never *would* have been ready, certainly, unless Olivia had devoted herself to you as she has done—and poor mamma, too, as much as she was able. Really, Rose, you are, without exception, the laziest girl I ever met with!”

Rose laughed. “Pray, don’t excite yourself, my dear. I admit the soft impeachment. But there is one comfort. I shall not need to do my own sewing after I am married. I can put it out!”

“Every woman *ought* to do her own sewing,” asserted the other dogmatically. “Her under-garments, at least, she should make.”

“Do you think so? Well, if you like, you shall make mine, as well as your own, and so, with sisterly generosity, save my character. And, in the meantime, you might help me a little now, Edith. Do, there’s a darling. All your own paraphernalia is ready, you know—though your wedding won’t be for three months—and mine is to be in three weeks! Come, that antimacassar, I’m sure, is not of any consequence.”

“I consider it of consequence,” returned her sister. “And you must remember, Rose, that if my things are ready, I owe the fact to my own energy. I have not gone about bothering all my friends and acquaintances for assistance, in order that I might indulge my own love of ease. But, all the same, I will help you this morning, if there is anything particular you wish me to do.”

“Thanks! You are a seraph. You deserve that your Robert should be coming to see you this evening!” exclaimed the younger girl, opening her work-basket. “Look, I want this lace putting round these cambric squares. There will be just enough for six handkerchiefs.”

“My *dear* Rose! Surely you don’t mean to use that expensive lace for pocket-handkerchief borders?”

“But I do, though. Why not?”

“Because it is a piece of absurd extravagance. Because such things as lace handkerchiefs are most unsuitable, believe me, for a clergyman’s wife.”

“But I don’t believe you, you demure little cat!” laughed her sister, in a cheery, ringing fashion. “Do you suppose I am going to

be buried alive because I am going to live in a country parsonage? Why, Edith, you know that I expect to mix in much higher society than I have ever done yet. Have you forgotten what aristocratic parishioners we are to have at Longenvale? Sir John Brentwood, General Fitzhardinge, and Lord Westaxon—an Earl, think of that! And yet you would prevent me having lace round my handkerchiefs? Why, it ought to be sewn on double!"

"Don't be absurd, Rose! Lord Westaxon is a cripple, and, as Mr. Featherstone told you, there are no ladies at Westaxon Park. Besides, if there were, it would be no reason why you, as the Vicar's wife, should dress above your sphere."

"My precious Minerva, I grow more astonished every day at the mistakes our respective adorable ones have made! To think of Robert Hilton, a handsome, fascinating, lively young fellow, choosing a quiet, puritanical maiden like you, instead of—well, some one of a more springy nature like his own. And, more astounding still, think of my middle-aged William passing by the most perfect model, the *ne plus ultra* of a female ecclesiastic, and fixing his foolish affections instead on a feather-brained young person who does not love her needle, but who *does* love pretty garments. And then, *mirabile dictu*! the most surprising thing of all—to think that not one of us would consent, for half a moment, to reverse this wrong-headed arrangement!"

Miss Edith Ashmead smiled, and as she did so she displayed a set of white and very even little teeth, and a pretty dimple in either cheek—her sole claims to anything in the shape of beauty. Twenty-four years of age—and older in character than in years, the girl's face, when in repose, accorded with her somewhat starched and pragmatical disposition, and gave excuse for the sort of epithets playfully bestowed upon her by Rose. The latter, who was Edith's junior by two years, had even less pretension to regularity of feature than her sister; but she was a happy-hearted, sunny-faced little woman whom, despite her plainness, everybody loved, not only to be with, but to look at. Both sisters, as may be gathered from the foregoing conversation, were on the eve of marriage. The younger, whose wedding was to take place within a month, was expecting to become the bride of a gentleman nearly double her own age—the Rev. W. Featherstone, lately appointed to a very handsome living in Surrey. The latter, two months later, would, if all went well, change her name for that of Mrs. Robert Hilton, and would then leave England for Canada with her husband—young Hilton having been invited to join in business a bachelor uncle, who was the principal in some very

extensive mercantile operations carried on in Toronto. Residing at present with his family in London, Robert Hilton had managed to arrange just now to spend a couple of days with his *fiancée* in the rural district of Clavermere; and Edith was expecting him to arrive this evening.

Her amiability stimulated, no doubt, by this pleasing anticipation, the young lady now laid aside her own work, and, contenting herself with another sense-of-duty protest against her sister's extravagance and vanity, she applied herself to that which Rose, with unshaken good humour, still pressed upon her.

"I say, Edith, how strange it would be," observed the younger girl, after a brief pause, "if Olivia's future husband should prove to be coming home from Canada, only such a short time before yours is arranging to go there! How do you really feel about that affair? Do you think it will be renewed?"

"It is no use speculating about such things, Rose; one can never tell. But, of course, I should be glad if it were renewed."

"I should think you would! It seems a shame that you and I, who, although we are younger, are so plain and unattractive compared with her, should have secured such good husbands, whilst she——"

"I object to that expression, Rose," interposed the other, rather tartly. (Though it was not this part of her sister's remark that had specially displeased her.) "'Secured husbands'—what a vulgar way of putting it!"

"Beg pardon, dear. Consider the expression retracted in your case! But for myself, I assure you, I feel as though I had dropped upon luck which I didn't deserve, whereas poor Olivia, who sacrificed herself, as I know she did, for her family——"

"If she did, she ought *not* to have done!" again interrupted Edith. "And I don't know why you should call her poor. Olivia does not pity herself, I am sure. She has six hundred a year, and plenty of self-confidence."

"I should have plenty of self-confidence also," protested Rose, laughing, "if I had six hundred a year!"

"You have quite sufficient, my dear, without possessing sixpence," affirmed her sister.

"Now, there you are mistaken! Naturally I am very shy. It is true, really, and though I may manage, when I am married, to go about distributing tracts, I shall never have the courage to instruct the poor women how to clean up their hearth-stones, or nurse their babies, or manage their general domestic economy, as you, my sweet Edith, would have been able to do in my place. There, don't

look cross. We are always sparring, we two, somehow, but I didn't mean to vex you. And see, mamma and Olivia are coming in! Look, Edith, is she not beautiful? Who would believe she was nearly twenty-eight? I don't think she has fallen off in the least all these years. Douglas Awdry will be *sure* to fall in love with her again. Indeed, I don't expect he has ever fallen out of it. He has remained faithful to her memory all this time, you know?"

"Nay, I *don't* know. And we had better not let Olivia hear us discussing the question, Rose. She would consider it indelicate, as I do."

"It can't be indelicate to want her to be happy," answered Rose, getting the last word, as the subject of her remark threw open the glass door and allowed her mother to precede her into the apartment.

"Well, mamma, how is your head now?" she asked.

Mrs. Ashmead replied that she thought the fresh air had done her a little good. But she spoke in a querulous tone, caused by habitual ill-health and mental suffering. Dressed in deep mourning, and wearing a widow's cap, as she had done for the last eighteen years, Mrs. Ashmead still showed in her features the remains of much past beauty. But her pallid complexion, in conjunction with the very dark circles which surrounded her eyes, gave her a sickly, at times even a ghastly, aspect. For this aspect—or rather, the ill-health that occasioned it—a shock which the poor lady had met with, some three years ago, was accountable. This shock resulted from the death, under peculiarly distressing circumstances, of her only son and favourite child.

As the exigencies of our story have necessitated the introduction of this family to the reader's notice, we must briefly narrate those, and a few other circumstances, concerning them at the beginning of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

OLIVIA ASHMEAD.

A WIDOW now for eighteen years, Mrs. Ashmead could boast connection, though not of a very close nature, with the Awdry family.

She had married a cousin of the late and present squire's (Douglas's) father, and since the death of her husband she had occupied the house in which she now lived, situated about a mile and a half from the lodge-gates of Clavermere Chase, and close by the village of Clavermere.

Poor in purse, but not in pride, her connection with the great

people of the district had always afforded this lady extreme satisfaction ; and from one member of the family, at any rate, the relationship, such as it was, had obtained in the past ready recognition. As a boy and youth, Douglas Awdry had spent much of his time under Mrs. Ashmead's roof. The forces both of repulsion and attraction had conspired to draw him thither. On the one hand, the sternness and coldness of his elder brother guardian, on the other the warm friendliness and lively companionship of his "aunt" and "cousins ;" for by these titles Mrs. Ashmead (despite the fact that no consanguinity of any sort existed between them) had taught the boy to address herself and her children.

Of his so-called cousins, four in number, Douglas's chief companion and prime favourite had always been Olivia, the eldest.

A handsome girl in the brunette style, Olivia had seemed to him to absorb all the beauty and nearly all the brains of the family.

With the brother who came next to her he had, it is true, consorted a good deal in his boyhood. But even then, Douglas had thought Herbert Ashmead selfish and weak, and as he grew towards man's estate he had discovered him to be also wicked. Indulged beyond measure by his fond and foolish mother, who had trained her girls likewise to yield precedence to their brother in everything, the boy's faults were, in a great measure, those of his up-bringing. And upon his family fell the penalty. Sent to Eton and then to Cambridge, at the cost of much pinching at home, the young fellow misconducted himself at both places. From the University he was obliged to withdraw at the close of his first term, in order to avoid expulsion, and, at his own request, he was then articled to a solicitor in London. There he commenced a career of dissipation, gambling, and extravagance which—the tale is an old and oft-told one—gradually reduced his mother's income from a thousand to five hundred a year. For the foolish woman had allowed herself to be persuaded, over and over again, into paying her son's debts, whilst, at the same time, she had endeavoured to screen his delinquencies from the knowledge of the world, and even, so far as was possible, from that of her daughters.

Of the latter, Olivia stood nearest to Mrs. Ashmead's affections, and it had all along been her secret hope and aim to secure for her the honour of an alliance with Douglas Awdry, and the advantages of his prospective wealth. And when, by-and-by, she guessed—and guessed rightly—that Olivia's girlish friendship for the young man had developed into a very much warmer sentiment—her designs were quickened in their intensity. A slight stumbling-block in the

way of their accomplishment, however, existed in the fact that Douglas's feelings towards Olivia had not, like hers, changed in character. To him she was still his "cousin," his sister, his friend. No thought of her in the light of a wife had ever entered into his head, nor is there the least probability (notwithstanding a subtle, explicable alteration which he had noticed in the girl's manner from the date of his return from a lengthened tour abroad) that it ever would, had not certain hints from her mother enlightened his perception.

At those hints Douglas had at first laughed, not believing, scarcely even understanding, their purport. Then they had grown plainer and plainer, until at length, one balmy summer's evening, Mrs. Ashmead, with tears in her eyes, had confessed in unmistakable terms her daughter's love for him, and had pleaded for a return of that love. Then, fresh from the interview, which had shocked, bewildered, but at the same time flattered him, she had introduced the young fellow (twenty-two years of age at the time) to the drawing-room, where Olivia was singing in the twilight, and had there left the pair together.

The device was a cunning one. Olivia Ashmead possessed a sweet, well-trained voice, whilst Douglas, as his "aunt" knew, was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of music—the "moody food of love." Thus, loving her already in his different fashion; carried away by the impulse of a generous and sensitive nature; moved by the "concord of sweet sounds," and having his senses stimulated alike by the witchery of the hour and of the young lady's unquestionable beauty, Douglas had, there and then, offered her his hand. It was the one weak moment in the life of a naturally strong-minded man; and scarcely had it passed, ere Douglas recognised its weakness. He had made a mistake—a vital mistake—and he knew it directly the irrevocable words had escaped his lips.

This was the episode in his history, which, it may be recollected, the young man had related to Claudia Estcourt on the day when she had promised to become his wife; this and the sequel, which was as follows:—

For eighteen months, or rather longer, the engagement had continued, Douglas striving all that time to hide from the girl whom he felt honourably bound to marry, the fact that he did not love her with that potential love which, when it takes possession of the heart, is

Not to be reasoned down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness:
'Tis second life: it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,

—the sort of love which, he declared, no woman in the world ever had, or ever *could* have, wakened in him but Claudia herself.

At the end of the eighteen months, the unexpected announcement on his brother's part of an intention to marry had, all at once, overthrown Douglas's position as his heir, and altered most materially his prospects in life. Straightway, then, Olivia Ashmead had thrown him over, and two months later she had engaged herself to a big, vulgar-looking, loud-voiced, middle-aged man, who lived in a neighbouring town, whose father had been a pawnbroker, and whose own sole recommendation, so far as Douglas could perceive, was that he was a man of enormous wealth, and lived in a huge, pretentious house—a sort of cross betwixt a palace and a barrack.

Now, although, for his own part, this release from his engagement had been to Douglas Awdry a relief beyond the power of words to express—a compensation which had even reconciled him to the loss of his inheritance—Olivia's conduct had puzzled him sorely.

That the girl loved him he felt convinced, and it was this conviction that had helped him to keep chivalrously firm to his own notions of faith and honour. Further, that she loved gold with that sordid passion which, in comparison with its acquisition, warped all other considerations, he did not, and could not believe. Nevertheless, that Olivia had sold herself for money seemed clear. How else could matters be explained?

With young Awdry's limited knowledge of the circumstance, it was no wonder that he should have felt perplexed. But there was a key to the riddle, and, to some extent, he had guessed it. Olivia Ashmead, poor girl, *had* sold herself for money, but she had not done so for her own sake. As Rose had truly affirmed, she had sacrificed herself for her family. At the very juncture when this reversal of fortune had fallen upon Douglas, Herbert Ashmead had returned to his home like a thief in the night—returned to hide there in disgrace and in debt, and with the shadow of crime lying darkly upon him—the crime of forgery. For six months, as the wretched young man had averred, discovery of this crime was not imminent, but its detection at the close of that period would be unavertable, unless he could take up the forged bill, which was to the amount of a thousand pounds. That amount, Herbert had declared, he must either beg, borrow, or steal before the day of reckoning came, or—in cool blood he swore it—he should commit suicide in order to escape the horrors of disgrace and punishment.

Now, to raise a thousand pounds had become impossible to poor

Mrs. Ashmead. Already the foolish lady had bestowed upon her worthless son every penny upon which she had power to lay her hands. The remainder of the family property, fortunately or unfortunately, was secured under trust for the benefit of her daughters, and she could not touch the capital. *But Olivia could save the family!* This soon became apparent. Mr. Smith, her millionaire suitor, would wish, if she accepted him, to marry at once, and he had proposed to Mrs. Ashmead to settle on his wife a thousand a year for her own personal expenses, out of which sum the bill could, of course, be met. Thus, to make a long story short, Olivia had been borne down by circumstances. Urged, with piteous vehemence, by her mother to this immolation of self on the altar of that mother's idol; impelled by the horrible threat of his own destruction, which her brother had not scrupled to make free use of, and which, in common with the rest of the family, she believed him quite capable of putting into execution; and, finally, swayed by pride which dreaded exposure, and which was as strongly developed a quality as any in her character, Olivia had yielded. She had given up the man whom she loved more passionately than ever, now that misfortune had overtaken him, and she had agreed to marry another man for whom she possessed not one spark of affection. But, happily for her, Olivia had been prevented from desecrating the sanctity of marriage by thus entering upon it without that one pre-requisite in the absence of which any marriage must be indefensible.

The mode of her deliverance had, however, been sad enough—for it had come through the death of her affianced husband. After an illness of but one week's duration, Mr. Smith had died, just two days before that which had been fixed for the wedding. And this had not been the end of the calamity, nor its worst part. On the very same evening whereon the news had been imparted to him, Herbert Ashmead, in a fit of utterly selfish despair, had actually carried out his threat. He had committed suicide by taking poison, and in so doing had cast a blight upon his mother's life, from which she had not recovered and probably never would.

In mitigation of the horror, however, the action (in the absence outside the family of any known motive for it) had been attributed to accident. Moreover, the memory of the ill-fated young man had been saved from obloquy, and by means, after all, of Olivia's intended self-sacrifice. Had he but lived a few days longer—though, to be sure, the prolongation of his life had not been a blessing to be greatly coveted—Herbert would have learned some tidings that had come upon the family like a thunderclap of surprise. These tidings related to the

will of the late Mr. Smith, executed during his last illness. When that document was read, it appeared that the worthy man had bequeathed to Miss Ashmead, his "dearly beloved promised wife," a certain amount of funded property which would bring her in an income of six hundred a year.

And now, since these events had taken place, upwards of four years had elapsed. And through all the weeks and months that had made up those years, the heart of Olivia Ashmead had turned towards her old lover across the water with unswerving affection. "Love is your master," says Shakespeare, "for he masters you ;" and Southey, who considers love "indestructible," goes so far as to assert, "They sin who tell us love can die." However that may be, Olivia's love, at any rate, had outlived trouble, distance, and separation. It had not outlived *hope*, but only because hope had been very hard to slay in this young woman's breast. Since Douglas had been in Canada she had heard very little about him ; but she knew that he had remained unmarried, and the conclusion which Rose had expressed to her sister, à propos of this fact, was the one which Olivia had been secretly nursing in her own bosom. He had continued "faithful to her memory," in spite of her sin against him. So, judging by her own feelings, and in ignorance of the truth that he had never really loved her, she had fondly allowed herself to trust.

For, strange as it may appear, Olivia had never suspected young Awdry's lack of affection. Her own love had been of that high type in which little or none of the sensual element had mingled. She had been at times, perhaps, rather exacting of his company during the period of their engagement, but never of his caresses. Satisfied with the knowledge that, once for all, he had asked her to be his wife, she had demanded no continual repetition of his love-confession, no wordy demonstrations, no sweet flatteries. To know that he existed, to believe that he loved her, had been enough for her content. Olivia had even felt it possible, when the terrible sacrifice had been demanded of her, that she should marry another, without any diminution of that intense affection which had become a part of her very being, and which, because it was so ideal, so unvulgarized by any coarseness of sentiment, she had hardly thought it would be necessary to try even to banish from her heart after marriage. Nevertheless, when death had released her from the contemplated union with Mr. Smith, she had felt like a bird let out of a snare, or a captive who had escaped penal servitude for life. And now Douglas was coming home ! For the last few weeks Olivia Ashmead had been living in a transport of secret bliss. That the engagement

would be renewed, that she might still marry this man whose love she had once thrown aside, she had never actually said to herself. But he should learn now *why* she had given him up ; he should know, if he cared to know (and Olivia did not doubt that he would so care), that through everything her heart had been true to him ; and then, perhaps At this point she always stopped short, refusing to admit to herself how much she was blindly hoping for—

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will !

But, at any rate, he was coming home ! He was coming home, and she would see him ! He was coming to live near her, and to go away no more ! That was enough—more than enough !

On returning to the breakfast-parlour that bright summer morning, after her stroll in the garden with Mrs. Ashmead, Olivia took up some sewing which she had undertaken to finish for Rose. To both her sisters Miss Ashmead had made a present of their wedding outfits, and there had been no stint in the liberality of her ideas as to their requirements. But she had insisted that, in order to lessen the rather heavy expense of the double occasion, the two girls should make such of their own garments as they were able to manage.

And whatever Olivia enjoined generally found itself accomplished. Since the death of the worthless scamp who had tyrannised over the entire family, Olivia had wielded the domestic sceptre and held the reins of government. But she had not done so with a high hand, neither had she based any assumption of authority on the fact that her £600 a year enabled her to play the part of household providence.

Of her money the young lady herself, at least, always made very light. Her supremacy, so far as it went, had been half-consciously thrust upon her by the natural head of the family (whose weakness, bodily and mental, increased continuously), and half-consciously accepted by herself as the due of her own strong firm will and sound common sense. With such qualities, as must at all times ensure their owner distinction, with greater talents, higher capabilities, and decidedly more beauty than either of her younger sisters, Olivia had always been looked up to by the latter with great respect ; and whilst intuitively they guessed that the buoyancy of spirit and radiancy of aspect which had of late characterised her were to be attributed to the approaching return of the owner of Clavermere Chase, neither of them would have ventured to rally her upon the subject. As for Mrs. Ashmead, although formerly she had been so

anxious to make up the match, she no longer desired its renewal. The selfishness which her son had inherited, and which his training had so terribly exaggerated, had, without question, come from her side of the house (whereas Olivia, and Rose also, to a certain extent, resembled their father, whose character had been of a very different stamp); and that selfishness prompted Mrs. Ashmead to wish that her eldest daughter might now remain unmarried, in order that she might devote her energies to nursing, and her little fortune to providing comforts for, her amiable self. Like Edith and Rose, Mrs. Ashmead had refrained from addressing any speculations to Olivia as to the issue, in her regard, of Douglas Awdry's return, but, at the same time, she had occupied her mind pretty frequently with the question.

If they had only known, all four of them, how vain such speculations were to prove—how futile and absurd were the hopes, the fears, the dreams that respectively possessed them! But enlightenment was at hand.

After an early luncheon, the two brides-elect started in each other's company for a constitutional walk. A little later, Olivia, driving her mother, set off in a pony-carriage for the small market-town of Marleythorpe, distant about four miles, with the object of making a few minor purchases on Miss Rose's behalf.

Two-thirds of the journey had been accomplished, and the fat little pony was trotting leisurely along the country road, when a carriage approaching from the opposite direction attracted the ladies' attention.

"Look, Olivia, is not that Mrs. Awdry's landau?" demanded her mother. Olivia studied the open carriage with its handsome pair of grey horses for a second, and returned an affirmative reply.

"She is alone, mother," she added. "Shall we stop and speak?"

This question was settled by the drawing up, as they came abreast of it, of the more imposing equipage. It contained a lady attired in the deepest mourning and wearing a widow's bonnet and veil. Throwing back the latter, the lady disclosed a young face, with a certain doll-like and rather inane prettiness about it.

"I was on my way to your house, Mrs. Ashmead," she remarked, leaning over the side of her carriage. "The very first call I have found spirit to make since my poor husband's death! But——"

"We will turn back with you," interposed Olivia, courteously. "We were only going to Marleythorpe on an errand of no great consequence, which can be put off until to-morrow."

"Not at all! I couldn't think of such a thing," returned the young widow. "And, in any case, I should only have been able to stay a few minutes. My sister Annie—the one from Westmoreland, you know—is coming this afternoon to spend a week with me, and I must get home to receive her."

"Ah? That will be a comfort to you," observed Mrs. Ashmead. "And I am glad to see you are looking much better than when I saw you last."

"I don't know that I am *feeling* much better, thank you. But the fact is that I am excited just now, and angry, very angry. I was coming to tell you about the cause of it."

Her companions uttered simultaneously some interrogative exclamation.

"What do you think, what *do* you think, is the reason why my brother-in-law has put off his return to England so long? You would never guess! You would never believe that any one could be so unfeeling, so heartless!"

"Douglas—Captain Awdry, I mean—is neither unfeeling nor heartless," protested Olivia, with a sudden heightening of colour.

"I think you will admit that he is both," rejoined Mrs. Awdry, "when you know what he has done, when I tell you that he has actually married since his brother's death! That in a few days, now, he will bring his bride to Clavermere Chase. A bride just after a funeral! My poor Julius! Don't you consider it shocking, Mrs. Ashmead?"

Mrs. Ashmead looked at her daughter; but Olivia had stooped to pick up the driving-whip which she had let fall, and her face was hidden from view.

"I—I am very much surprised," stammered the elder lady. "You are sure it is true? We had not heard of any engagement."

"Neither had I. But there is no question about its being true. He has written to the house about having rooms prepared, and he has written to me to Maylands. Of course he offers some sort of excuse, or apology—but nothing can excuse the action in my opinion. My poor boys dead—and my husband scarcely cold in his coffin—and his own brother to choose such a moment for getting married!"

"They were half-brothers only, Mrs. Awdry," corrected Olivia, looking up after recovering her whip—her complexion of a curious grey shade, her whole frame quivering with sudden mental anguish—but her first impulse that of defending the man she loved. "And Mr. Awdry has been dead two months, and more. Besides, you

must remember, they were never upon very affectionate terms ; and . . . and I have no doubt that, if we understood all the circumstances, we should see that the haste—though it comes with a little shock to us—has not been so great as we think, and that . . . that it is pardonable—justifiable.”

“*I shall not pardon it, at any rate,*” broke in Mrs. Awdry. . . . “Oh, I had quite forgotten !”

What she had forgotten the lady did not say—but she sat gazing, for some seconds, at Miss Ashmead’s changed countenance with an air of wonder and curiosity in her own. That look and her exclamation brought the colour back in a rush to Olivia’s cheeks. She bent forward smiling. “Do you know the bride’s name, Mrs. Awdry?” she asked, “or any particulars about her? This news has taken us quite by surprise ; but, you see, we have known Douglas Awdry ever since he was a boy of ten, so that, naturally, we are very much interested in it—are we not, mother?”

Mrs. Awdry blinked her eyes. Had the sun dazzled her, she wondered, that she had thought Miss Ashmead looking so strange and ghastly? It must have been so. . . . Why, yes, now that she recollected that story correctly, it had been *she* who had given *him* up, not he her ! “Well, I do know her name, but not very much else about her,” she replied, her somewhat stupid astonishment giving place again to petulant irritation. “She was a Miss Estcourt ; and as one excuse for the hurried marriage, he declares that he has loved her for four years—ever since he went out there to Canada. But to marry directly he had stepped into his poor brother’s shoes ! To rejoice, as I am sure he did, over my losses which have brought his good fortune, that’s what enrages me so ! I don’t think I will have anything to do with either of them when they come.”

“Oh, yes, my dear, you will,” put in Mrs. Ashmead. “Family quarrels look so bad, you know. I can understand your feelings ; and I think, myself, that Douglas ought to have waited longer. But we must all keep friends. It would never do to have a disruption in the family,” she added, with that assumption of relationship which so often drew a smile to the lips of her acquaintances. “Oh ! Olivia, what *are* you doing with the reins? Brownie is growing quite restive. I never knew him do such a thing before !” The over-fed pony, which emulated the “fat boy” in “*Pickwick*” in its capacity for dropping off to sleep at every opportunity—in harness or out of it—had absolutely kicked out with both its hinder heels.

Olivia laughed—a laugh which sounded strangely hollow in her own ears. “Perhaps we had better move on then, since he is so

impatient? Mrs. Awdry, Brownie cannot be curbed in any longer—the fiery little animal! We must say good-bye, or he will run away with us.”

Only five minutes—less than five minutes—that conversation had lasted. Yet for Olivia Ashmead what a lifetime of emotion had been compressed within this brief space! If time is to be measured by sensation, as philosophers have declared, years had rolled over her head. And, indeed, the poor woman felt years older. Five minutes ago—despite her twenty-eight summers—she had been a girl, full of juvenile spirits and happy anticipations. Now, age had fallen upon her, and with it all the blankness of life and hope which failing years bring.

The world, too, as she looked round on it with wide-open, pain-dulled eyes, had suddenly withered and aged—had grown centuries nearer to its final decay and death. It is a trite saying, that we put into Nature our own feelings—but who does not know the truth of it? Who has not experienced the effect of adverse things in drawing a veil of gloom over the divine beauty that at other times seems to be spread so lavishly over the face of Nature, and of quenching the gladness which that beauty should bring? To Olivia Ashmead, at any rate, the fairness had gone out of all things—the world of matter had become a dead body without a soul. In five minutes such “rancours” had been poured into the “vessel of her peace,” as for ever, she felt, had destroyed all hope of earthly happiness.

Alas! in this fateful world who is safe from such sudden crosses and shocks of chance? Who can tell what tempest of wretchedness may not sweep over his sunniest sky at an hour’s, at a moment’s, notice?

But why should Olivia Ashmead have felt so utterly crushed—so whelmed and outraged by cruel fortune in that Douglas Awdry had done now only what she had herself once designed to do? *She* had meant to marry another, and *he* had done so. But, oh, there was a world of difference in the cases! Olivia knew that she had loved her one love all the time. She had given him up because, like a heroine of romance (though she found little satisfaction in the comparison), she had felt called upon to sacrifice self to others. But *he*—*he* had not married to save a brother from death, or dishonour, or a family from ruin.

In his case there could have only been one inducement to the act, and that inducement he had owned to. He loved again—No, *not* again! Here was the sting of the matter—the sword that had pierced her to the heart. He had told Mrs. Awdry that he had

loved another for "four years." *Then he never could have loved her!* Olivia knew the truth at last! knew it as well as Douglas had known it all along. He had never loved her! In fancying that he had, she had been laying a flattering, but false, false unction to her soul; she had been blinding herself with mad folly. The bandage, however, had been torn from her eyes at length, and she saw the truth. But with this new vision had vanished, as she thought, all the sweetness and joy of existence.

Nevertheless, in the midst of her torture, Olivia found some support. It came to her from a proud determination to hide the fact that she was suffering such torture, a strong resolve to allow no sound or sigh of anguish to escape her. Chatting cheerfully the while with her mother, she drove on to Marleythorpe, executed all her commissions for Rose, and on her return home was the first to communicate Mrs. Awdry's tidings to her sisters. And both mother and sisters were completely deceived by her manner. Olivia, they felt sure, regretted neither the marriage of her old lover, nor the lost chance of becoming mistress of Clavermere Chase. Rose was disappointed for her—so disappointed that she even shed a few tears in private. But how could they be bitter tears, when Olivia had been all the evening so unusually merry—a convincing proof that *she* was suffering no disappointment, that *she* had been indulging in no such foolish castle-building in reference to the home-coming of the new squire, as Rose herself had been guilty of in her regard. If only the affectionate younger sister could have seen poor Olivia in the retirement of her chamber! If only she could have watched with her through the dark hours of that first night after the blow had fallen and the fond illusion that once, at any rate, Douglas had loved her, had melted into thin air—what would she have thought then about her bright cheerfulness throughout the evening? It takes a brave spirit to smile when hollowness seems to be at the heart of everything.

CHAPTER XVI.

WEDDING-CALLERS.

"WHAT a delightful room this is, Douglas! I like it better than any other in the house."

"Do you, darling? Well, so do I, at this moment, because you are in it!" Captain Awdry looked down, as he spoke, at his young wife. At present, he had eyes for very little else than her fair sweet

face. The pair had just finished luncheon, and had come into the room in question in a caressing, familiar fashion, his arm through hers. "Yes, just now, it is a charming room!" he added, stooping to kiss her.

Claudia laughed happily and coloured a little. She had scarcely yet given up blushing at her husband's caresses. Then her gaze wandered again round the apartment, which certainly *was* a charming one. It was a drawing-room, longer than broad, and opening at one end upon a long vista of conservatories.

The furniture was modern for that date, light and elegant, and there was plenty of pretty colour to delight the eye and please the unperverted taste of the period, which had not yet begun to rejoice in bilious-looking greens and faded, unwholesome tints, miscalled æsthetic.

Three windows, coming down to the ground, were shaded by a verandah which ran outside—beneath which seats, and statues, and large flower-pots, with exotic, palm-like shrubs in them, were arranged at intervals.

Beyond the verandah stretched a broad expanse of park-land, with a carriage-road winding through it, and clusters of noble trees making patches of dark shadow in the sun-lighted landscape. Inside, the room was cool and pleasant, even on this hot summer day, and a fragrant odour of flowers pervaded it, delicate and not overpowering.

"Your preference does not incline towards the antique, then, Claudia," asked her husband, as they promenaded the room together—his arm through hers, "since this is the only room with modern appointments? It was furnished for my brother's wife, you know. For my part, I must confess, I like the crimson drawing-room better."

"Well, of course, it is handsomer," admitted Claudia; "but the black oak, and those old cabinets, and the dark velvet are all a little sombre. I should say it would look better in winter, with a fire."

"You are quite right. Fire-light and lamp-light bring out the rich shade of the velvet upholstery and curtains splendidly. But those cabinets, my darling—if you only knew how old and valuable they are, you would speak of them with more respect!"

"I don't think I need. The house, and everything in it, overwhelms me with respect, I can assure you," she answered. "If I had known what a great man you were, and what a palace you were going to bring me to, I believe I should have been afraid to marry you. But you won't feel ashamed of your wife, will you, Douglas?" As a matter of course, this question brought about a conjugal love-passage. When it was at an end, Douglas observed—

"Now, dearest, I will run away and get my business finished with Kendall. We have only a few more papers to look over, and one or two minor matters to settle. By the way, he told you, I suppose, that he could not remain again over-night? He will leave directly after dinner."

"Yes—I am rather glad of it. He is such a solemn old man, with his stiff, ceremonious manners; and that way he has of looking at one with his spectacles on the end of his nose, and his chin protruded, always makes me want to laugh in his face."

"He is a decent old soul, though," protested her husband, "and he has been the family lawyer ever since he was a young fellow of twenty-five. He managed everything for my father and brother, and of course I shall let him do the same for me, so long as he remains in harness. . . . There, dear, I shall be back to support you before the callers begin to arrive."

"Do you think many people will call this afternoon, Douglas?"

"Oh, yes. They'll come in 'dozens and dozens. Fathers and mothers, and sisters and cousins,'"—laughed the young man. "Don't you feel equal to the occasion?"

"Indeed, no. I am not shy, certainly, but——"

"Then console yourself with the reflection, my sweet one, that there are only half a dozen families within a radius of ten miles, and that only those to whom we sent cards will return representatives."

"I wonder whether Olivia Ashmead will call? I feel quite curious to see her, Douglas."

"Do you? Well, I have no doubt she will," he answered. "We never quarrelled, you know. I was too grateful to complain about my release. And besides, I liked her too well."

"You feel pleased, then, at the thought of meeting her again? Douglas, I wonder whether she cares for you still? If she does, how fearfully disappointed she will be that you have married!"

"Hush, hush! my dear child, you should not make such a suggestion, even in jest," remonstrated her husband, pulling at his moustache with a disturbed air. "Miss Ashmead, you must remember, gave me up of her own free will; and, of course, she has forgotten me long ago."

"Oh, I am not going to be jealous, in any case," laughed Claudia.

"I should think not, indeed! You know, my wife, that you are the one only love of my life—you believe that? But, dearest," he continued, "try, please, to put out of your mind, as I have done out of mine, all recollection of my former relations with my cousin Olivia."

Of course I was obliged to tell you that foolish story of my youth, because I could not have been happy unless my whole past life had been transparent to your eyes. It would have been impossible for either of us, would it not, darling, to have a secret from the other? Still, it is not necessary to dwell upon past mistakes. . . . By the way, we ought to be a tremendously affectionate couple, if there is truth in those lines :—

I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more.

We have both suffered martyrdom for honour's sake, haven't we? But no matter, we are happy now!"

"I am happier than I deserve to be," faltered Claudia, a smile on her lips, but a pang of conviction in her heart that the assertion was but too true.

Honour? Her husband imagined that she had been a martyr to honour! Claudia paced the room, after he had left her, with some return of her old anxiety. Suppose—suppose that the truth should ever come to light? Suppose that he should ever find out—he, her highminded, straightforward, truth-loving Douglas—how she had deceived him?

The young wife had hardly recovered her serenity of mind before her first visitors were announced—her husband having re-entered the room a few minutes in advance. They were Sir Archibald and Lady Newman, Miss Newman, and Miss Bertha Newman. The former was a round fat man, with a jovial laugh, and an appearance more like that of a ploughman than a baronet, albeit that his title dated from the reign of James the Second. His wife before her marriage had been "nobody"—and therefore she was amazingly particular that all her acquaintances should be somebodies. She had thought proper to express a good deal of cynical doubt about the new Mrs. Awdry. Who was she? "Miss Claudia Estcourt." And who had ever heard of Miss Claudia Estcourt? A young woman from Canada! Lady Newman had a very poor opinion of young women from the colonies. There was no society, of course, in the colonies. She was afraid it was a sad misalliance for an Awdry. Nevertheless, she meant to call, and she hoped the bride might at least prove presentable. Whatever else she proved, Claudia proved to be by no means overawed by Lady Newman's lofty airs, nor by those of her two quiet and very plain daughters. She felt that she was being criticised, but was quite at ease under the process. All her life she had been accustomed to be made much of, to be admired and flattered, and the experience had given her an abundance of self-

confidence. It only amused her to feel that she was being "quizzed"—as she afterwards expressed it to her husband—and her lack of timidity impressed Lady Newman, as nothing else could have done, with the fact that she was well-bred. In her own mind, my lady speedily pronounced Mrs. Douglas Awdry "quite the thing," and determined to patronise her. A rapid thaw, induced by this conclusion, had just set in, when two further callers were announced—Admiral and Mrs. Redgrave ; and Claudia, as amiably indifferent to the sudden condescending friendliness of the baronet's lady as to the stately formality it had replaced, turned her attention to the new comers. These were very simple people—the gentleman a retired naval officer, with a strong penchant for gardening—the lady a frank unaffected woman, but a great and somewhat prosy talker. Barely waiting to pay appropriate courtesies to the bride and bridegroom, Admiral Redgrave at once gravitated towards the conservatory. Douglas, as a matter of course, accompanied him out of politeness, whilst Sir Archibald followed because he greatly preferred the company of his own sex to that of the other—a characteristic which, it was said, had developed in him since marriage.

Thus left alone with the ladies, Claudia graciously endeavoured to make herself agreeable. But none of them interested her—neither the silent, demure Misses Newman, who were so unlike, in their ungenial manners, to Canadian girls—nor the elder pair, whose ceremonial politeness to each other might have indicated, had Claudia been quick to read such signs, the existence between them of a covert antipathy. And when, presently, Mrs. Redgrave burst into a long-winded narrative in reference to a series of misfortunes that had befallen the family of a small farmer on the Clavermere estate, Claudia had the greatest difficulty in stifling her yawns. How could the tiresome woman expect her to be interested in her husband's poor tenants, when she had never seen them—or to drop a "sympathetic tear" over their troubles, as the prosy chatterbox was herself doing? She thought her visitors all very wearisome people, and felt devoutly thankful when Lady Newman, conscious that she had already outstayed the conventional limit of a first call, rose to depart, carrying with her the stout, red-faced baronet.

But after they had gone, Claudia began to fear that matters would be worse ; for Admiral Redgrave had not yet finished his inspection of some rare plants ordered by the late squire shortly before his death ; and as Douglas had gone back to him, she was left to the tender mercies of Mrs. Redgrave, who instantly commenced a new tale—and again about some poor people (Mrs. Redgrave was of a most philan-

thropic disposition), in whose concerns she wished to enlist the sympathy and assistance of the girl-bride, who, as mistress of Clavermere Chase, would occupy so important a position in the neighbourhood, and in fact in the county.

The tale, however, had scarcely been well begun before an interruption, very welcome to the listener, occurred. Once more the door unclosed, and a footman in powder and plush ushered in by name—"Mrs. and Miss Ashmead."

Claudia rose with alacrity. Here, at last, was some one to interest her, some one about whom her curiosity had already been aroused. She glanced beyond the elderly widow, in her sable weeds, towards the daughter who followed close behind.

"What a remarkably handsome girl!" was the first reflection that took shape in her mind, as she caught sight of a tall, full, Juno-like figure, a well-set-on head, a face with a soft brown complexion and large grey-blue eyes. But even as Olivia approached Claudia modified her opinion. "No, after all, she was not so very handsome, neither was she very young. The term 'girl,' at any rate, seemed, she thought, quite inappropriate to her." Whilst exchanging greetings, Claudia detected wrinkles on Olivia's broad forehead, and crows' feet at the corners of her eyes. Half unconsciously, she cast a quick, questioning glance towards a mirror where her own juvenile figure and delicate girlish face were reflected. Turning back then, with a very affable smile on her lip, she was in time to witness the swift rise and almost instantaneous repression of strong emotion in Miss Ashmead's countenance.

A moment or two later, the greenhouse door unclosed and Douglas Awdry stepped forward to clasp, with a very friendly warmth, his "cousin Olivia's" hand. His own age within one month, Olivia, as has been said, had been the close friend of his boyhood and early youth. All their tastes, aspirations, and sentiments had been in singular accord. Until that fatal mistake had occurred to change their relationship, Douglas had regarded her as a sort of *alter ego*—a sister, but something rather dearer than a sister, because of the element of choice which had entered into this fraternity, as it could not have done into one of nature's imposing. And now, as after four years of absence and silence he stood again in her presence, the young man felt that it would be easy to blot out from his remembrance that ridiculous episode in their history—that playing at love where there was no love—and to reinstate Olivia in her old position as his friend—his friend and the friend of his wife. For, that Olivia Ashmead was worthy of their honour, their truest regard and

friendship, Douglas felt convinced. An intuitive sense of the fact thrust itself upon him as he now encountered her earnest gaze and recalled the knowledge of her character as it had grown upon him from childhood. There were things, it is true, that he could not understand about the past—how *her* affections could have developed in a line differing from that which his own had taken—how, if she had really loved him with that other love, she could have given him up for that rich but vulgar man—how, again, she could ever have brought herself, for one moment, to contemplate marriage with the defunct millionaire. All this was incomprehensible. It was a mystery, and Douglas abominated mysteries. Yet, somehow, despite everything that had been inexplicable to him in her conduct, Douglas knew and felt that Olivia Ashmead was a good woman. He had not thought much about meeting with her again—or had thought of it only with indifference; but now that he found himself face to face with her, he experienced unquestionable pleasure in the reunion, and his expression showed that this was the case.

As for Claudia, the question of Olivia's being a "good" woman had not suggested itself as one of any moment; but that she was a *true* woman, a woman capable of love and suffering, she had already discovered. In that vivid flash of emotion, controlled in the very act of its manifestation, she had read her quondam rival's secret. For that emotion had been called forth, she knew, at first view of Douglas; and though it was gone in a moment, it had served to cleave open poor Olivia's breast and to lay bare her palpitating heart—just as a flash of lightning, cleaving the blackness of night, will show to the spectator, for an instant, with all the clearness of daylight, the features of a landscape or the appointments of a chamber, even to its smallest detail.

Yes, whatever her husband might say or think, Claudia knew, once for all, that Olivia Ashmead still loved him—that her love, however it had first come into existence, whether by gradual evolution or at some instant of creation, was of that sort which "alters not with time's brief hours and weeks, but bears it out even to the edge of doom."

But Claudia felt neither jealous nor displeased. On the contrary, a curious elation took possession of her in face of this discovery.

Is there in human nature some inherent cruelty, some instinct of savagery inherited from those semi-human progenitors, whom we may all claim, if we like (though hardly with boastfulness), as our ancestors? At times it would almost seem so. Anyhow, cruelty exists as an attribute of man, even in this philanthropic age; and

possibly the root of it, which lies in the self-conserving instinct, and is fostered by the struggle for existence, can never be wholly eradicated so long as the present order and environment of being continues. But to find cruelty, or any shadow of that ruthless and brutish quality, in the bosom of a fair young girl! What could be more incongruous?

Nevertheless, abhorrent as the truth may seem, it still *was* the truth that a triumphant satisfaction on her own account mingled in Mrs. Douglas Awdry's mind with a subtle pleasure in the disappointment and pain of this other woman. Her treasure grew all the more valuable through the notion that it was coveted. Her success appeared the sweeter in that another had longed for, but failed to attain it. Secure in the possession of her handsome husband, of the advantages which his wealth imparted to her, of the importance which her position as his wife communicated, she hugged her good fortune with an access of secret exultant appreciation in presence of one whom she believed envied her. And yet there was no absolute malevolence in this feeling, any more than there is in the experience, familiar, more or less, to all of us, when gathered round our warm firesides we listen to the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain outside, and congratulate ourselves all the more fervently on our own snugness, as we picture to ourselves some unsheltered wretch battling, in cold and weariness, with that fierce tempest. Claudia's hardness of heart, so far as it went, was the result of self-love and exaggerated egoism, not of any natural malice or inhumanity of temper. She did not dislike this new acquaintance. Far from it; she felt impelled by a variety of motives, which she did not trouble herself to analyse, to wish for her closer association.

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you, Miss Ashmead," she observed before they separated this afternoon. "When your sisters are married, you will feel a little lonely yourself, will you not? And I shall be grateful if fellow-feeling leads you to take pity on my forlorn condition as a stranger in a strange land."

"Thank you. It will make me very happy if we become friends," rejoined Olivia quietly, but with perfect sincerity. Poor Olivia! she had fought a hard fight with herself during the past week; but the issue of the battle had been victory, and the proof of the victory this early call upon Douglas Awdry's bride.

CHAPTER XVII.

WIFE AND FRIEND.

It is often very difficult, and not always very profitable, to try to disentangle the varied and complicated motives which form, like wheels within wheels, the springs of human desire and human action.

Sometimes, however, the motives are simple enough—just one or two big wheels to make up the governing machinery of conduct. Such was the case with the impulse which had driven Miss Ashmead to call upon Mrs. Douglas Awdry, and which had prompted the expression of her honest desire that they might grow to be friends.

After the first shock of agony and despair on finding that her love had been forgotten by the object of it—turned out into the biting cold of neglect—Olivia had gathered the poor shivering wanderer back into her own bosom, sick and in pain, but she had not let it die. Why, indeed, should she let it die, even if she could—that love which had sweetened and enriched her whole life, which, in its purity and unselfishness, delighted rather to give than to receive? No, she need not cease to love Douglas Awdry (she smiled at the thought of how impossible such a feat would be), but she must take his wife now as a part of himself—she must try to love her too. In this way the aching pain in her heart might be stilled, the sickening void filled. So she hoped; and whether the hope was to find realisation or not, it was a nobly generous one. The inspiration could have occurred only to a fine nature. And from Claudia that inspiration received no check. The young wife proved quite as willing to make friends with her husband's old *fiancée* as the latter did with her. There was no one in the whole neighbourhood, so Mrs. Douglas decided, when she had made acquaintance with all the families whose status entitled them to associate with the Awdrys of Clavermere, whom she liked so much as Olivia Ashmead; and Olivia, accordingly, she set herself very assiduously to cultivate.

There are some women to whom a female friend is almost a necessity of existence, and Claudia was one of those women. The masculine mind—even that of her husband—was, to a certain extent, incomprehensible to her. Claudia had nothing in her nature of the flirt, and she had always been fond of her own sex. Not that that fondness was of a very deep or discriminative character, or that it clung tenaciously to any special object. It is true that, in her own opinion, she had been very faithful to Ella Thorne, and, without question, Ella had been very faithful to her. But, separated as they

now were by so great a distance, Claudia felt sure that their friendship must soon die out. For her own part, she hated letter-writing ; and, beside, of what use were letters towards supplying her need of companionship ? Already she had made up her mind to drop the correspondence as quickly as she could with any decency ; and, probably, the reflection that, in loosing her tie to Ella, she would cut herself more completely adrift from her past life, stimulated this resolution.

Be that as it may, she resolved to elect Miss Ashmead to the vacant place of her bosom friend ; and as that young lady met her overtures with unfeigned readiness, the arrangement appeared perfectly satisfactory. As often as her husband would permit—oftener, indeed, than he at first liked—Claudia would call for Olivia to drive or to ride in their company, whilst she was constantly inviting her to the house. And as the days and the weeks went on, Olivia accepted those invitations with more and more frank alacrity. For one thing, she found the pain of meeting Douglas in his new relations of marriage a happily diminishing quantity, so far as she was personally concerned ; for another, and more important one, she believed that her society was of serious benefit to the pair. Very early indeed in the history of their acquaintance, it dawned upon Olivia that there was something missing from the perfection of a wife in the woman whom Douglas had chosen. And this perception subsequent experience only served to confirm. With her husband's best and truest life aspirations and tastes Claudia was totally out of sympathy. Long before the shadow of this discovery had fallen upon the young man himself, it was clear, in all its blank truth, to poor Olivia's eyes ; and, eager to spare him sorrow or disappointment, she threw herself into the breach and tried to ward off from him such discovery.

Dropping all his military habits, and even his military title, the new Squire had thrown himself at once into his present position with a conscientious sense of its responsibility. A large landowner, with a numerous tenantry, he found the condition of the latter by no means satisfactory. His brother Julius had been a hard man, and he had grown harder in the latter years of his life, grinding the faces of the poor, exacting heavy rents, and systematically refusing to make necessary alterations and repairs in the houses of his tenants.

All this the new proprietor was eager to set to rights ; and when, full of enthusiasm in his subject, he would come with plans for improvements, rebuilding, &c., to lay before his wife, it was his friend who interfered with a demonstrative show of her own interest in his plans, to cover the fact that his wife felt none whatever.

Thus it came to pass that by degrees—without absolutely recognising the truth that his beautiful Claudia found his notions of duty a bore, but quite satisfied that Olivia sympathised with them—it became a habit with Douglas to turn first to her for counsel and encouragement in these serious occupations of his life. In this way she grew to be a sort of complement to his union—without which he might presently have found it incomplete. As it was, a vague sense of want at times troubled—though it did not materially disturb—his passionate devotion to his young wife. Yes, she was young, almost a child—that was always his fond excuse for her, whenever the reluctant possibility of her needing any excuse was forced upon him. Claudia had his heart—his whole heart—and she knew it. Therefore she was not the least jealous or disquieted to find that his “cousin Olivia” had been reinstated by her husband in the old place of his friend and confidant. Olivia was quite welcome to take the burden of those tedious uninteresting discussions off her shoulders. She was welcome to the husks of Douglas’s esteem and cool fraternal affection, so long as she (Claudia) enjoyed the kernel of his love—and enjoyed it all the more because she guessed that, now and then, poor Olivia’s repressed feelings gained the upper hand, and filled her with a vain longing to taste the sweetness of that closer tie herself.

But Olivia was always very kind to her, in a protective elder-sisterly sort of way, which, from her, Claudia rather liked—although with other people she stood very much on her dignity as mistress of Clavermere Chase. And by other people her dignity was readily acknowledged. The young bride—the pretty, delicate-looking Mrs. Douglas Awdry—excited quite a furore in local society, and was flattered and courted to the top of her bent. So passed away those early months of her married life. Never had Claudia been happier—never, indeed, she told herself, so happy in the whole course of her existence! Rich, prosperous, and beloved, conscious of no unsatisfied need, all her old wretchedness and anxieties seem to have melted away for ever. ‘The sword of Damocles was gone from over her head, and she dwelt in security.

Early in the summer of the following year, there occurred, about the same time, two very important events for the Clavermere household. Douglas, after a rather close and exciting fight for it, was elected a member for his county and obtained a seat in Parliament—and Claudia presented her husband with a son and heir. And now, if ever, the faintest shade of disappointment or disenchantment had made itself felt in the young husband’s breast, it was more than atoned for. With a strong unbending will, and a capacity for in-

flexible sternness, Douglas Awdry had also a tender, idealistic side to his nature, and this was deeply touched by his wife's weakness and motherhood. In the new glory of her maternity (how little he suspected that maternity was *not* new to her !), he appeared positively to worship the ground upon which she trod, to use the common but expressive phrase.

It was rather a hard time, that, for the devoted, unselfish friend upon whose companionship, during the period of confinement to the house, Claudia made such demands. Olivia, however, having no excuse to the contrary, answered all those demands. Her sisters, Rose and Edith, had been married, each of them at the appointed dates, and the former was expecting very shortly to follow Claudia's example by becoming a mother. As the distance was not very great, Olivia had paid several short visits to her sister's new home ; while Mrs. Ashmead, who found the Vicarage very comfortable, spent a good deal of her time there. One of Olivia's visits to Longenvale had taken place just before the birth of Claudia's boy, and on her return she tried to amuse the young mother by describing the people whom she had met there, and repeating the little gossiping stories which are sure to abound in a country neighbourhood. Amongst other people, she mentioned that she had, on one occasion, encountered Lord Westaxon—the earl about whom, as a future parishioner, Rose had spoken so boastfully. Walking with her brother-in-law at the time, Olivia had met the earl in an invalid carriage—a sort of bath-chair—propelled by a footman. Lord Westaxon had stopped to say a few words to the clergyman, and the latter, of course, introduced his sister-in-law. Only, in reality, thirty-two years of age, the earl, Miss Ashmead declared, looked more like fifty. He had a thin, withered, pain-drawn face, and a cynical ill-natured expression. That expression did not, it was said, belie his disposition ; but, at the same time, as Olivia explained, there were excuses to be made for the poor fellow's bitter temper. For six years, now, he had been a cripple ; and a cripple, it was decreed, he must remain to the end of his days. Moreover, this calamity had befallen him in a very dreadful way. At the time of its occurrence both parents had been alive, and he had borne, by courtesy, his father's second title, Viscount Longenvale. Then, also, there had been two younger sons, known by the family name of Stenhouse ; and towards the elder of these—the brother next to him—a bright, amiable young fellow, whom all the rest of the world admired—Viscount Longenvale had always appeared to nourish an unaccountable antipathy.

The two had been always at loggerheads—perpetually quarrelling—though the fault seemed to have rested mainly, if not entirely, with

the elder brother. But, on whichever side the blame lay, a terrible retribution had fallen upon both young men. Late one night—a night in midsummer—Viscount Longenvale had been heard speaking in an unusually loud and angry key in the bedchamber of his brother. The servants, however, who had overheard the disturbance, had been too much accustomed to similar sounds to take much notice of this.

“There’s them two at it again—like hammur and tongs—least-ways, the viscount’s at it!” one gentleman with very fine calves had observed to another equally favoured by nature, as they caught the echo of a passionate roll of abuse, in passing the end of the corridor, on their way to their own nightly quarters.

But neither they, nor others of the household, had experienced more than a momentary sense of alarm, even when a louder cry of wrath or excitement had been instantaneously followed by a dead silence between the combatants.

But with the morning had come a terrible explanation of that sudden silence. Viscount Longenvale had been found lying on a stone parapet twenty feet below the open window of his brother’s room, unconscious and half dead. As for the Honourable Herbert . . . was that the name? Yes, Olivia thought it was . . . the Hon. Herbert Stenhouse—he had disappeared from his home, and never, from that day to this, had anything whatever been heard of him. What the occasion of that fateful quarrel had been, the viscount had never been known to disclose, but his fall from the window, he had declared, so soon as he was able to speak, had not been accidental. It was his brother who had pushed him through it, and whose flight had probably been occasioned by the belief that he had killed him. And, for a long time, it had been doubtful whether the injuries he had received might not indeed result in the unfortunate viscount’s death. Ultimately, however, he had recovered—if it could be called recovery—when the use of both legs was entirely gone, and the spine remained seriously affected.

“Then the poor mother”—Olivia continued, telling this tale to Claudia, who listened with a languid, lady-like interest—“the poor countess, already delicate, had faded away from the hour when the shock of that double disaster had come upon her; and the year after her death, Lord Westaxon had followed her to the grave, when the earldom, of course, had devolved upon the crippled elder son.”

“And how about the third son?” Claudia inquired; “does he not live with his brother?”

“No, Lord Westaxon lives alone—a wretched, misanthropic life. It is Rose who has gathered all this information about the family, you understand. No one dares speak to the earl himself

either about his own physical injuries or his lost brother; and, naturally, after six years, the story is dying out in the district—especially as the unfortunate man keeps himself so entirely aloof from society that people are apt to forget his existence. Scarcely a soul ever enters the gates of Westaxon Park but the doctor and my brother-in-law. Rose has never been there; but the earl seems to have taken rather a fancy to the new vicar.”

“Oh? Well, I don’t wonder,” returned Claudia, with amiable politeness. “I thought Mr. Featherstone a charming man when I met him at your sister’s wedding.”

“Yes, Rose has been very fortunate in her husband,” resumed Miss Ashmead. “But you were asking about the third brother—the Honourable George Stenhouse, his name is. He is married, and he lives in one of the northern counties—Lancashire, I believe. His wife was the daughter of a commoner—a man who had made an enormous fortune in trade, and who was knighted for entertaining royalty on the occasion of some passing visit to his native town. The daughter, being his only child, was, of course, a great heiress; and as money, in these days, is held to be of as much value as blood, I suppose the Hon. G. Stenhouse made a good match. At any rate, as the knight is dead, the property has now come to them, and they are immensely wealthy. Rose has been told that Mrs. Stenhouse is a year or two older than her husband, who was exactly twenty-one at the time of his marriage, and that there are two children—a boy and girl. And, you see, unless the missing brother turns up, the Hon. George or his son must be the next earl.”

“Yes, of course. I wonder if he ever *will* turn up! What do you think can have become of him? Why has he not been found? Surely some steps must have been taken to discover his whereabouts?” questioned Mrs. Douglas Awdry, with her mild interest in the story. Ah! if one of those mythical “little birds” that one hears of, as going about charged with one’s own and one’s neighbours’ most occult secrets, had but been present to whisper a few Sibylline words in Mrs. Douglas’s ear, it is possible that her interest in the Stenhouse family might have been slightly quickened!

As it was, when Miss Ashmead had replied that the general impression around Westaxon Park seemed to be that the lost young man must be dead, and that possibly he might have met his death by suicide, Claudia considered the subject exhausted, and proceeded to introduce another which she was never weary of discussing—to wit, the perfections of her baby, whose name, it had been decided, was to be Eustace.

(To be continued.)

DOWN THE RED SEA.

OF all undesirable corners of the earth, none has left on my mind a more dreary impression than Suez—a dismal settlement in the sand, in which, often as it has been my fate to visit it, I have failed to find a redeeming feature. Even its ruinous streets and bazaars lack the picturesqueness which generally attaches to all Oriental life, while the dirt and poverty of the hungry-looking people are too painfully prominent.

Close by the sea stands the one refuge for Europeans—a large hotel which rejoices in the monopoly of the victims who are here detained while waiting for their steamer, which may perhaps have stuck somewhere in the great canal—Old Egypt's new river—at whose mouth are stationed huge dredging-machines, which travel to and fro ceaselessly clearing the channel, and which, seen from the shore, are suggestive of black sea-monsters.

Just outside the harbour lies a low sandy island, which is used as a burying-ground, where many a homeward-bound wanderer has found a shallow grave beneath the scorching sand; many and many a nameless grave is there of those who, after long years of exile in India or China, started for "England and home," but whose broken health vainly strove to battle with the perils of the Red Sea, so that life's flickering lamp burnt itself out as they touched the land. Happier they whose shorter struggle wins them a glorious tomb beneath the deep blue waves, rather than six feet of burning sand on this dreary island of the dead! Not such an one as those peaceful green isles of the northern seas, where mosses and wild flowers cling round the old grey stones, making death itself beautiful, but a fiery spot where land and sea and sky all alike glare in a fierce red heat, the very abomination of desolation.

Red, rocky, sterile cliffs rise almost perpendicularly from the sea, and as they seem to glow like crimson fire in the scorching sunlight their colour is generally said to give its name to this sea, an explanation, however, which is unsatisfactory to say the least of it. And yet the origin of the name must perplex every new-comer, who, passing from the exquisitely clear green waters of the Suez Canal (the aqua-

marine of shallow sea-water above a bed of white sand), finds himself floating on the beautiful deep blue of the gulf.

While pondering over this question I heard with exceeding interest the solution offered by two naval officers, who separately told me that in some of the broiling summer days, when not a breath stirred the sultry air or rippled the oily surface of the water, they had noticed a reddish scum gathered in places, and had little doubt that to some such simple cause the name was due. Various other sailors less observant than these laughed at the notion and vowed that in all their longer experience such a thing had never been seen. It was the old story—"eyes" and "no eyes."

It was therefore with infinite pleasure that I stumbled on a passage in the writings of Moquin Tandon, in which he states that the Red Sea was so called from the prevalence of a minute bright red plant, so small that in one square inch twenty-five million plants find room to live. He quotes a passage from Ehrenberg who tells us how he saw from Tor, near Mount Sinai, the whole bay of which that village is the port, red as blood, the open sea keeping its ordinary colour. The wavelets carried to the shore during the heat of the day a purple mucilaginous matter, and left it upon the sand, so that in about half an hour the whole bay was surrounded by a red fringe, which, on examination, proved to consist of myriads of tiny bundles of fibres, about one-twelfth of an inch long, namely the red *trichodesmium*, the water in which they floated was quite pure.

Another French traveller mentions that, as he sailed down the Red Sea, he suddenly observed that the water, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to be of a deep red colour. It was some hours before the ship in which he sailed passed through this strange expanse of blood-red ocean, which at length seemed to grow paler, and shortly he found himself once more looking down through clear depths of the usual intense blue.

Many other instances are recorded in which the presence of this tiny plant has seemed to turn the water into blood. In one case, near the island of Luçon, a French corvette came on an extent of thirty-five square miles of it, extending also to a great depth.

Monsieur Evenot Dupont tells us how in the Mauritius on one hot summer's day the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was tinted with red, its surface seemingly covered with a material of a brick-dust colour. This on investigation proved to be the same plant; when dried on linen, it became green.

Another traveller tells how on the coast of Chili he espied a dark red streak upon the sea; when the vessel reached this, the water was

found to be full of minute red particles, but whether animal or vegetable he failed to detect. It was four hours before the ship got away from this strange field, which, it was calculated, covered a surface of 168 square miles.

Darwin mentions having, on the same coast, witnessed a very similar phenomenon. He says that the vessel passed through broad bands of reddish water, which proved to be coloured by minute active animalcules, darting about, and of infinite number, none of them exceeding the one-thousandth part of an inch in length, and every drop of water containing many specimens. One of these bands of colour covered a space of several square miles.

The colour of the water, as seen at some distance, was like that of a river which has flowed through a red clay district; but under the shade of the vessel's side it looked as dark as chocolate. The line where the red and blue water joined was distinctly defined. From this marvellous mass of millions upon millions of minute animalcules a few specimens were examined under the microscope, a matter of no small difficulty, owing to the amazing activity of their movements—an incessant motion, which seemed a necessary part of their existence, inasmuch as the moment it ceased they instantly expanded and burst—in so doing ejecting brown colouring matter.

In several places, in the course of one long voyage Mr. Darwin again observed kindred phenomena, in one case caused by myriads of crustacea, in form like prawns, which clung together in bands of a bright red colour. Again he noticed lines of red and yellow, several miles in length, but only a few yards in width, caused by gelatinous balls, apparently the spawn of some fish.

He quotes about twenty different travellers who have all described this same discoloration of the sea; in fact observes that in almost every long voyage some such description is given. Speaking of this reddish-brown weed, from which the Red Sea probably derives its name, he compared it to chopped hay, and observes that in Captain Cook's voyages the sailors bestowed on it the name of sea sawdust.

Lieutenant Ogilvie Grant tells me that when off the West Coast of Africa, about a day's steam north of the mouth of the Sierra Leone river, he passed through a broad belt of deep crimson water, and though the vessel was steaming rapidly, it took upwards of an hour to pass this strange band of colour. The surface water brought up in buckets was quite clear, and afforded no clue to the cause of the rosy hue.

Sir Emerson Tennent observed the same colouring as of frequent occurrence on the shores of Ceylon during the south-west monsoon,

when he noticed a broad expanse of the sea of a deep red tinge, considerably brighter than brick-dust, and confined to a space so distinct that a line seemed to separate it from the green water, which flowed on either side. On examining this microscopically, he found it to be filled with infusoria, similar to those which tinge the sea off the shores of South America—such as those described by M. Lesson off the coast of Lima.

Kotzebue observed the same rich red hue off the coast of Brazil, where it seemed due to the presence of myriads of minute crabs and seaweeds; and so vivid in colour and so wide in expanse are these ocean fields in the neighbourhood of California, that they have earned the name of the Vermilion Sea. Nor are these vast crops and armies of insignificant units peculiar to the tropics. We know that in the arctic regions, the whalers are guided in the pursuit of their gigantic spoil by noting places where, for leagues together, the water is discoloured by myriads of microscopic plants, which are the favourite food of many species of jelly-fish (or, to give them what the children call their Sunday name, medusæ). These are, in their turn, the delicate prey which attracts the great whale.

Mr. Gosse tells us that in the salt works at Lymington, in Hampshire, England, the reservoirs of concentrated brine are peopled by incalculable myriads of microscopic animalcules of a crimson hue. Also his own tanks of sea-water on one occasion became full of patches of a rich crimson purple colour, which spread rapidly over the surface of the water and the sides of the vessel. This proved to be a microscopic sea-weed, which continued to flourish for some months, till the tank was unfortunately destroyed.

M. de Candolle mentions a similar phenomenon on the Lake of Morat, near Neufchatel, when, hearing from the peasants the report that the waters had suddenly become the colour of blood, he instituted a minute examination of the cause. He found that in the morning hours the lake presented its usual appearance, but later in the day long lines of reddish matter appeared on the surface, which, drifting in every direction, tinted the waters with all shades of yellow, brown, and vivid red, and exhaled a pestiferous odour, but entirely disappeared at night.

He found that in stormy weather it never appeared at all; but from November till the following May it came and vanished constantly. De Candolle believes this to have been caused by a mighty army of animalcules, but English naturalists attributed it to a freak of the vegetable world.

It seems curious that there should be room for so much discus-

sion as to the origin of the name of the Red Sea, as the Hebrew word so translated, *Sûph*, which occurs upwards of twenty times in the Old Testament, simply means weeds—the sea of weeds. The same word occurs in the Book of Jonah, where he cries that in the depth of the sea the weeds were wrapped around his head.

In allusion to this, Fürst says: "There is a certain weed which grows in the depths of the Red Sea, and is called by the Ethiopians *Supho*. It is crimson, and contains a red dye, which serves for dyeing cloth; according to the testimony of Hieronymus on the qualities of the Red Sea."

Strabo, Diodorus, and other ancient writers are quoted as alluding to the weed of the Arabian Gulf, "a sea-weed resembling wool." The Arabians too allude to it in their poetic proverb to describe those who are parted for ever: "I will return to thee when the sea has ceased to wet the soof"—that is, never.

Although we had not the good fortune to witness a phenomenon so specially characteristic of this sea, we were highly favoured in the brilliant displays of phosphorescence which night after night illuminated the dark world of waters, seeming to scintillate like the white lambent flame of the aurora. From my childhood I have been familiar with the wonderful phosphoric light when sailing through herring shoals in our dark northern seas. But in those warmer latitudes there were some nights when the whole ocean seemed lighted with quivering tongues of white flame. The surface, dark one moment, would on the next suddenly burst into a glowing sheet of liquid fire, curling in flakes of living foam; each leaping fish scattered the light as it flung the starry spray around; each tiny wavelet broke in fiery ripples; and in our wake lay a gleaming track sparkling with glittering sea-stars.

Sometimes we made our way to the bows (it would sound more in keeping to speak poetically of the prow!), thence to watch the good ship cleave the waves, sending the sea lightning shooting along each ripple—and we thought how eerie must the same sight have seemed to the ancient mariner, as he watched how from his ghastly ship

The elfish light fell off in hoary flakes.

The officers on board described a marvellous display of a very unusual form of phosphoric light which they had had the good fortune to witness on their previous voyage through the Red Sea, when for three days and three nights the whole surface of the water seemed tinged with a milky substance which, at night, gleamed with light so vivid that it seemed as if a brilliant reflection of moonlight

lay on every side of them, though the night was as dark as it well could be. They say that it positively made their eyes ache to keep watch in such a glare.

Is it not strange to think that all this mysterious illumination should be due to myriads of luminous animalcules? Chiefly to one, which, when vastly magnified, has the form of a tiny melon. They are of all colours—blue, white, and green—and it has been calculated that fifty thousand would find abundant space in a small wineglassful of water!

Of all delightful companions on a sea voyage, commend me to one possessed of a good microscope, and who, day by day, can conjure up new marvels from the exhaustless stores of invisible treasures of the deep. With such an one it was my good fortune to travel, and very pleasant were the liliputian fisheries, when one small bucket did the work of nets, and cruives, and rods—in short, brought us more strange and wonderful creatures than ever net enclosed; and very beautiful too were the artistic delineations of these dainty creatures which their captors carried away with them for the pleasure of landmen; although the tiny prisoners resented having to sit for their portraits, and wriggled about till they occasionally attained to a Nirvana of their own, and evaporated altogether!

Among the larger denizens of the deep, whose frequent appearance, and occasional most unintentional visits, served to beguile many an hour of pleasant idleness, were the flying-fish. Sometimes we flashed through shoals, which rose from the waves at our approach like flashes of silvery spray. They flew, perhaps, two hundred yards, skimming the surface of the water, then again just touching the waves to moisten their transparent wings. Sometimes, in their terror, they flew right in at the cabin windows, looking so like tiny birds that they might well earn the name of “sea-swallows,” bestowed on them in ancient days. It really seemed barbarous to capture those graceful involuntary guests, but such dainty morsels proved irresistible. So we preserved the curious wings of gauze-like membrane on a folding frame-work—in short, exaggerated pectoral fins (surely they must have inspired the Chinaman with the original design for his folding sail of matting or bamboo!), but the delicate little fish were consigned to the cook’s galley, and were voted to be the daintiest fish-morsels we had ever tasted.

In the West Indian Isles, where their excellence is fully appreciated, and the supply inexhaustible, the favourite method of catching them is to rig out wide nets on poles on all sides of their boat; then the fishers kindle a blazing fire in their iron brazier, knowing well how

quickly these silvery "sea-moths" will fly to the alluring light, only to find themselves helpless captives in some of the many nets. Almost exactly the same method of capture is practised in some of the South Sea Isles, where the natives go out at night in their canoes, carrying blazing torches and small nets on bamboos.

It appears that there are so many different kinds of flying-fish that I might very well have commenced acquaintance with the family in the Mediterranean; but as that pleasure was deferred till we met in the Red Sea, I naturally connect them with the many novelties which gave such additional interest to our voyage south of Suez.

To begin with the early morning, we were offered the accustomed tea and coffee, under the name of "chota hazeri"—*i.e.* small breakfast. Next, we noticed that our luncheon was transformed into "tiffin," and that as we sat in the cabin silent Hindoo lads squatted on the floor, pulling punkahs to keep us cool, and at the same time blowing away all our papers, till some kind sailor friends supplied us with leaden weights. Evidently we were on the highway to some strangely new state of existence.

The ship's company, too, seemed to comprise samples of all the Oriental races: Chinese quartermasters, Malays, Lascars, splendid Nubian stokers, British officers. There were Hindoos, Mohammedans, Confucians, Buddhists, and Christians.

The captain's servant, who waited upon us, was a Kitmutgar of the true stamp—turbaned, white-robed, barefooted, a Mohammedan of course, else, how could he supply us with genuine roast beef? The fruits, too, at dessert were new—bunches of plantains, like creamy confectionery; guavas, like indifferent pears, but hateful to smell; pummeloës, like huge oranges with pink flesh; and scarlet pomegranates, duly prepared with wine and sprinkled with spices.

The very rocks were altogether strange to us. Wonderful volcanic masses like giant heaps of tinder and slag round some antediluvian smelting furnace, masses of red and green and black lava cutting sharp against pale yellow earth, make these freaks of nature as strange in colour as in form. One group bears the name of the twelve apostles. Then comes Bab-el-Mandeb—the Gate of Death—of Hell—or of Tears, as I heard it variously rendered. It was suggestive of all three as we first beheld it, standing out in purple relief against a glimpse of fiery sunrise, while clouds and sea were alike sombre and solemn. It received its very suggestive name from the Arabs of old on account of the dangers of its navigation. So numerous were the shipwrecks between these cruel gates that when any man started on this voyage he was held to have indeed entered the jaws of death,

and his family wailed and put on mourning for him as though he were already dead.

Just opposite this headland lies the small island of Perim, commanding the entrance to the straits. On it stands a lighthouse and a small fort, both of very recent date. The story told concerning the annexation of this island is curious. From the beginning of time nobody had coveted so arid a rock, till one day it occurred to France that it might prove a useful position. So in January 1857 the French brig of war, *Nus*, eighteen guns, was despatched to take possession, and very naturally she halted at Aden, where her officers were invited to mess, in the course of which, wine being in and wit out, so far as to loosen tongues, they divulged their mission. No comment was made, but Brigadier Coghlan (afterwards Sir William Coghlan), the commandant, silently wrote a few words on a slip of paper, which was at once despatched to Lieutenant Templer, commanding the Indian navy schooner *Mahi*, five guns. Not a moment was lost, and the *Mahi* immediately sped on her way to Perim, and there hoisted the British flag—to the no small amazement and disgust of the loquacious envoys, on their arrival thither the following day.

We sailed past some extraordinary serrated crags, bearing the name of Jebel Hussan, with sharp teeth and pinnacles of every colour, bristling up from the general mass of slag and cinder-dust and ashes. And before us lay the mightiest rock of all, Aden—ceded to England by the Sultan after the inhabitants had maltreated the passengers of an English ship, which was wrecked on this inhospitable shore. Marco Polo and other travellers of old have told us tales of its greatness in bygone times—its riches and splendour as a place of traffic for all nations. Of all this glory the sole remaining trace is that wonderful group of tanks; whether they are the work of the Romans or of the old Moors is unknown, but for centuries they lay buried beneath rock and sand, their very existence forgotten. It is only some twenty or thirty years since they were excavated, to be the wonder of all beholders. The old civilisation having thus vanished, it is with unfeigned delight that we hail our first and only real glimpse of genuine savages; quite the unmistakable article!

The rock in the distance, especially as seen from the Indian side, bears a strange resemblance to Gibraltar. There is the same great mass rising abruptly from the sea, the same low neck of sand connecting it with the distant blue and lilac hills. But as you draw near the likeness ceases, and only the impression of terrible sterility forces itself on you. On every side of you are masses of lava; above you the same lava, towers in dark, dreary, desolate ridges. A black and

red sea of petrified lava lies before you, so hot that it well nigh blisters the hand that touches it : for on rock and sand and sea, on the line of dazzling white houses, and on the little English church, the sun glares in fierce intensity, and its reflected rays seem hotter than those that fall on you direct.

No wonder that the unhappy Europeans who are forced to remain here exhaust every simile from the "Inferno" to try and describe its horrors ; you can scarcely even wonder at the appalling number of suicides, among men half-maddened by the sun. As a sample of the delightful effect of life in Aden on the British mind, we were told that when the 82nd Regiment were about to be relieved from this hateful station they were at the last moment detained for an extra three months, and so intense was the revulsion from bliss to misery that before the three months had expired no less than ten men had committed suicide. I merely tell the facts as they were told to me.

Yet there are always some curious mortals who find pleasure in what most disgusts others ; who find meat where others see only poison ; so, even at Aden, I met one or two men who spoke of the place with positive affection, and I confess that as we sat in the great cool iron room at the house of the P. and O. Company, all draped with flags, and green with giant ferns (where *could* they have grown?)—and as we looked over the blue straits into the plains and hills of Arabia, I almost thought that even Aden could be pleasant, more especially as an excellent piano (suggesting the ball of the previous night) served to accompany the rich and tuneful voice of our host in many of our favourite old songs.

In the street extending along the shore we found shops, kept by Parsees from Bombay, for the sale of English and foreign wares. But far more attractive were the quaint merchants of the shore, genuine Arabs, with long lines of camels, bringing grains and coffee from the interior, and armed with strange weapons. More curious still are the Somalis, genuine brown savages, lean lanky beings, with a minimum of raiment. Here first you are struck with the fact of the Eastern leg having no calf, and a singularly projecting heel, suggesting the Oriental description of a treacherous foe following a man's footsteps, as one seeking to "bruise his heel."

These odd beings come out in boat-loads to meet the steamer, offering things for sale : ostrich feathers, leopard skins, fans, shells, coral, eggs, sticks made of rhinoceros horn, and very quaint wicker baskets. Their chief anxiety is to be allowed to dive for coin, which they almost invariably bring up from the depths of the sea. A favourite steam-boat trick is to throw the metallic cap from the top

of wine-bottles, a deception which their quick eye detects before they have dived many yards, and they return to the surface with a laughing prayer for better coin.

I am afraid that this is not the only occasion when this base substitute for coin of the realm is made to do duty instead of the genuine article. It is said that the number of these tops which find their way into the church offertories of Hindoostan is strangely discreditable. One clergyman is reported to have announced the sum collected on the previous Sunday as amounting to so many rupees and annas, and thirteen soda-water tops! I doubt whether any of the heathen temples could have told of parallel irreverence.

Further to enhance their beauty, fashion requires the Somalis to dye their black hair to the fashionable red hue. They have no Madame Rachel to invent new and refined methods of attaining this desirable end, but follow the custom of their forefathers, and plaster their heads with mud and lime, so that while undergoing this process their bodies seem to be surmounted by an earthy nodule; after a given time this is washed off, and the captive hair comes forth rampant, a regular door-mat of wild, shaggy, reddish-yellow wool—probably further adorned by an upright ostrich feather! As a race they are weak men, said to have little stamina or power of endurance—more especially unable to endure thirst, to which one might suppose they were well inured. Many of them have the teeth much discoloured from the practice of chewing *kat*, a mildly exciting drug.

Their curious method of wishing anybody good luck is to spit upon him—a custom which certainly sounds strange to us, and yet is somewhat akin to that of licking thumbs, which in bygone days was the recognised symbol among the lower classes all over Scotland that a sale had been agreed on, and all was satisfactory. To this day the custom is quite common in some parts of Ross-shire and Sutherland, where a lick often precedes a hearty shake of the hand in acknowledging an obligation of any sort whatever. The practice was even recognised by law, and decrees are extant sustaining sales upon summonses of thumb-licking, which state that the parties had licked thumbs when concluding their bargain! It is said that the same custom prevails in some parts of India. In the north-western Highlands of Scotland this was the orthodox ceremony of betrothal between lad and lass, and to break the vow thus plighted was held to be a vile form of perjury. So you see the Somalis are not the only race who recognise mystic virtue in saliva!

Captain Burton has given us some very curious particulars of his wanderings among these people. He tells us how one night he

overheard a woman groaning in spirit, in agony from toothache, and all night long her cry was, "O Allah ! may Thy teeth ache like mine. O Allah ! may Thy gums be sore as mine." The poor soul, like all her neighbours, rested her aching head on a hollowed block of wood which acts the part of a pillow. All the Somalis wage deadly warfare against the crow, which they affirm to have been created white, but which in evil hour betrayed the hiding-place of the Prophet by an untimely croak, whereupon he cursed the bird of ill-omen, and it became black, since which time it has shared the fate of all creatures when down in their luck, and has been mercilessly hooted, and pecked at, and destroyed.

Among other quaint statistics of Somali domestic life we are told that the custom of kissing is a thing unknown ; that the regulation allowance of wives is four (as authorised by the Prophet), and that on the arrival of a new one the amiable husband inaugurates the amenities of domestic life by giving the bride a sound whipping with a leathern thong, by way of at once subduing any lurking ill-temper in the luckless damsel. Evidently the Somalis have yet to learn the Scotch proverb that "Ye may ding the de'il into a woman, but ye'll no ding it out o' her !" We found considerable amusement in bargaining with some of these queer beings for their various merchandise, and were much struck by the acuteness of the inevitable "gamin"—the young savage mind having evidently imbibed many Western views on the morality of trade.

One of our friends, whose "sunny" quarters were up in the cantonments, now suggested that we should drive there, which we accordingly did, passing through dark tunnels and deep fissures in the rocks, all fortified and guarded, so that not the most cat-like Arab could by any possibility enter British territory save by the authorised road, and under surveillance of many sentries. Hateful as are what may be called "the civil lines" of Aden, this military station exceeds its horrors tenfold, being literally the heart of an extinct crater—and nothing but a crater—barren as on the day of its creation. Right overhead towers Jebel Shamsan, where, according to Arab tradition, Cain and his sons built the first fire-temple on the highest crest of the crater. Here, too, Cain (or Kabil, as they call him) was buried—a meet tomb for a murderer.

As a station for human beings in the tropics none more hateful could be conceived. It is a true trap for sunbeams, where they are least welcome, and the temperature in summer is such that it could scarcely be hotter if the volcano were in full play. On every side we looked on calcined wreck, blackened by some mighty conflagration.

Even then, in the depth of winter, the sultry heat was almost unbearable: the breathless stillness, the oppressive glare and brightness—and from our hearts we pitied our luckless countrymen, who stood melting on parade, or cleaning big guns and piling shot and shell.

The aforesaid ancient tanks were the next object of interest—a wonderful series of gigantic reservoirs coated with polished white cement like marble, and constructed one behind the other, up the principal gorge in the black-rock mountain, so that whenever it does rain, which it does about once in three years,¹ every drop of water that falls on any part of the cliffs rushes down the hard, clean lava, by myriad courses, into one or other of these tanks—and though they are said to contain thirty million gallons, in less than half an hour they are full to overflowing: a statement which is generally disbelieved by new comers, so that when the rare delight of rain begins, every one rushes to the tanks, heedless of, or rather rejoicing in, the luxury of getting soaked; our escort told us that he, for one, had verified the assertion, for that less than half an hour had flooded the place. These tanks are relics of the days of Aden's mediæval greatness, but, as we have seen, their very existence was long forgotten, and they were only discovered in the course of certain excavations, and restored within recent years.

Round the tanks are minute shrubberies which are shown with pride, as a triumph of skill over nature. They contain some common green plants, which have been reared at a cost far beyond the most precious exotics. The flower-beds are neatly edged with inverted soda-water bottles—very suggestive! In former days the whole supply of drinking water had to be carried into the settlements from wells outside the fortifications. Now the power of distilling fresh water from the sea has made the place independent of such risk of drought.

Returning along the shore, we had the delight of collecting shells and corals of various sorts and colours—dead and wave-worn, as a matter of course, nevertheless a joy which it were vain to tell to unsympathising ears. One who understood it well—a great, large-hearted man²—has compared it to the bliss of nutting in the autumn woods; and well do we all know it who in the bright days of happy childhood have played on the golden sands, and in beautiful caves, “roking” in transparent rock pools for shells and weeds and all manner of spoils of the deep!

¹ So at least we were assured by some Adenites; others declared they had a regular rainy season every year.

² Dr. Norman Macleod.

It was still daylight when we returned with all our treasures to the good ship ; so being anxious to get a drawing of the "Old Cinder Heap" (as Aden is irreverently called), we engaged a picturesque native boat, and rowed out to sea a couple of miles. If ever distance lent enchantment to any view, it does so to Aden, which became more and more beautiful as we receded, and the evening lights transfigured the brown rocks till we were fain to do them homage as to a stately king clothed in imperial purple and crowned with rubies, having for emerald throne the clear green sea. Behind us the lesser rocks stood out like sharp needles, "dark against day's golden death," and everything was very still and solemn.

Sorely we grudged having to return to the many jarring sounds of steam-boat life, and all night long the dirty work of coaling went on with infinite noise : half-naked Somalis tramping up and down with heavy coal-baskets, singing wild choruses, talking and shouting—seeming in the pale lamplight like some weird visitors from the lower world, working out their dreary penance.

At sunrise we sailed, leaving the rock in grand dark masses, capped with light mists, and the shapely peaks of Jebel Hussan lying on the horizon, flushed with delicate pink and lilac. And so we bade farewell to the Red Sea.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

PAUL SCARRON.

FORMERLY there flourished an entire branch of literature, which the gradual progress of civilisation and an increased tendency to hyper-delicacy, or at least to decent phraseology, is prone to efface, if not wholly to obliterate; this branch is the "burlesque." Its aim is to expose human foibles and to contrast incongruities without pretending to harmonise them; it must be lively without being ironical, bitter, or satirical, and is nearly always accompanied by a certain amount of coarseness, not unmixed with good nature, careful description of details, and even a somewhat fanciful imaginative power. It generally chooses grave or nobly-born personages and places them in ridiculous and mirth-provoking situations, makes them express themselves in sentences strongly in contrast with those we should naturally expect them to employ, and is more or less related to the "mock-heroic," in which vulgar and commonplace characters adopt a heroic style and bearing, and use grandiloquent expressions quite opposed to their every-day actions. In both may be found a continual antithesis between the actors in the human drama and the language put into their mouth. The burlesque school flourished again on the French stage during the palmy days of the Second Empire, and its productions spread all over Europe, so that there exists scarcely any civilised or semi-civilised country which has not been satiated with such operas as "*La Belle Hélène*," "*Orphée aux Enfers*," "*La Grande Duchesse*," and others of the same kind. Some of the English comic operas of the present time also show a strong leaning towards the "mock-heroic."

The ancients did not often make use of "burlesque" as it is at present understood, though it seems to have been known to them; for certain satirical dramas, in which gods and heroes are uttering vulgar language, appear to belong to this category. The "*Batrachomyomachia*, the Battle between the Frogs and Mice," which relates the adventures of *Psycarpax* "of great *Troxartas* line," appertains rather to the mock-heroic school. During the sixteenth century several Italian poets, such as *Berni* in his "*Rime burlesche*," and *Caporali* in his "*Esequie di Mecenate*," and other works, obtained a

great reputation in burlesque poetry ; but, strictly speaking, their verse, full of sparkling wit, vivacious buffoonery, or vengeful satire, impatient of all restraint, so elegant in style, harmonious in metre, and licentious in expression, is wholly different from what the English and French understand by "burlesque"—a word which seems not to have been employed before the year 1637, when the French poet Sarazin was the first to make use of it, instead of "grotesque," which until then had been in fashion.

Burlesque literature in France was chiefly in vogue during the greater part of the reign of Louis XIV., the most pompous of all monarchs, who, whatever were his faults, played his royal part with a more than becoming dignity, and strutted, "every inch a king," before the courtiers, who idolised him, or pretended to do so, and the French nation at large, who admired him till within the latter years of his rule. Burlesque had sprung up, however, whilst his royal father was still alive, at a time when nobles and adventurers were swaggering about in gaily-bedizened apparel, with martial air, curled-up mustachios, their hands continually on the hilts of their swords, addressing one another in metaphorical and bombastic language, and acting nearly always in a more or less absurd manner.

Another branch of literature is often confounded with the "burlesque," namely, the "jocose," or what the French call the *genre bouffon* ; but this only seeks to produce laughter, and selects, therefore, characters, scenes, and ideas which are ridiculous and clothed in an analogous style. By "grotesque" is now generally understood any literary or artistic work having a tendency to caricature, combined with superabundant warmth of colour, eccentricity of expression, fantastic weirdness and originality, and, above all, with an inclination to exaggerate what is naturally handsome or hideous. In all the three branches of comic literature just mentioned Paul Scarron was easily first, and is considered by the French a master in these peculiar literary subdivisions. It is, therefore, strange that up to the present time no good life of this author has ever been written in France ; though this may be partly accounted for by the fact that until the death of Louis XIV. his very name was "tabooed" in courtly circles.

Paul Scarron—whose name is sometimes written with one "r"—one of the most extraordinary literary phenomena, did not begin to exercise his talents till almost wholly crippled in body and completely paralysed. He was born in Paris about the year 1611, and his father, a barrister, or, as it was then called, a *conseiller au parlement*, is said to have enjoyed a yearly income of more than twenty thousand *livres*, which may be considered as equivalent to nearly three

thousand pounds sterling at the present time. According to some, his family came originally from Lyons, but the most accredited opinion is that the Scarrons were a branch of a noble house from Moncaglieri, in Piémont, where one of his ancestors lies buried under a tomb of white marble, in one of the chapels of this small town. Another branch took the name of De Veaujour in addition to its own, and in 1629 one of its female members married the well-known French Marshal Antoine d'Aumont-Rochebaron, whilst the name of an uncle of our author, who was bishop of Grenoble, has only come down to posterity on account of the length of his beard.

Life must have seemed roseate to Paul Scarron, for he was well connected, young, had fair prospects of rising in the world, and was dearly beloved by his parents, as well as by half-a-dozen brothers and sisters. The death of his mother, Gabrielle Goguet, was the first blow he received ; his father married again a certain Françoise de Plaix, and a second family made its appearance. Old Scarron was an easy-going man, who, no doubt, only wished to spend his life pleasantly, but the second wife was, probably, domineering, and not too friendly disposed towards her step-children. Paul, then a mere youth, often replied in bitter epigrammatic language to her stinging remarks, and, even at that time, gave as good as he received. The domestic hearth became unbearable, and finally his father was obliged to send him away on a visit to one of his relatives, then dwelling in Charleville, a town in the French Ardennes, only built about fifteen years before by the Duke of Nevers. Here Paul remained for nearly two years, and, when scarcely seventeen years old, returned to Paris became an *abbé*, and gave himself up to a life of pleasure and enjoyment. He visited the houses of such free-and-easy beauties as Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos, and struck up an acquaintance with such jovial epicureans as Saint-Evremond, Chapelle, Bachaumont, and many other literary men of fashion whose notions of morality and philosophy were not very rigid. Thus he went his round in the merry whirligig of Parisian life, until, in his twenty-fourth year, he left for Italy, a voyage at that time almost considered necessary to give the final polish to a gentleman and scholar.

He seems to have stopped there for some time, and met at Rome the painter Nicolas Poussin and the French poet François Maynard ; but whatever impressions Italy made on him, no trace of them is to be found in his writings. He did not endeavour "Old Rome out of her ashes to revive, and give a second life to dead

decays,"¹ for the only mention to be found in his works of Italy is when he speaks of "the 'vineyards,'" a name given to several gardens in Rome finer than those of the Luxemburg or the Tuileries, which cardinals and other persons of rank keep up at great expense, more out of vanity than for their own amusement, as they never, or at least very seldom, go there themselves."² These so-called "vineyards" were, in reality, country houses in which old and young sprigs of nobility often entertained their friends of both sexes—above all, those who were not too particular in their notions of morality. It is more than probable that our youthful *abbé* caught there the germs of the dreadful disease which afterwards destroyed his health and made him a helpless invalid for life, until death released him from all his sufferings.

We find Scarron back in France about the year 1637; he was residing then at a country seat of the Count de Tessé, Vernie, nearly fifteen leagues from the town of Mans. Thither he seems to have returned often, for some poetical epistles, addressed to Madame de Hautefort, are dated from Vernie, four and six years later; but he probably dwelt habitually in Paris. Meanwhile, Cardinal Richelieu had dismissed his father from his official position, on account of some fancied conspiracy, and banished him to Touraine.

Young Scarron was now in his twenty-seventh year; he "had had a constitution strong enough to drink as much as most men," or, as he himself calls it, *à l'allemande*; "had been a good dancer, somewhat of an artist, and even a musician, able to play fairly on the lute, and skilful in all bodily exercises;"³ but then he became sorely distressed by the appearance of the first symptoms of his terrible malady, which, lasting for more than twenty years, rendered him completely paralysed; so that at last he sometimes could move neither hand nor foot, and only wag his tongue and turn about his head. This he says himself in prefacing one of his latter works: "to that pair of worthy gentlemen and my dearly beloved friends Ménage and Sarazin, or Sarazin and Ménage, to whom I dedicate this book, in order to kill two birds with one stone. I cannot tell whether I have any claim to act on this proverb, as I am a cripple both in my hands and feet."

¹ Edmund Spenser's Envoy to Du Bellay, prefixed to the English poet's translation of his French compeer's *Antiquités de Rome*.

² See Scarron's *Comical Romance*, part i. ch. xiii.

³ Scarron states this himself in a letter to the Abbé Jacques Carpentier de Marigny, one of the pamphleteers of the Fronde, several years after he had been attacked by paralysis.

According to a tradition which is now completely discredited, Scarron's disease was owing to his having been obliged to take shelter in some stagnant pool to escape the vengeance of the populace of Mans, enraged at seeing one of their clergymen appear in a somewhat obscene carnival disguise ; but as he fell ill about half-a-dozen years before he obtained a canon's stall in the town just mentioned, it is more probable that his bodily infirmities were the consequence of youthful indiscretions and riotous living.

His sufferings became so great that he tried one physician after another to obtain some alleviation of his violent pains, and whilst being carried about he composed some verses, such as the "Adieu au Marais"—the parish where he dwelt—in which he mentions the names of all his acquaintances ; and the Ode "Le Chemin du Marais au Faubourg Saint-Germain," in which suburb, by the advice of some fashionable quack, he in vain took some "bains de tripes." He twice went to essay the efficacy of the waters of Bourbon L'Archambaud, a well-known watering-place almost in the centre of France, which afterwards became the favourite resort of Madame de Montespan, and wrote some "Légendes" in rhyme about this townlet, where he also made the acquaintance of Gaston d'Orleans, the brother of Louis XIII. But when he found that all his attempts to get cured were hopeless, he resolved to return to Paris, and to depend on literature for his subsistence. From that time he began to pour forth endless epistles in verse, sonnets, madrigals, songs, and satires, and amongst others he sent to the Cardinal de Richelieu a poetical *Requête*, which was cleverly dated :—

Fait à Paris, ce dernier jour d'Octobre,
Par moi, Scarron, qui malgré moi suis sobre,
L'an que l'on prit le fameux Perpignan,
Et sans canon la ville de Sedan.

This complimentary allusion to these two towns—the first taken by the French on the 29th of August, 1642, and the other given up by the Duke de Bouillon in the month of September—might have brought our poet some pecuniary reward ; but the death of the minister, which took place on the 4th of December of the same year, prevented this. A poetical *Requête* was then addressed to the King, but the latter followed the cardinal to the grave within a few months of his death, and so probably poor Scarron received nothing for his pains, whilst a poetical epistle on the Fair at Orleans was forwarded to the duke of that name, with somewhat better results.

About this time Scarron's father seems to have died, and as our poet thought himself and his brothers and sisters unjustly deprived

of a portion of their father's inheritance, he commenced a law-suit against his step-mother, which, even in Scarron's time, was not done for nothing. At that time he had two sisters depending on him, of whom he himself is reputed to have said, "that the one loved wine not wisely but too well, and that the other showed her affection for the male sex in a similar manner,"¹ whilst his health gave way, at the very moment he was compelled to think of making a living. Luckily for him, in 1643 he was appointed to some prebend belonging to the Cathedral of Mans, through the influence of a certain Abbé de Lavardin, a descendant of an influential and noble Maine family, who, five years after Scarron's nomination, became himself bishop of that town, and one of whose relatives had, a score of years before, filled the same episcopal seat for more than thirty-six years. As Scarron had already been presented to the Queen by Madame de Hautefort, and had obtained the title of "the Queen's own patient," as well as a pension, and as even the miserly Cardinal Mazarin allowed him five hundred crowns a year, he seems for nearly three years to have lived in clover at Mans and to have dwelt in one of the residences allowed to the canons of the cathedral, which finally he was obliged to abandon.

A year after being appointed to his living he published "*Typhon, ou la Gigantomachie*," a long poem in five cantos, relating the war and revolts of the giants against the gods, which belongs rather to the jocose than to the burlesque branch of literature, for the giants were to Scarron no real "grave and noble personages placed in ridiculous situations," but, borrowed by him from the mythology, became the creatures of his own eccentric fancy, expressing themselves in most extraordinary language. In the first canto of "*Typhon*," Cardinal Mazarin is addressed as follows :—

O grand Mazarin, ô grand Homme !
 Riche trésor venu de Rome . . .
 Esprit qui ne t'endors jamais,
 Expert en guerre, expert en paix,
 Jule plus grand que le grand Jule.

This canto begins thus :—

Je chante, quoique d'un gosier
 Qui ne mâche point de laurier,
 Non Hector, non le brave Enée,
 Non Amphiare ou Capanée,

¹ Scarron's elder sister, Françoise, was generally believed to have been the mistress of the Duke de Tresmes, though some persons pretended she was married to him.

Non le vaillant fils de Thétis ;
Tous ces gens-là sont trop petits,
Et ne vont pas à la ceinture
De ceux dont j'écris l'aventure.
Je chante cet homme étonnant,
Devant qui Jupiter tonnant,
Plus vite qu'un trait d'arbalète,
S'enfuit sans oser tenir tête.
Je chante l'horrible Typhon,
Au nez crochu comme un griffon,
A qui cent bras, longs comme gaules,
Sortaient de deux seules épaules.

"Typhon" pleased the public and sold largely. Scarron resolved now to try his hand at play-writing, and, a year after the publication of his poem, brought out at the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne a comedy in five acts and in verse, "*Jodelet, ou le Maître Valet*," in which the Spanish "*Gracioso*" is put on the stage as a boasting, bragging servant, full of vices and impudence. This comedy was so successful that the following year another play of Scarron, also in verse, made its appearance,—"*Les Trois Dorotheés, ou Jodelet souffleté*,"—which again appears to have been highly appreciated, for within a twelvemonth was published a third of his versified comedies, "*Les Boutades du Capitain Matamore et ses Comédies*," in which a sort of French Bobadil relates his adventures in stanzas, odes, elegies, and various kinds of verse, and describes even his marriage in rhymes all ending in "ment"; but it seems never to have been acted.¹

The plot of all Scarron's comedies, borrowed from the Spanish, never very clear, becomes more and more entangled as the play goes on. Servants blunder, ladies'-maids make mistakes through stupidity, thoughtlessness, or even sometimes by chance, and finally the intricate clue is unravelled by an accident quite unforeseen and startling. The actors indulge in stupid conversation and foolish compliments; the hand of the old and doating lover is always refused, and he is not seldom ridiculed; the young gallant is ever represented as lively and tenderly beloved; and whilst the male and female servant fill up the comic scenes, hardly any attempt is made at original character drawing; and the unity of place, even at present so beloved by the French, is wholly neglected, and one act takes place in a garden, and another in a room or street.

The "*Eneide Travestita*" of the Italian poet J. B. Lalli probably suggested to Scarron his "*Virgile Travesti*," a somewhat

¹ I have not been able to find this comedy in any of the collected editions of Scarron's works.

coarse but perfect model of a burlesque poem, the first book of which appeared in 1648, and was dedicated to the Queen Anne of Austria. He announced his intentions of publishing every month in succession a travestie of one of the twelve books of Virgil's "Æneid," but seems, however, to have abandoned this idea, for the seventh book, dedicated to the Duke of Roquelaure, "the ugliest man in France," was only published during the latter half of the year 1652. Scarron burlesqued the first eight books of Virgil's epic poem, and Charles Cotton, the friend of Walton, and author of the second part of the "Complete Angler," translated, not very faithfully, into English the first and fourth books of Scarron's version, taking care not to soften a single indelicate or coarse expression. We give as a sample of the English paraphrase the description of the sight Eneas beheld on landing at Carthage :—

The town was full all in a pothor,
Some doing one thing, some another.
Some digging were, some making mortar,
Some hewing stones in such a quarter ;
For they were all, as story tells,
Building or doing something else :
And to be short, all that he sees
Were working busily as bees.
I' the middle of the town there stood
A goodly elm o'ergrown with wood :
And under that were stocks most duly,
To lock them fast that were unruly
Near stood the church, a pretty building,
Plain as a pike-staff without gilding ;
I cannot liken any to it,
Unless 't be Pancras, if you know it.

The "Virgile Travesti" created a perfect *furor*, and soon a host of imitators sprang up, who did their best to follow in the footsteps of Scarron, and to burlesque in verse Ovid, Horace, Lucian, Juvenal, Homer, and other celebrated classical authors, whilst one of these imitators even ventured to describe in burlesque verse the "Passion of Our Lord." This rage for "burlesque" lasted for about twenty years, and then subsided as suddenly as it had originated. None of these burlesque poems is now remembered except Scarron's, which, in spite of its want of delicacy, its forced and often tiresome buffoonery, contains entire passages inspired by real "*vis comica*," and full of true wit and ingenious and refined criticism.

The success of Scarron's poem was a great boon to him, and enabled him to live for some time in comparative comfort and ease. He stood greatly in need of these, if we can believe a portrait drawn

by himself, the accuracy of which seems to be confirmed by the testimony of all his friends, and which prefaced his poem "*Relation des Parques et des Poètes sur la Mort de Voiture*," a poet who died in 1648. The book was adorned with a copperplate representing a back view of Scarron seated in a peculiar kind of chair, which it would be a misnomer to call an easy-chair, was dedicated "to the courteous reader who never saw me," and accompanied by the following written portrait of the unfortunate author, very characteristic of his own peculiar style :—

"Unknown friend, who never saw me in your life, and perhaps never troubled yourself much about it, because there is nothing to be got by the sight of such a fellow as I am, allow me to tell you that I am not very anxious you should behold me *in propria personâ*, because I have been informed that some facetious gentlemen make themselves merry at the expense of an unhappy wretch, and describe me as another sort of monster than I really am. Some affirm I am a complete cripple,¹ and others maintain that I have no thighs, and am set upon a table in a cage, where I chatter like a blind magpie; whilst not a few will tell you, and swear it, too, if you would let them, that my hat is fastened to a cord which runs through a pulley, and that I hoist it up or let it down as often as I have to salute a friend who does me the honour of paying me a visit.

"I therefore thought myself obliged, in conscience and all that, to prevent them from telling any longer so many horrid falsehoods ; and, therefore, I ordered my picture to be engraved, as you see it, in the beginning of this book. I know you will grumble, courteous reader, for every reader in the world grumbles more or less ; and, as for me, I can grumble as well as the best of them, when 'tis my turn to be a reader. You will grumble, I dare say, and huff, and puff, because, forsooth, I show you my back. But prithee, old friend, don't be too cholerick. Be assured that I did not do it with a design to turn my back upon the company, but only because its convexity is more fit to receive an inscription than the concavity of my stomach, which is wholly covered by the penthouse of my head hanging over it ; and also because my shape, or rather my irregular personal appearance, may be perceived from behind as well as in front. I am not so conceited as to pretend to make a present to the public—for by those

¹ The original has *cul-de-jatte*, an expression connected with *jatte*, a bowl, because formerly, before orthopedic science was known, those unfortunate creatures who had lost the use of their lower limbs, or even the limbs themselves, were put into a large wooden bowl, and with two sticks in their hands had to paddle their way along the high road of life.

jolly damsels the nine muses, I swear and protest that I never dreamt in my life of seeing my phiz on a medal—but I would have had my picture drawn if I could have found an artist bold enough to take my countenance in black and white. Therefore, for want of a picture, I describe myself to you as near as I can.

“I am past thirty-eight, as you may see by the back of my chair. If I live to be forty, I shall add the Lord knows how many misfortunes to those I have already suffered for these eight or nine years past. There was a time when my size was not to be found fault with, though now it is of the smallest. My illness has made me shorter by a foot; my head is somewhat too big considering my height, and my face is full enough, in all conscience, for me who carries such a skeleton of a body about him. I have hair enough on my head not to need a wig, and many grey hairs, too, in spite of the proverb.¹ My sight is good enough, though my eyes are large and of a blue colour; and one of them is sunk deeper into my head than the other, because I lean on that side. My nose is well enough; my teeth, which in days of yore looked like a row of square pearls, are now like boxwood, and will very soon be of a slate colour. I have lost one tooth and a half on the left side and two and a half precisely on the right, and I have two more standing somewhat out of their ranks; my legs and thighs had at first the shape of an obtuse angle, then of a right angle, and finally of an acute angle; my thighs and body form another, and my head being continually bent over my stomach makes me look more or less like a Z. My arms are shrivelled up as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms; in short, I am a living epitome of human misery. This, as near as I can give, is my shape. Since I have got so far, I will even tell you something of my disposition. Under the rose be it spoken, courteous reader, I do this only to swell the bulk of my book, at the request of the bookseller, the poor dog, it seems, being afraid that he should be a loser by this impression if he did not give the courteous reader enough for his money. Were it not for this, this digression would be of no more purpose than a thousand others. But to our consolation let it be said that ours is not the first age in which people play the fools out of complaisance, without reckoning the follies they commit of their own accord.

“I was always a little hasty in temper, a little given to good living, and rather lazy. I frequently call my servant a nincompoop, and a little after address him as ‘sir.’ I hate no man, and could wish all

¹ The original has “J’en ai beaucoup de blancs, en dépit du proverbe,” but to what proverb Scarron refers I have not been able to discover.

the world had the same feelings for me ; I am as blithe as a bird when I have money—and should be much more so were I in health ; I am merry enough in company, and am quite happy when I am alone ; I bear all my ills pretty patiently. And now, as I humbly imagine the porch to be big enough for the house, it is high time for me to conclude."

About the year 1648 another versified comedy of this "living epitome of human misery," "*L'Héritier Ridicule*," made its appearance, which is said to have pleased the youthful king, Louis XIV., so much, that he had it performed twice in one day. This same year Scarron's friend, Mlle. de Hautefort, married the Marshal de Schomberg, and, of course, out came our poet with an epithalamium. He also published between the years 1643 and 1651 various collections of his poetical epistles, and his other rhythmical productions, amongst which some drinking songs, in verses of thirteen and fourteen syllables, and some eating songs, of which Scarron seems to have been the inventor, attracted notice by their novelty. The Prince of Orange, who about this time visited France, sent to our deformed poet some pecuniary assistance, and received in return an ode in which Scarron lavishes his thanks profusely, and when later on the prince died he wrote some "*Stances Héroïques*" on his death.

During the wars and rebellion of the Fronde, chiefly directed against Cardinal Mazarin, many pamphlets appeared, in prose as well as in verse, all aimed at the statesman then at the helm of the Gallic ship of state. One of the bitterest and most scurrilous of these was "*La Mazarinade*," supposed to have been written by Scarron, in which the cardinal is no longer called "greater than Cæsar," as he was in the opening of "*Typhon*" ; but in which it is distinctly stated that "*mon Jule n'est pas César*." When, however, Mazarin, a couple of years later, returned triumphantly to Paris, the poet clearly saw the error of his ways, admitted that the cardinal had been "*autrefois l'objet de l'injuste satire*," and declared his regret in having attacked him, above all for his own sake, for :—

Pour le malheur des temps, et surtout pour le mien,
J'ai douté d'un mérite aussi par que le sien.

He even went so far as to write to some gentleman connected with the Court, but whose name has not transpired, that he had never dared to write to Her Majesty and make his innocence appear ; but, continues he, "you gave me to understand that the Queen has asked for some of my plays, which makes me flatter myself that she

still remembers such a wretch as I am. During the troubles of the Regency everything, good, bad, or indifferent, that was printed in Paris passed under my name ; and this abuse still continues, notwithstanding all the pains I have taken to undeceive the world. Some insolent libels against His Eminence were fathered on me, and perhaps the reason of it was because another gentleman of the purple, belonging to a party opposed to His Eminence, was pleased to honour me with his friendship"—of course the coadjutor de Retz, then in disgrace, was meant—"but I was known and loved by him from my youth, long before his reputation began to decline at Court." He beseeches the Queen "to drop her indignation against an unhappy wretch who has not long to live." His request was granted, and he was pardoned, but he never again received his pensions, though Fouquet, the "surintendant des finances," as soon as he heard of his loss, allowed our paralysed literary man yearly sixteen hundred livres, for which he received no other reward but a dozen or so of very cleverly-written letters, and the dedication of a rather long but smartly-written burlesque ode relating the adventures of Leander and Hero. About this time was also published the "Baronade," one of Scarron's violent poetical satires directed against a certain financier Baron.

In 1651, the same year the "Mazarinade" saw the light, appeared the first part of a work on which now Scarron's reputation chiefly rests—namely, the prose romance, "*Le Roman Comique*;" the second part of which appeared six years later, whilst the third and final part, published after our author's death, was never written by him at all. The "*Roman Comique*," intended as a reaction against the fashionable novels of Mlle. de Scudéri, and of Honoré d'Urfé, with their sham shepherds and shepherdesses, their pretended "high falutin" sentiments, and their euphuistic language, often went to the other extreme,—excessive coarseness and indelicacy. It describes vividly the adventures of a troop of strolling players in the provinces, and brings before us human beings, with all their faults and virtues, whose actions are related in simple and clear language, whilst the jocular mood of the author suits the subjects he treats of. It remains the best of all the comic and realistic novels of the seventeenth century, and its various personages, such as the liliputian, cantankerous, and conceited Ragotin ; the misanthropical and envious actor La Rancune ; the scoundrelly La Rapinière ; the pretentious poet Roquebrune ; the amorous Le Destin and Léonard ; the tender-hearted young ladies De l'Etoile and Angélique ; the sorely-tried Mrs. La Caverne ; and

the enormous Mrs. Bouvillon, are considered typical characters up to the present day. Scarron might have seen some of these strolling players during his residence in the town of Mans, for it is now generally supposed that he wanted to represent the actors of a well-known provincial troop, who travelled about the country under the guidance of a certain Jean Baptiste de Monchaingre, better known as Filandre, and who visited Mans whilst our author dwelt there. Four stories, freely imitated from the Spanish, are also interpolated in the "*Roman Comique*," which novel may have been suggested by a book, "*The Amusing Journey*," first published in 1603, written by the Spanish actor Augustin de Roxas, and containing dialogues between three of his fellow-comedians and himself relating their adventures and experiences; though the two novels completely differ in subject and treatment. The three parts of the "*Roman Comique*" have been "rendered into English by Mr. Thomas Brown, Mr. Savage, and others," whilst an abbreviated translation of the same work by Oliver Goldsmith was published after the latter's death.

Our little "epitome of all human miseries" seems seldom to have been well off, for he was always asking for something or other in his letters and in his verses, while his friend Segrays, the secretary to Mlle. de Montpensier, admits that "nobody ever wrote more dedications than Scarron did, but he received money for them. M. de Bellièvre sent him a hundred crowns because he had dedicated a certain book to him, and I brought him fifty from Mlle. de Montpensier for a wretched comedy (this comedy was the '*Ecolier de Salamanque*') he dedicated to her." Nothing came amiss to Scarron, and he accepted everything gratefully; and whether it was money, an abbey, firewood, books, a carriage, pies, cheese, poultry, and even puppies, was always profuse in his thanks. If any other literary man of the period asked for anything, or was dedicating one of his works to some nobleman, Scarron was the first to make fun of him, but then it must be admitted that when our author begged he did so in a jocular way and without any meanness. In extenuation of his unceasing applications for relief might be brought forward his terrible bodily sufferings and the dreadful position in which he was placed. And yet Scarron never lost his good temper, and though now and then he gave vent to his feelings in prose as well as in poetry, he could not be wholly serious. In one of his letters to de Marigny, already quoted, he acknowledges that he "might have lived a comfortable life, though somewhat obscure; but when these cruel thoughts come into my head, I swear to you, dear friend of mine, that if it had been lawful to make away with oneself, I would long ago have rid myself of all my miseries by taking a stiff

dose of poison, and I believe I shall be forced to do it at last." And then our author breaks out in poetry—

These cruel pains, neath which I groan,
Would force complaints from hearts of stone.
I cannot hope to find repose,
Till death my wearied eyes does close,
Why should those cruel stars delight
On me to shed their restless spite?
'Tis plain, I suffer for the crime
Of trespassing in wicked rhyme.

However, his kindliness of heart never forsook him, and in spite of his own troubles he always did a good turn whenever he could. Thus we find him writing to his friend Lavardin, bishop of Mans, "that he would do well to give a lift to his friend Ménage, who, with all his merit and learning, has got but little preferment in the Church;" another time he begs the Duke of Retz, a brother of the coadjutor, to give sanctuary in his mansion to "a young gentleman of his acquaintance, who, though only twenty years of age, has already been engaged in a score of duels, killed an impudent scoundrel who compelled him to fight, cannot obtain his pardon except in Paris, and has a natural aversion to hanging. . . . Moreover, it will be no little satisfaction to you to have protected a young gentleman of his merit. . . . You'll take the greatest pleasure in the world to see him snuff the candles with a pistol, as often as you have a mind to see this pastime;" whilst later on he wrote to Fouquet asking him to do "a small favour to one of his relatives by marriage, who had always been a faithful servant to the king." He also gave shelter in his house to two nuns thrown on the wide world through the bankruptcy of their convent, with one of whom, Céleste Palaiseau, he had been in love in his youth, and who, through his influence, became afterwards prioress of an abbey at Argenteuil.

Scarron's affliction did not prevent him from almost daily receiving visitors, such as his friends and fellow-labourers in the fields of literature, Sarazin, Boisrobert, Tristan l'Hermite, Segrain, de Scudéry, Marigny, Pellisson, Ménage; the artist Mignard; the marshal d'Albret; the Dukes de Vivonne and de Souvré; the Counts du Lude, de Villarceaux, de la Sablière, d'Elbène, Grammont, and Châtillon; the lady-authors Madame Deshoulières and Mlle. de Scudéry; the young nobleman's general favourites Marion Delorme and Ninon de l'Enclos, whilst such ladies of undoubted respectability as the Duchess de Lesdiguières, and the Countesses de la Sablière, de Sévigné, de la Suze, de Hautefort, de Bassompierre, and de Brienne now and then called on the poor paralysed author. Many of these social parties at

Scarron's seem to have been a kind of picnic, for everybody brought some dish or other, or a few choice bottles of wine, consumed amidst lively sallies and bursts of laughter ; above all, when the master of the house was in a good humour and was reading some of his verses, indulging in lively repartees or merry quips, or relating some anecdotes about their acquaintances ; for, as he says himself in a letter to de Vivonne : " Our neighbours should be the principal subject of our conversation, or rather the burden of the song, and to relieve the scene we should sometimes tell jovial banqueting stories, without which all conversation in a little time becomes insipid and languishes."

About this time our poor literary cripple seems to have seriously thought of going to America or to the West Indies, to try if a warmer climate would not cure him, as it was said to have benefited several persons of his acquaintance ; and he even thought of forming a company for the colonisation of these far-away countries, of which he offered the management to Segrais, then only about twenty-six, but of a very steady character. In a letter to his friend Sarazin Scarron says " that he was going to set sail for America within a month ; and that what strengthened him in this resolution was his being eternally plagued in town with a new crop of fools who call themselves Platonists." Then, after stating his reasons for leaving France, he finishes by saying : " I have been tempted to take a thousand crowns' worth of shares in our new West India Company, which is going to establish a colony within three degrees of the line, on the banks of the Orillana and the Orinoco. So farewell, France ; farewell, Paris ; farewell, ye she-devils in the shape of angels ; good-bye, ye Ménages, ye Sarazins, and ye Marignys. I take my leave of burlesque verse, of comedies and comical romances, to go to a happy climate, where there are no affected coxcombs, no canting rascals, no inquisition, no rheumatism to cripple any one, nor no confounded wars to starve me." This latter remark about the " wars " seems to be an allusion to the troubles of the Fronde, which did not end till the year 1653. But poor Scarron did not leave France after all, for an event happened as romantic as any he ever described in the " Tragi-comic Tales," chiefly borrowed from the Spanish, and of which Molière made use of one for his " Tartuffe." Scarron was very anxious to obtain all the information he could about the West Indies, and one day one of his neighbours, the Baroness de Neuillant, introduced him to a certain young lady about seventeen, Françoise d'Aubigné, who had been brought up in Martinique. She was the grand-daughter of that well-known literary and militant champion of the Protestant cause in France during the sixteenth century ; the firm friend of Henri IV., of

Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné ; had only lately become a Roman Catholic, and lost her mother ; was known in society as "la jeune Indienne," and was in a position not far removed from the most abject poverty. Scarron took compassion on this unfortunate girl, dependent on an avaricious and cantankerous relative, and in order to provide her with a shelter this hopelessly paralysed and deformed cripple, twenty-five years older than herself, offered her his hand, which proposal, after some hesitation, she accepted. They were married about 1652, and it is reported that Scarron should have said : "I won't commit any follies, she may be sure of that ; but I'll teach her to commit some." In the marriage contract he recognised as the portion she brought him "two very large and very expressive eyes, a remarkably fine bust, two beautiful hands, and a good deal of intelligence ;" whilst to his notary he declared he would leave her at his death, besides a sum of twenty-five thousand francs, the ordinary heirloom of a poet—"immortality." He did not know that his prophecy would ever become true, and never could have thought, amidst all the fantasies and burlesque freaks of his imagination, that twenty-four years after his death his staid and serious-minded widow would become the wife of Louis XIV., the proudest of all monarchs, the most infatuated with his royal prerogatives ; and that her name should become graven on the perennial tablets of history as Madame de Maintenon.

His marriage seems to have benefited him greatly from a social as well as from a literary point of view, for the company who visited the poor cripple adopted manners somewhat more refined and became more guarded in its language, whilst the expressions in his own writings show less coarseness ; though it must be admitted that this greater delicacy was not immediately visible, for the best-known of his comedies in verse, "Don Japhet d'Arménie," brought out about a year after his marriage, though truly comical, is also very licentious and gross, and could not be acted as it was written at the present time. And yet it was dedicated to the King in a preface, a model of a begging petition without too much humiliation, and which ends thus : "Sire, I will endeavour to persuade Your Majesty it would not be very wrong to assist me a little, for if you did assist me a little I would be more jovial than I am ; and if I were more jovial than I am I would write lively comedies ; if I wrote lively comedies Your Majesty would be amused by them, and if you were amused the money bestowed on me would not be lost. All this leads to such an inevitable conclusion that I imagine I should be convinced by it if I were a great king instead of being what I am, a poor wretched creature."

In the writing of complimentary letters Scarron was quite an

adept. The very year of his marriage he wrote to the coadjutor de Retz, just elected a cardinal : " My Lord, you have made me rich in spite of fortune, by being made a cardinal in spite of your enemies. I ventured all I was worth in the world "—Scarron evidently speaks here of the loss of his pensions granted to him by the Queen and Cardinal Mazarin—" so that you should be advanced to that dignity ; and if I have to do with gentlemen of honour, I shall be worth half as much again as I was before. I pray Heaven you may be able to say the same ; and let His Providence bring it about as He shall think it most convenient." Four years later he sent some of his works to Christina, Queen of Sweden, who was then in France, and had been to visit him ; and after thanking her for the honour bestowed on him, he continues : " If I were able to ramble from one country to another, I should immediately set up as a little Orlando for your sake ; and though I could not with one single stroke of my sword fell so many thumping trees, nor commit so many ravages as my brother hero in Ariosto, yet my follies should be more amusing. . . . I have made use of the permission you gave me by becoming a gallant of no small consequence, as I serve the greatest queen ever in existence whilst the romantic blusterer just mentioned served only an imaginary queen. 'Twas well Your Majesty gave me this permission, for otherwise it is ten to one I might have taken it ; and if you had refused it to me, you might have found yourself disobeyed by one who would not act thus on any other occasion whatever, though it should cost him his life."

Scarron's comedies in verse, "*L'Ecolier de Salamanque*," in which for the first time the roguish servant Crispin made his appearance on the French stage, "*Le Gardien de Soi-même*," and "*Le Marquis Ridicule*," had been very successful ; his "*Gazette Burlesque*," which appeared whenever his illness left him any leisure ; and his "*Marquisate de Quinet*," as he laughingly called the sums he received from his publisher Quinet, brought him a steady income, and yet, in spite of all this, of the number of presents sent to him, and though his young wife managed his household as economically as she could, he was often straitened in his means. His relatives having discovered he was a favourite with the courtiers, gave him back some of his father's inheritance ; and he sold part of it, a property near Amboise, for twenty-five thousand francs, whilst his prebend at Mans was bought for a thousand crowns by a former servant of Ménage who wished to enter Holy Orders ; he had also an interest in a kind of parcels delivery company, called "*Entreprise de Décharge et de Transport*," and in 1657 even obtained permission to erect a laboratory for the

making of the philosopher's stone, but he seems never to have found it, for he had to work hard for a living amidst his increasing infirmities. In a letter, written probably to Pellisson, he acknowledges he derived his "chief subsistence from the theatre, but the writing of plays is confoundedly fatiguing, and does not pay when a man spends a lot of time and thought on them. . . . A man can scarcely enjoy either repose or tranquillity when his health is just as bad as his affairs are. . . . I scruple not to confess that I find my gaiety perceptibly diminish, because, like an unhappy workman, I am forced to write verses to get my daily bread." To his friend de Marigny he says: "I cannot write to you with that liveliness I would like; my hand rebels against my inclination; for, I am sorry to say, I have been plagued with a cruel fit of the gout this last month, as if I had not miseries enough before to torment me. All I can do under this fresh indisposition and under these other calamities with which my ill fortune persecutes me, is to swear as heroically and with as good a grace as any man in France. . . . I am sometimes so very mad that if all the furies of the infernal regions came to fetch me away, I believe, from the bottom of my heart, I should almost go and meet them half way."

Scarron had his detractors, as any literary man will have, in every habitable quarter of the globe. But he himself says¹: "An unhappy wretch such as I am, who never stirs out of his room, can have no knowledge either of men or things except such as he obtains second-hand from others. . . . This is a great disadvantage to an artist who ought to have his imagination filled with a great number of ideas, which are only to be obtained in conversation, or by seeing the world. . . . A man grows just as rusty by remaining too long in a room as he does when living too long in the country." Moreover, he might have brought forward that the power of observation becomes strongly developed in a man who is compelled always to remain in his room, for the peculiarities in dress and character of every visitor become indelibly impressed on his mind, whilst his thoughts, of necessity, continually dwell on the same subjects. His room becomes a world to him; and in this microcosm he notes down all that passes; his perspicuity is sharpened by circumstances; the range of his ideas may not be vast, but he completely masters them. The danger is that the observer, sedentary by compulsion, may look with a jaundiced eye on the actors moving on his petty stage; but Scarron's mood was generally of the merriest, and, therefore, to my thinking, he has undervalued his powers, which in several descriptions of character in the "*Roman Comique*" remind the reader of Honoré de Balzac.

¹ In a letter to Segrais.

One of the few pleasures left to poor, wretched Scarron was good living, to which, according to his own description, he was always somewhat addicted, and he freely gave himself up to it. Only about nine months before his death¹ he wrote and thanked the Marshal d'Albret for having sent him "a great pie, which was admirable, and some excellent cheeses, which deserve no less commendation, being as good as it is possible for cheeses made of milk of any kind to be;" whilst to the Duke d'Elbeuf he sends a "thousand thanks" for all the pies presented to him, "and particularly for the last one just now received," which "we shall open to-morrow with more pomp and solemnity than lawyers display when the courts open. Messieurs de Vivonne, de Matha, de Châtillon, d'Elbène, and myself will be there; we shall drink your health most gloriously, and the honour of your remembrance shall fully comfort me for the absence of Madame Scarron, who has just gone out with Madame de Montchevreuil." The following poetical invitation which he sent to the painter Mignard,² the friend of Molière, will also prove that Scarron did not lead the life of an anchorite:—

Please, Mignard, come on Sunday here,
With good broth we'll begin our cheer;
Then a made dish or two an't please,
Roast meat, dessert and creamy cheese.
We'll moisten all with first-rate wine;
And light, in this small room of mine,
A rousing fire to banish cold;
Drink the most luscious wine e'er sold,
Eat fruits prepared in amber stew;³
And I'll be in good temper too!

Even company now and then palled on him, for he writes to Fouquet: "Some honourable peers come to see me in my chamber, just as people went formerly to see an elephant, out of curiosity; or come to spend an afternoon with me, when they are disappointed in their visits, or have nothing else to do." Yet to live without society was impossible to our literary cripple, for, only a short time before his death, he said in a letter to his friend de Vivonne: "Mine is the only house in France where the merriest tales are to be heard. . . . Your health is often drunk among us, and d'Elbène rails at you when he and I are at our kickshaw repasts. . . . As for me, I find myself daily decline and go down the hill much faster than I could desire. I feel a thousand pangs, or rather a thousand devils, in my arms and legs."

¹ December 2, 1659. ² Pierre Mignard did not return from Italy until 1657.

³ Ambergris was then a favourite perfume, and an ingredient in many culinary preparations.

His young wife behaved admirably to her wretched and suffering husband ; and no breath of slander was whispered against her, or at least believed, during the eight years she passed with him. But the end drew near. Scarron again became ill ; perhaps he seemed a little worse than usual, yet he kept his merry mood to the last, and said to his friends who were standing in tears around his bed : “ My good fellows, you will never cry as much for my death as I have made you shed tears with laughter whilst I was alive.” With his dying breath he expressed his gratitude to his wife for all her care and kindness, and at the same time his heartfelt sorrow he had nothing to leave her. Then, after having recommended her warmly to his friend d’Elbène, he gave up the ghost, according to some, in the beginning of October 1660, but according to his friend Segrais, in the month of June of the same year. The latter says : “ Scarron died whilst I was away with the King, who was going to be married ; and I had heard nothing at all about his death. The first thing I did when I returned to town was to go and see him. But when I arrived at his door I saw some people carry away the chair on which he always sat and which had just been sold. It was a large arm-chair, to which were fixed some iron brackets, which were always pulled out, when a kind of table was laid on it on which he wrote and ate.” The carrying away of the cripple’s chair tells its own tale. It also appears that none of the poor fellow’s friends, not even M. d’Elbène, took immediate steps to assist his widow, for, otherwise, she would probably not have sold his goods and chattels so soon after his death. However, she some time afterwards received a pension from the Queen, and twenty-four years later became the wife of Louis XIV., though even then perhaps, in trying “ to amuse a man who could no longer be amused,” as she herself is reputed to have said, she may sometimes have regretted the time she spent with the merry, talkative, good-tempered, sorely-tried, poor Scarron. Two comedies and some unfinished plays were published after his death, whilst twice he had already written his will in verse. He left behind him his own epitaph, one of the best things he ever wrote, which we give in the original as well as in English :—

Celui qui cy maintenant dort,
Fit plus de pitié que d’envie,
Et souffrit mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.
Passant, ne fais ici de bruit,
Et garde bien qu’il ne s’éveille,
Car voici la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

’Neath here at last he slumbereth
Who pity more than envy knew :
A thousand times he suffered death
Ere yet to life he bade adieu.
O passer by, speak low, tread light ;
Good care lest he awaken keep :
For this is now the earliest night
That brings to wretched Scarron sleep.

HENRI VAN LAUN.

OUR LAST MEETING AT TEW.

[THE following speaks for itself. It apparently dates from September 1643, proceeds from one very intimate with Lord Falkland, and is addressed to a lady. Ink has been spilt over the opening words and superscription; the latter part is torn off. With a few alterations in spelling and punctuation I give it as it is.]

. . . . beyond measure to me grievous. My lord Falkland is dead. He was shot upon his horse only three days gone, while leading his troop in a crack of a skirmish with the Parliamentaries at Newbury—small occasion of mischief so great; and now things are so black with me, I have no heart to abide in this God-abandoned kingdom any more. You knew him a little, and more from me, but to me he hath left a blank that will not be filled by any living man. The last, and for that part the only, time you saw him, he was all of a brightness and admiration like a forenoon of spring,—that day we went out to Tew with the merry company from Oxford and you jocosely called them the Witanagemote for their wisdom: and in the twilight, you remember, while some of us sat under the limes, Sir Edmund Waller sung his newest song to the ladies, “Go, lovely rose,” when some one made pretence to run off, exclaiming he had abashed the nightingale to silence. That was a happy time we had at Tew, with Dr. Chillingworth and Dr. Sheldon and Mr. Earle and Mr. Hyde for continual company the most lively and agreeable, besides many more: but if you had observed him from the time he received summons to attend the king, how his days seemed to grow continually darker and wintrier, and seen at last how he knew the end was come, you would have said that he entered aware into the shadow of death and during the last black years was passing more deeply into it till he finally went through the gates.

God forbid I should have any feeling save loyal affection to his noble majesty, yet I cannot but think that summons came to my lord Falkland like a warrant of death. I well recollect he and I were conversing together alone upon the late alarming news from Scotland when the courier rid in haste up the avenue and delivered the dispatch into my lord’s hand. Having opened it, there came across

his visage a flash of a look as of one that has received a stab : yet he said nothing, only remarking, " I must attend his majesty's pleasure to Scotland," and resuming straight his ordinary composure, sat down to write in answer. Natural indeed he should feel dejection, his hopes being thus suddenly dejected and destroyed that had been abuilding these two years and more, of something growing out of our conviviums at Tew, that might help assuage the unreasonable tumult of the times ; and now all to be collapsed and nothing of any puissance done, unless it were Dr. Chillingworth's book, the still small voice whereof was scarce heard in the roaring wind. But methought there was something heavier weighed upon him than breaking up of our community, he being strangely rapt all the evening, with a look of sleep upon his eyes as he were looking into another world. And once I thought he murmured from his favourite poet Mr. Shakespeare, " If it be now, 'tis not to come : if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all." I never saw him his right self after that day.

This was the Wednesday : his leaving dated from the morning of Monday following. Thinking to exorcise this ghost from his mind, I offered that we should meet as many as could before his leaving ; which he readily accepted. Our last symposium at Tew was on the Sunday, day ever memorable to me and now more than ever.

The most were there by the night previous, Dr. Chillingworth and Mr. Hyde two days before. Mr. Earle and Sir Edmund Waller arrived together on the Sunday before service, a conjunction of opposites which provoked the liveliest wit of Dr. Sheldon and caused much pleasant mirth. For the knight had procured him a new laced satin doublet and new feathers to his head-gear, and looked the very card and calendar of gentry, wholly obfuscating poor Mr. Earle and being beside him like an emperor-moth to a slate beetle. For Mr. Earle, howsoever elegant of mind, was ever most negligent of body, and to-day seemed as he had bestowed unusual carelessness upon his person, resembling a dingy spider come out from a corner of the Bodleian with wrappages of his web hung about him. Everything of that day imprinted on my mind as from yesterday,—a most benign day, each one seeking to outrun the others in liveliness of humours, nature's self unwilling to let us be sad, but shining so that even fragile Mr. Godolphin forgot to cough, and lady Falkland the gracious muse of our company moving among us like a spirit of loveliness and delight. *Eheu fugaces!*

After service we played some bowls, my lord Falkland being very ardent in the sport, and along with Sir Edmund Waller offering free challenge to any pair of the divines,—“ State rising against Church,

a grievous bad omen," Dr. Sheldon commented. And they won, too, Dr. Chillingworth (who plays passing well) in the last bout forgetting his bowls for a bout of reasoning whereinto he had fallen with Dr. Morley touching Arminianism. Then Sir Edmund Waller asked :—

"Will you define me Arminianism, Dr. Chillingworth? for I have never yet been able to discover what the Arminians hold."

Whereupon Mr. Morley, who has a spice of Geneva in him, took him up quickly :—

"'Tis easily answered, Sir Edmund : the Arminians hold all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England."

By which witty sally we were bowled out and withdrew.

Later we met together in the library, where Chillingworth renewed his two-handed encounter with Morley touching the leaven of the Arminians. O it was a brave sight and enough to give one health for a year to see Chillingworth at it, his little frame dilate, eye on fire, and logic flying like sword of flame, yet withal so courteous and equable in his zeal that it was well-nigh impossible to resist him ; no man more persuasive than he,—as they said of him at Oxford, he would have converted the Grand Turk if natural reason could have done it. Mr. Morley maintained the reasonableness of the Genevan doctrine, but so mildly that he was like one sitting on the edge of a stool. Then Chillingworth answered :—

"Granted the premisses,—yes : but how if the premisses be denied? For my part, the ground of opposition I have to that you favour is the same that was like to bring me into a bushel of troubles with my lord Archbishop,—the time you know,—that both sides bring me a bit and bridle of divine right to curb my natural judgment, the one of Church, the other of Creed. For mine own share I must decline to be bitted and bridled in this matter ; no, not by Archbishop Laud, nor yet John Calvin."

Our converse dipped deeper into controversy, all bearing on the matter nearest our hearts, the trouble of the times. I well remember Dr. Sheldon's anger against the sectaries and his scornful likening of them to that spoken of by Mr. Spenser in his poem of the *Fairy Queen*,

A filthy cursed spawn of serpents small
Deformed monsters
Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly ma'c
And partly female.

But Chillingworth felt nothing of this.

"There be some animals, Dr. Sheldon, said to see best in the dark, and what is darkness to me may be light to them. But shall

I set to cropping the bat's ears and slitting the owl's beak because its vision is not the same with mine? Or, Dr. Morley, short of corporeal infliction, shall I even say the bats and owls are damned?"

For Chillingworth, no man more than he, was all for settlement by reason, and though he could fling a hard word at each sect which must bring its *salvat mundum* of a credo sealed upon its forehead like the great beast in the Apocalypse, I never saw him more hopeful of settlement in that way. But my lord Falkland, I wist not how, took it more to heart, though as much wishful of that happy end, and the discussion, I saw, was darkening over him, when lady Falkland entered after a playful knock (as sometimes was her wont),—a fair blue-eyed lady, you will remember her, I think, her beauty only less engaging than her manners, a little taller than my lord Falkland and set in a happy medium betwixt sportive and demure, as full of airiness as she was of kindness. She wore a white gown and held in her hand her bonnet by the ribbon and a fresh bud of a rose, with her fair hair blown somewhat about her brow, looking herself like a blending of fresh roses white and red blooming in holy health.

"O, gentlemen! you do wrong yourselves cooped up in this cloister when you might be in the Grove and feel the living hospitable wind in your hair. What! have you left Oxford and London for this better air and come to breathe the air of a library? Nay, you were as well in the Bodleian in that case. You sit like Patience, Sir Edmund."

SIR EDMUND WALLER: "I have seen Dr. Chillingworth reason his way into the heart of the Great Pyramid, and I wait for him to issue forth again."

LADY FALKLAND: "Then let him bring no mummies with him. I will see you out. The Grove waits for you; and see you forget not the good motto on the dial-plate about the flight of time."

So we made adjournment to the park, which nothing pleased my lord Falkland more than to hear spoken of as the Grove of the Academia, there being a measure of likeness to the Dialogues of Plato in the conversations we had many times held there. And often I have seen we would sit there or walk up and down in the mild air of evening debating some point of interest, till the sun had gone down, and the shadows gathered, and the bats began to flitter about among the branches over our heads—entering it now for the last, last time, and the bats henceforth to have it all their own.

I remember, as we entered under a patriarch oak, the boughs whereof just greenening laced themselves into the surrounding limes, Sir Edmund Waller giving salutation, as he said, to the goddess of the

Grove and breaking out in admiration of the place,—“Socrates himself might have here stepped a coranto with Dame Philosophy.”

MR. EARLE : “What, what, Sir Edmund ; does divine Philosophy move to the light measure of a coranto ?”

SIR E. WALLER : “Ah, well ! to the measures the gods tread, and the music that of the spheres, if you will.”

DR. SHELDON : “And therein Dame Philosophy led Socrates a sorrowful enough dance at the last, old man.”

DR. CHILLINGWORTH : “Not the safest music to dance to, that of the gods, if one will have scrip and comfort.”

Whereupon MR. HYDE : “For my share I had rather hear of the fairies dancing among us again. I doubt if the world has ever been happy since they left us. Ah, what a glade, this, for those imps to revel in ! Many a May-day gathering they have had, I wis, under these same boughs. Cannot you conjure them back, Sir Edmund, with your poet’s wand ?”

SIR E. WALLER : “We poor versers have lost the spell since Ben died, Mr. Hyde ; the Sad Shepherd saw no one to give his magic wand to and so he took it with him.”

MR. HYDE : “Wo’s me for the fairies without a laureat !”

SIR E. WALLER : “Alas, poor imps ! they have been persuaded to join the malcontents and keep Sabbath, I think.”

MR. EARLE : “Yes, yes, we passed some of them on our way, with docked hair and mortified looks and much turning up of eyes at sight of your doublet and feathers, Sir Knight : alack, that fair imps should become run-a-gate hobgoblins.”

SIR E. WALLER : “The *fair* of them I thought looked as they would rather be back in elf-land with slips of moonbeam in their hair.”

DR. SHELDON : “Only frightened with the fire, they had flown up the Puritan chimney.”

DR. MORLEY : “Or perhaps my lord Archbishop had disturbed them with his chancicleer declaration to sport, good Dr. Sheldon, for I have heard it said they are wont to take alarm when the cock crows.”

Dr. Sheldon laughing with the rest of us at this back-handed stroke, Dr. Chillingworth made reply :—

“Ah, yes ! merry England has lost her fairies and can show nothing now but publicans and sinners on the one side and scribes and pharisees on the other.” As he said this he sat down with the look of one dolefully resigned upon some matter.

SIR E. WALLER : “Then in lieu of Plato and the fairies, I will

lay myself at Dr. Chillingworth's feet and learn his medicament for the scribes and the publicans." This he did regardless of his doublet.

Dr. Chillingworth : "I have long ago written out my *prescriptio*, Sir Edmund, but 'tis a bolus they will not swallow. I have piped my best to them, but they will not dance, neither pharisees nor sinners of them."

MR. GODOLPHIN : "Wait till the wind goes down, Chillingworth, then they will hear your piping better."

LORD FALKLAND : "The harpstrings of the Grove will be broken by then, Sidney. This wind will rise first before it falls, and the peace we shall have will be the peace that follows the hurricane, all strewn with wrecks." Then he iterated very low and sadly, "Peace, peace ! yes, but if it should be the peace of the tombs !"

Then DR. HAMMOND spoke : "But for our own part we have much cause for tranquil thankfulness." Dr. Hammond was always deeply listened to, there being something so sweetly persuasive in his low-modulated and clear voice, and sometimes a kind of look upon his face the saints might be thought to wear. "We have made shift to catch a strain or two of the divine harmonies which Plato heard and to intune our lives to something of the harmonious peace he felt. Not unsuccessfully, I trust, for our lives have been moving to a rich music these three years gone."

MR. GODOLPHIN (who had great briskness with him despite his weak health) : "Most true, Dr. Hammond ; and though we may scatter from here and little accomplished to look to, yet the spirit of reason we are sure will prevail, even as the spirit of Socrates could not be drowned in the hemlock-potion."

DR. HAMMOND : "Something such I was about to say, Mr. Godolphin ; for deeper than the unreasonable and harsh noise of strife that is abroad, I sometimes think I hear the sound of a great harmony swelling over England, the present discord being only a music of preparation."

But I saw that my lord Falkland had little heart whether for mirth or hope, though he had tried cheerfully to dispel the misty nimbus, and now he spoke with a voice and look that discovered the passionate sorrow at his heart.

"Even hopeful and courageous, Sidney, we have too few of your mettle : but you hear the news from Scotland, and you see how the King and the Archbishop will drive to extremes. And so, Dr. Hammond, instead of the harmony of the spheres, I doubt me there will be clashing of swords both there and here before long."

Then we held some converse about the state of affairs, wherewith

it is needless I should trouble you unless it were to show how wisely and exactly my lord F. had forejudged the issue. For he saw all positions and he did not mistake his own. Some one of us protested that he wished the clergy on both sides could be chained up ; when my lord at risk of being thought disloyal said the chain had needs be long enough to reach a leg of his majesty likewise. Of this he seemed sure that it would come to hot strife, and if we would not be altogether empty of influence we would be forced to take a side : yet this, he saw, was just wherein our failure lay, in being forced to take a side, for in that case, we were in a measure fighting against ourselves.

"Reason will never do it," he said, "for King, bishops and recusants have closed their ears against that : and Chillingworth who might reconcile them all if they would but listen to him, is told that he preaches the divinity taught in hell. His pharisees and sinners will fight it out between them in their own way, and we shall be forced to take part with one or other of these,—which side, we must wait and see."

He seemed as he felt that this going of his and the breaking up of our company was an end of reason and now that it must come to force, and this was partly what saddened him, but partly also something else which I can only call a kind of Nemesis that haunted him from the day of his receiving the King's letter.

We spoke long together, until the evening drew in, and now we were sitting, not speaking, but only as enjoying one another's company for the last time, it might be, and loth to leave the place : to that same company it was the last time. Then Mr. Godolphin with that brisk and hopeful fancy of his :—

"See, my lord, where the heavens give augury of a fair morrow. Can you mistrust it, prophet of bright weather and welcome harbinger of the coming good? Accept the omen, good my lord, and believe that fair weather is yet in store for England."

LORD FALKLAND : "Do you hear the wind moaning in the trees, Sidney?"

MR. GODOLPHIN : "'Tis only wind and trees lamenting together that we are all to forsake them for a while."

LORD FALKLAND : "'Tis the sound the water makes upon the sea-shore, Sidney ; you know how sad it is. And we have been like children building houses of shells there. The tide comes up, dark and troubled ; we bid it be still, but we are driven back before it and our little shell-houses washed away."

As we sate, a sound of music came stealing upon us through the

trees, low and dulcet tones resting with light wings upon the air, singing of peace and a world of happiness. It was lady Falkland's voice companied with chords of a cittern ; yet whether it was our mood, or something in the strain itself, or the distance, or the suspense that follows sweet music, the song died away into sadness and its last tones had in them a throb as of soft weeping. Presently lady F. appeared, her light gown glimmering among the trees, the cittern in her hand. Dr. Chillingworth rose to meet her :—

“ We were on eve to bid the Grove a long good-bye, lady Falkland, when the sound of your voice came to us and chained us like a siren-song.”

LADY FALKLAND : “ I would it could chain you all longer at Tew, Dr. Chillingworth. But 'tis only for a season, and the limes and oaks will keep one another good silent company till your return. Ah ! these limes and oaks, if they had the gift of tongues, what secrets might they not rehearse ! ”

DR. CHILLINGWORTH : “ All innocent secrets, be sure, though some of them tangled enough.”

MR. EARLE : “ They could speak some words of innocent wisdom—wisdom crying out in the woods and no man regarding her.”

LORD FALKLAND : “ They might speak of hopes born like a brave summer morning, and a night closing like this in troubled anticipations.”

LADY FALKLAND : “ And I am sure they would have a word to say of many happy hours between. But will you give them a formal farewell, gentlemen ? Will you sing them a parting chansonette, Sir Edmund ? ”

SIR E. WALLER : “ With great pleasure, my lady : if I did but know how to suit the occasion.”

The occasion being voted to suit itself, Sir Edmund took the cittern and with a few prelude chords sung a ditty which as he said was a pinch erotic.

“ And now ye oaks, farewell, and farewell, ye limes ! Sacred spot, adieu, until we meet again.”

But we never met again.

My lord Falkland rode off in the morning, we accompanying him as far as Oxford, where we parted with him, bidding him Godspeed.

He was a little heartened when the Parliament met in the spring of 1640, thinking that here might be occasion to settle the troubles of the time in reasonable fashion. He took much part in this Parlia-

ment, hoping great things of it; some of which I daresay would have come to pass, had not his majesty fallen into error by hastily dissolving it. Then came the Bishops' affair from Scotland, and in November, as you know, his majesty was constrained to re-assemble Parliament, having cast off a mild restraint only to find himself ridden with the hot curb of independency. This too he soon cast off and broke loose with a plunge, and then, as I have heard my lord Falkland say, "the Parliament began to quarrel, not about preserving the constitution, but about the manner of destroying it." After this he became very hopeless and distract, seeing no remedy or none that either side would look at, and knowing now that he must give up his ground and retire one way or other, having only the poor choice before him that Dr. Chillingworth had spoken of, either with the pharisees or with the sinners. Concluding after much torture of mind which well-nigh killed him, that the best hope for England lay in beating down the pharisees, he took his side with a foreboding sadness, for better or worse, with his majesty's men, that Nemesis still dogging his heels as it had done ever from the time he was first summoned. It would have torn your heart to see how he went forward after this, how suffering, yet how brave, like one smitten with a mortal disease, night shrouding him in deeper and deeper and that Nemesis standing by, he only abiding its time; yet brave, brave always, though he had looked into the baleful eyes of that Presence, too little thinking of himself, too little sparing of himself, good, gallant Falkland.

On the morning of the engagement he seemed to know the end was near at hand. I was with him. He dressed himself, as I thought, with greater scrupulosity than he had long manifested about his person. He was very calm, and a glimmer of his old sweetness came back to him as he spoke. Had I not been blind, I might have seen that he was going out to meet death.

"I am a-weary of the times, coz : this will not be the end, never think it : I can foresee much misery yet to come, but I believe I shall be out of it ere night," and so he took an affectionate leave of me. He did not return, and next morning we found him lying among the dead. We have given him a quiet burial where he is not like to be disturbed any more. He has found that peace he . . .

JOHN G. DOW.

CONCERNING EYES.

WHITE, crimson, emerald green, shining golden yellow, are amongst the colours seen in the eyes of birds. In owls, herons, cormorants, and many other tribes, the brightly-tinted eye is incomparably the finest feature and chief glory. It fixes the attention at once, appearing like a splendid gem, for which the airy bird-body with its graceful curves and soft tints forms an appropriate setting. When the eye closes in death, the bird, except to the naturalist, becomes a mere bundle of dead feathers : crystal globes may be put into the empty sockets, and a bold life-imitating attitude given to the stuffed specimen ; but the vitreous orbs shoot forth no life-like flames, the "passion and the fire whose fountains are within" have vanished; and the best work of the taxidermist, who has given a life to his bastard art, produces in the mind only sensations of irritation and disgust. In museums, where limited space stands in the way of any abortive attempts at copying nature too closely, the stuffer's work is enduring because useful ; but in a drawing-room, who does not close his eyes or turn aside to avoid seeing a case of stuffed birds—those unlovely mementoes of death in their gay plumes? who does not shudder, albeit not with fear, to see the wild cat, filled with straw, yawning horribly, and trying to frighten the spectator with its crockery glare? I shall never forget the first sight I had of the late Mr. Gould's collection of humming-birds (now in the National Museum), shown to me by the naturalist himself, who evidently took considerable pride in the work of his hands. I had just left tropical nature behind me across the Atlantic, and the unexpected meeting with a transcript of it in a dusty room in Bedford Square gave me quite a shock. Those pellets of dead feathers, which had long ceased to sparkle and shine, stuck with wires—not invisible—over blossoming cloth and tinsel bushes, how melancholy they made me feel !

Considering the bright colour and great splendour of some eyes, particularly in birds, it seems probable that in these cases the organ has a twofold use : first and chiefly, to see ; secondly, to intimidate an adversary with those luminous mirrors, in which all the dangerous fury of a creature brought to bay is best depicted. Throughout nature

the dark eye predominates ; and there is certainly a great depth of fierceness in the dark eye of a bird of prey ; but its effect is less than that produced by the vividly-coloured eye, or even of the white eye of some raptorial species, as, for instance, of the *Asturina pucherani*. Violent emotions are associated in our minds—possibly, also, in the minds of other species—with certain colours. Bright red seems the appropriate hue of anger : the poet Herbert even calls the rose “angrie and brave” on account of its hue : and the red or orange certainly expresses resentment better than the dark eye. Even a very slight spontaneous variation in the colouring of the irides might give an advantage to an individual for natural selection to act on ; for we can see in almost any living creature that not only in its perpetual metaphorical struggle for existence is its life safeguarded in many ways ; but when protective resemblances, flight, and instincts of concealment all fail, and it is compelled to engage in a real struggle with a living adversary, it is provided for such occasions with another set of defences. Language and attitudes of defiance come into play ; feathers or hairs are erected ; beaks snap and strike, or teeth are gnashed, and the mouth foams or spits ; the body puffs out ; wings are waved or feet stamped on the ground, and many other gestures of rage are practised. It is not possible to believe that the colouring of the crystal globes, towards which an opponent’s sight is first directed, and which most vividly exhibit the raging emotions within, can have been entirely neglected as a means of defence by the principle of selection in nature. For all these reasons I believe the bright-coloured eye is an improvement on the dark eye.

Man has been very little improved in this direction, the dark eye, except in the north of Europe, having been, until recent times, almost or quite universal. The blue eye does not seem to have any advantage for man in a state of nature, being mild where fierceness of expression is required ; it is almost unknown amongst the inferior creatures ; and only on the supposition that the appearance of the eye is less important to man’s welfare than it is to that of other species can we account for its survival in a branch of the human race. Little, however, as the human eye has changed, assuming it to have been dark originally, there is a great deal of spontaneous variation in individuals, light hazel and blue-grey being apparently the most variable. I have found curiously marked and spotted eyes not uncommon ; in some instances the spots being so black, round, and large as to produce the appearance of eyes with clusters of pupils on them. I have known one person with large brown spots on light blue-grey eyes, whose children all inherited the peculiarity ; also

another with reddish hazel irides thickly marked with fine characters resembling Greek letters. This person was an Argentine of Spanish blood, and was called by his neighbours *ojos escritos*, or written eyes. It struck me as a very curious circumstance that these eyes, both in their ground colour and the form and disposition of the markings traced on them, were precisely like the eyes of a common species of grebe, *Podiceps rollandi*. But we look in vain amongst men for the splendid crimson, flaming yellow, or startling white orbs which would have made the dark-skinned brave inspired by violent emotions a being terrible to see. Nature has neglected man in this respect, and it is to remedy the omission that he stains his face with bright pigments and crowns his head with eagles' barred plumes.

Bright-coloured eyes in many species are probably due, like ornaments and gaudy plumage, to sexual selection. The quality of shining in the dark, however, possessed by many nocturnal and semi-nocturnal species, has always, I believe, a hostile purpose. When found in inoffensive species, as, for instance, in the lemurs, it can only be attributed to mimicry, and this would be a parallel case with butterflies mimicking the brilliant "warning colours" of other species on which birds do not prey. Cats amongst mammals, and owls amongst birds, have been most highly favoured; but to the owls the palm must be given. The feline eyes, as of a puma or wild cat, blazing with wrath, are wonderful to see; sometimes the sight of them affects one like an electric shock; but for intense brilliance and quick changes, the dark orbs kindling with the startling suddenness of a cloud illuminated by flashes of lightning, the yellow globes of the owl are unparalleled. Some readers might think my language exaggerated. Descriptions of bright sunsets and of storms with thunder and lightning would, no doubt, sound extravagant to one who had never witnessed these phenomena. Those only who spend years "conversing with wild animals in desert places," to quote Azara's words, know that, as with the atmosphere, so with animal life, there are special moments; and that a creature presenting a very sorry appearance dead in a museum, or living in captivity, may, when hard pressed and fighting for life in its own fastness, be sublimed by its fury into a weird and terrible object.

Nature has many surprises for those who wait on her: one of the greatest she ever favoured me with was the sight of a wounded Magellanic eagle-owl I shot on the Rio Negro in Patagonia. The haunt of this bird was an island in the river, overgrown with giant grasses and tall willows, leafless now, for it was in the middle of winter. Here I sought for and found him waiting on his perch for

the sun to set. He eyed me so calmly when I aimed my gun, I scarcely had the heart to pull the trigger. He had reigned there so long, the feudal tyrant of that remote wilderness! Many a water-rat, stealing like a shadow along the margin between the deep stream and the giant rushes, he had snatched away to death; many a spotted wild pigeon had woke on its perch at night with his cruel crooked talons piercing its flesh; and beyond the valley on the bushy uplands many a crested tinamou had been slain on her nest and her beautiful glossy dark green eggs left to grow pale in the sun and wind, the little lives that were in them dead because of their mother's death. But I wanted that bird badly, and hardened my heart: the "demoniacal laughter" with which he had so often answered the rushing sound of the swift black river at eventide would be heard no more. I fired: he swerved on his perch, remained suspended for a few moments, then slowly fluttered down. Behind the spot where he had fallen was a great mass of tangled dark-green grass, out of which rose the tall, slender boles of the trees; overhead through the fretwork of leafless twigs the sky was flushed with tender roseate tints, for the sun had now gone down and the surface of the earth was in shadow. There, in such a scene, and with the wintry quiet of the desert over it all, I found my victim stung by his wounds to fury and prepared for the last supreme effort. Even in repose he is a big eagle-like bird: now his appearance was quite altered, and in the dim, uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect. Each particular feather stood out on end, the tawny barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense tiger-coloured wings wide open and rigid, so that as the bird, that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, swayed his body slowly from side to side—just as a snake about to strike sways its head, or as an angry watchful cat moves its tail—first the tip of one, then of the other wing touched the ground. The black horns stood erect, while in the centre of the wheel-shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound resembling the clicking of a sewing-machine. This was a suitable setting for the pair of magnificent furious eyes, on which I gazed with a kind of fascination, not unmixed with fear when I remembered the agony of pain suffered on former occasions from sharp, crooked talons driven into me to the bone. The irides were of a bright orange colour, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air. When I retired from the bird this preternatural fiery aspect would instantly vanish.

The dragon eyes of that Magellanic owl haunt me till now, and when I remember them, the bird's death still weighs on my conscience, albeit by killing it I bestowed on it that dusty immortality which is the portion of stuffed specimens in a museum.

The question as to the cause of this fiery scintillating appearance is, doubtless, one very hard to answer, but it will force itself on the mind. When experimenting on the bird, I particularly noticed that every time I retired the nictitating membrane would immediately cover the eyes and obscure them for some time, as they will when an owl is confronted with strong sunlight ; and this gave me the impression that the fiery, flashing appearance was accompanied with, or followed by, a burning or smarting sensation. I will here quote a very suggestive passage from a letter on this subject written to me by a gentleman of great attainments in science : " Eyes certainly do shine in the dark—some eyes, *e. g.* those of cats and owls ; and the scintillation you speak of is probably another form of the phenomenon. It probably depends upon some extra-sensibility of the retina analogous to what exists in the molecular constitution of sulphide of calcium and other phosphorescent substances. The difficulty is in the *scintillation*. We know that light of this character has its source in the heat vibrations of molecules at the temperature of incandescence, and the electric light is no exception to the rule. A possible explanation is that supra-sensitive retinæ in times of excitement become increasedly phosphorescent, and the same excitement causes a change in the curvature of the lens, so that the light is focussed, and *pro tanto* brightened into sparks. Seeing how little we know of natural forces, it may be that what we call light in such a case is eye speaking to eye—an emanation from the window of one brain into the window of another."

The theory here suggested that the fiery appearance is only another form of the phosphorescent light found in some eyes, if correct, would go far towards disposing of all those cases one hears and reads about—some historical ones—of human eyes flashing fire and blazing with wrath. Probably all such descriptions are merely poetic exaggerations. One would not look for these fiery eyes amongst the peaceful children of civilisation, who, when they make war, do so without anger, and kill their enemies by machinery, without even seeing them ; but amongst savage or semi-savage men, carnivorous in their diet, fierce in disposition, and extremely violent in their passions. It is precisely amongst people of this description that I have lived a great deal. I have often seen them frenzied with excitement, their faces white as ashes, hair erect, and eyes dropping

great tears of rage, but I have never seen anything in them even approaching to that fiery appearance described in the owl.

Nature has done comparatively little for the human eye, not only in denying it the terrifying splendours found in some other species, but also in the minor merit of beauty; yet here, when we consider how much sexual selection concerns itself with the eye, a great deal might have been expected. When going about the world one cannot help thinking that the various races and tribes of men, differing in the colour of their skins and in the climates and conditions they live in, ought to have differently-coloured eyes. In Brazil, I was greatly struck with the magnificent appearance of many of the negro women I saw there: well-formed, tall, majestic creatures, often appropriately clothed in loose white gowns and white turban-like headdresses; while on their round polished blue-black arms they wore silver armlets. It seemed to me that pale golden irides, as in the intensely black tyrant-bird *Lichenops*, would have given a finishing glory to these sable beauties, completing their strange unique loveliness. Again, in that exquisite type of female beauty which we see in the white girl with a slight infusion of negro blood, giving the graceful frizzle to the hair, the purple-red hue to the lips, and the dusky terra-cotta tinge to the skin, an eye more suitable than the dark dull brown would have been the intense orange brown seen in the lemur's eye. For many very dark-skinned tribes nothing more beautiful than the ruby-red iris could be imagined; while sea-green eyes would have best suited dusky-pale Polynesians and languid peaceful tribes like that one described in Tennyson's poem:—

And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos eaters came.

Since we cannot have the eyes we should like best to have, let us consider those that nature has given us. The incomparable beauty of the "emerald eye" has been greatly praised by the poets, particularly by those of Spain. Emerald eyes, if they only existed, would certainly be beautiful beyond all others, especially if set off with dark or black hair and that dim pensive creamy pallor of the skin frequently seen in warm climates, and which is more beautiful than the rosy complexion prevalent in northern regions, though not so lasting. But either they do not exist or else I have been very unfortunate, for after long seeking I am compelled to confess that never yet have I been gratified by the sight of emerald eyes. I have seen eyes *called* green, that is, eyes with a greenish tinge or light in them, but they were not the eyes I sought. One can easily forgive the poets their

misleading descriptions, since they are not trustworthy guides, and very often, like Humpty Dumpty in "Through the Looking Glass," make words do "extra work." For sober fact one is accustomed to look to men of science; yet, strange to say, while these complain that we—the unscientific ones—are without any settled and correct ideas about the colour of our own eyes, they have endorsed the poet's fable, and have even taken considerable pains to persuade the world of its truth. Dr. Paul Broca is their greatest authority. In his "Manual for Anthropologists" he divides human eyes into four distinct types—orange, green, blue, grey; and these four again into five varieties each. The symmetry of such a classification suggests at once that it is an arbitrary one. Why orange, for instance? Light hazel, clay colour, red, dull brown, cannot properly be called orange; but the division requires the five supposed varieties of the dark pigmented eye to be grouped under one name, and because there is yellow pigment in some dark eyes they are all called orange. Again, to make the five grey varieties the lightest grey is made so very light that only when placed on a sheet of white paper does it show grey at all: but there is always some colour in the human skin, so that Broca's eye would appear absolutely white by contrast—a thing unheard of in nature. Then we have the green, beginning with the palest sage green, and up through grass green and emerald green, to the deepest sea green and the green of the holly leaf. Do such eyes exist in nature? In theory they do. The blue eye is blue, and the grey grey, because in such eyes there is no yellow or brown pigment on the outer surface of the iris to prevent the dark purple pigment—the *uvea*—on the inner surface from being seen through the membrane, which has different degrees of opacity, making the eye appear grey, light or dark blue, or purple, as the case may be. When yellow pigment is deposited in small quantity on the outer membrane, then it should, according to the theory, blend with the inner blue and make green. Unfortunately for the anthropologists, it doesn't. It only gives in some cases the greenish variable tinge I have mentioned, but nothing approaching to the decided greens of Broca's tables. Given an eye with the right degree of translucency in the membrane and a very thin deposit of yellow pigment spread equally over the surface; the result would be a perfectly green iris. Nature, however, does not proceed quite in this way. The yellow pigment varies greatly in hue; it is muddy yellow, brown, or earthy colour, and it never spreads itself uniformly over the surface, but occurs in patches grouped about the pupil and spreads in dull rays or lines and spots, so that the eye which science says "ought to be called green" is usually a very dull

blue-grey, or brownish-blue, or clay colour, and in some rare instances shows a changeable greenish hue.

In the remarks accompanying the report of the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association for 1881 and 1883, it is said that green eyes are more common than the tables indicate, and that eyes that should properly be called green, owing to the popular prejudice against that term, have been recorded as grey or some other colour.

Does any such prejudice exist? or is it necessary to go about with the open manual in our hands to know a green eye when we see one? No doubt the "popular prejudice" is supposed to have its origin in Shakespeare's description of jealousy as a green-eyed monster; but if Shakespeare has any great weight with the popular mind the prejudice ought to be the other way, since he is one of those who sing the splendours of the green eye.

Thus, in *Romco and Juliet* :—

The eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath.

The lines are, however, nonsense, as green-eyed eagles have no existence; and perhaps the question of the popular prejudice is not worth arguing about.

If we could leave out the mixed or neutral eyes, which are in a transitional state—blue eyes with some dark pigment obscuring their blueness, and making them quite unclassifiable, as no two pairs of eyes are found alike—then all eyes might be divided into two great natural orders, those with and those without pigment on the outer surface of the membrane. They could not be called light and dark eyes, since many hazel eyes are really lighter than purple and dark grey eyes. They might, however, be simply called brown and blue eyes, for in all eyes with the outer pigment there is brown, or something scarcely distinguishable from brown; and all eyes without pigment, even the purest greys, have some blueness.

Brown eyes express animal passions rather than intellect, and the higher moral feelings. They are frequently equalled in their own peculiar kind of eloquence by the brown or dark eyes in civilised dogs. In animals there is, in fact, often an exaggerated eloquence of expression. To judge from their eyes, caged cats and eagles in the Zoological Gardens are all furred and feathered Bonnivards. Even in the most intellectual of men the brown eye speaks more of the heart than of the head. In the inferior creatures the black eye

is always keen and cunning or else soft and mild, as in fawns, doves, aquatic birds, &c. ; and it is remarkable that in man also the black eye—dark brown iris with large pupil—generally has one or the other of these predominant expressions. Of course, in highly-civilised communities, individual exceptions are extremely numerous. Spanish and negro women have wonderfully soft and loving eyes, while the cunning weasel-like eye is common everywhere, especially amongst Asiatics. In high-caste Orientals the keen, cunning look has been refined and exalted to an expression of marvellous subtlety—the finest expression of which the black eye is capable.

The blue eye—all blues and greys being here included—is, *par excellence*, the eye of intellectual man ; that outer warm-coloured pigment hanging like a cloud, as it were, over the brain absorbs its most spiritual emanations, so that only when it is quite blown away are we able to look into the soul, forgetting man's kinship with the brutes. When one is unaccustomed to it from always living with dark-eyed races, the blue eye seems like an anomaly in nature, if not a positive blunder ; for its power of expressing the lower and commonest instincts and passions of our race is comparatively limited ; and in cases where the higher faculties are undeveloped it seems vacant and meaningless. Add to this that the ethereal blue colour is associated in the mind with atmospheric phenomena rather than with solid matter, inorganic or animal. It is the hue of the void, expressionless sky ; of shadows on far-off hill and cloud ; of water under certain conditions of the atmosphere, and of the unsubstantial summer haze,

Whose margin fades
Forever and forever as I move.

In organic nature we only find the hue sparsely used in the quickly-perishing flowers of some frail plants ; while a few living things of free and buoyant motions, like birds and butterflies, have been touched on the wings with the celestial tint only to make them more aerial in appearance. Only in man, removed from the gross materialism of nature, and in whom has been developed the highest faculties of the mind, do we see the full beauty and significance of the blue eye—the eye, that is, without the interposing cloud of dark pigment covering it. In the recently-published biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author says of him : “ His eyes were large, dark-blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he ever knew to flash fire. . . . While he was yet at college, an old gipsy woman, meeting him suddenly in a woodland path, gazed at him and asked,

‘Are you a man or an angel?’” Mrs. Hawthorne says in one of her letters quoted in the book: “The flame of his eyes consumed compliment, cant, sham, and falsehood; while the most wretched sinners—so many of whom came to confess to him—met in his glance such a pity and sympathy that they ceased to be afraid of God and began to return to Him. . . . *I never dared gaze at him, even I, unless his lids were down.*”

I think we have, most of us, seen eyes like these—eyes which one rather avoids meeting, because when met one is startled by the sight of a naked human soul brought so near. One person, at least, I have known to whom the above description would apply in every particular; a man whose intellectual and moral nature was of the highest order, and who perished at the age of thirty, a martyr, like the late Dr. Rabbeth, in the cause of science and humanity.

How very strange, then, that savage man should have been endowed with this eye unsuited to express the instincts and passions of savages, but able to express that intelligent and high moral feeling which a humane civilisation was, long ages after, to develop in his torpid brain! A fact like this seems to fit in with that flattering, fascinating, ingenious hypothesis invented by Mr. Wallace to account for facts which, according to the theory of natural selection, ought not to exist. But, alas! that beautiful hypothesis fails to convince. Even the most degraded races existing on the earth possess a language and the social state, religion, a moral code, laws, and a species of civilisation; so that there is a great gulf between them and the highest ape that lives in the woods. And as far back as we can go this has been the condition of the human race, the real primitive man having left no writing on the rocks. In the far dim past he still appears, naked, standing erect, and with a brain “larger than it need be,” according to the theory; so that of the oldest prehistoric skull yet discovered Professor Huxley is able to say that it is a skull which might have contained the brains of a philosopher or of a savage. We can only conclude that we are divided by a very thin partition from those we call savages in our pride; and that if man has continued on the earth, changing but little, for so vast a period of time, the reason is, that while the goddess Elaboration has held him by one hand, endeavouring ever to lead him onwards, the other hand has been clasped by Degeneration, which may be personified as a beautiful and guileful nymph whose fascinations have had as much weight with him as the wisdom of the goddess.

W. H. HUDSON.

HOW THE PEOPLE GET MARRIED.

THE English marriage law as it now stands is a curious piece of patchwork. The original texture—a plain web of solid stuff which was no doubt well suited to its primal uses—is still largely apparent ; but it has been overlaid by additions of more luxurious material, and seamed in repair of ancient damage. Most conspicuous upon it, however, are the amending squares introduced, the enlarging borders added, by the busy fingers of modern legislators ; and boldly interpolated into its very midst is one large patch of recent weaving which makes no pretence to correspond with the surrounding fabric either in tint or texture.

It is indeed almost in our own day that the mixed and motley character of the marriage law has been chiefly imparted to it. A couple of generations back it was far simpler than it is at present. Accustomed as we now are to entire freedom in all matters associated with religious observance, it seems strange to us that the grandfathers of those who are of marriageable age to-day, were compelled, whatever their creed or lack of creed, to marry according to the rites of the Church of England. Yet except the members of two privileged bodies—the Jews and Quakers—all candidates for matrimony were obliged to comply with these conditions up to the year 1837. In earlier days, as everyone knows, the most independent and daring nuptial methods had been discovered and practised. During the latter part of the seventeenth, and the first half of the eighteenth centuries, an illicit marriage trade of large extent and scandalous character had been carried on in London. The “Fleet Parsons,” who had conducted it, their dissolute habits, their squalid surroundings, their mingled wretchedness and effrontery, are familiar facts. But the irregularities which they had represented had perished well nigh a hundred years before the date named above. By the stringent Marriage Act of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, which had become law on the 26th March, 1764, the processes of legal matrimony had been so sharply defined, so weightily enforced by penalties for non-compliance, that the previous irregularities had been crushed. Hence

only three different modes of marriage, and those well armed against evasion, were generally available in England fifty years ago. These were :—(1) Marriage by special licence of the Archbishop of Canterbury ; (2) that by common ecclesiastical licence ; (3) that after publication of banns. Of the three methods, marriage after banns is the most ancient and orthodox ; it represents what has been called the original fabric of the piece of patchwork under examination. Marriage by licence is later and more luxurious ; it is like an insertion of rich material upon the plainer stuff behind. That by special licence dates in its present form only from the sixteenth century ; it is a sort of seam over the Reformation-rent, substituting his Grace the Archbishop for his Holiness the Pope.

It may not always be proof of a grievance when somebody arises to redress one. But it is generally allowed that Lord Russell (Lord John Russell as he was at the time in question) had ample justification for his proceedings when in 1836 he introduced and passed a measure, the object of which was to add to the modes of marriage described, and to add to them in such ways as would meet the wants and suit the spirit of the day. It is to this Statute, which became law on the 1st July, 1837, that most of the variety now existing as to methods of espousal is attributable. The new provisions did not efface the old. By them the Church lost none of her rights in reference to marriage ; it was only that fresh powers were set in motion to run a race with hers. These powers were created mainly for the relief of Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters—the bodies to whom previous restrictions had been most distasteful. The Act enabled these to marry on the authority of a civil licence or certificate according to their own forms, and in their own chapels. It also accommodated another class—such as might shrink from a religious ceremony altogether, and legalised nuptials on the warrant of the same documents by purely civil celebration in register-offices. This last was its most striking feature ; it is what has been likened above to a large patch of incongruous material let daringly into the fabric of the previously existing marriage provisions. Except for a short time in the days of the Commonwealth, when marriage before a justice had been compulsory—and then indeed a religious ceremony had usually been performed either before or after the secular formalities—there had been no previous authority in England for civil espousal. Finally the statute provided for the solemnisation of marriage *in church* on the authority of the same civil certificate which, as above explained, was to be potent elsewhere. Both the certificate and the licence were to be issued after notice duly given

to a civil officer ; and these marriage-warrants were, in fact, to be his acknowledgments that such notice had been given and published according to the statutory provisions. Since Lord Russell's Act came into force, although there has been some further legislation affecting marriage, no addition has been made to the modes of espousal then created. The ways of getting married in England and Wales have therefore for some forty-eight years past been as follow:— (1) According to Church rites by special licence of the Archbishop of Canterbury ; (2) In church by common ecclesiastical licence. (3) In church after banns ; (4) In church by civil certificate ; (5) In Roman Catholic or Dissenting chapels, with or without religious ceremony by civil licence ; (6) In the same with or without religious ceremony by civil certificate ; (7) In register-offices without religious ceremony by civil licence ; (8) In the same, under the same condition, by civil certificate. The civil certificate, moreover, has always been available, and the licence now is so also, for marriages of Jews and Quakers according to their own usages. The marriage method represented by the first named of these two civil documents is under all circumstances by far the cheaper, and is consequently guarded by the straiter conditions as to previous residence, &c.

The writer has before him certain tabular statements, which set forth in the clear and concise language of figures, the different degrees of favour bestowed by the English people upon the main divisions of these marriage-methods throughout the greater part of the time during which they have been legal.¹ The first year dealt with in these statements is 1841 ; the last 1882. They, therefore, embrace 42 years. What they tell is here to be briefly rehearsed and explained.

Curiosity will be felt, in the first place, to know what have been the relations since 1837 between church-marriage and non-ecclesiastical marriage, taking each as a whole. In 1841—the first year dealt with in the tables mentioned, and the fourth after the new provisions had begun to operate, out of 122,496 weddings solemnised, 114,371 were performed by church rites, leaving only 8,125 to take place by all other methods ; or to state the case in a different way, supposing the total marriages of the year to be represented by the number 100, those by church rites were to the rest in the proportion of 93·4 to 6·6. Up to this point, therefore, there had been no great eagerness on the part of the people to appropriate the newly-created marriage-privileges. By 1882, however, the latest year embraced in the

¹ Registrar-General's Forty-fifth Annual Report. Tables 4 and 5.

tables from which quotation is being made, and the forty-first after that just referred to, a considerable change is found to have taken place. Of 204,405 marriages which then occurred, but 146,102 were solemnised by church rites, the large remainder of 58,303 having been otherwise performed; or, again to quote figures for the better expression of the proportions, church-marriage stood at 71·5 per cent. of all weddings celebrated, and other marriage at 28·5 per cent. The proportional decrease on the one hand, and the corresponding increase on the other, had gone forward in the interval without important interruption, the years 1854, 1855, and 1871, having been the only reactionary ones, and those but slightly so. The facts, therefore, to be noted at this point with regard to the forty-two years' marriage-history are: firstly, that church-marriage altogether, competing with all the extra-ecclesiastical means of union created by the Act of 1836, lost during those years to the extent of 21·9 per cent. on the annual total of marriages performed; and secondly, that this loss was incurred by a steady retrogression covering almost the whole period in question. Any inference from these facts, however, as to the numerical relations between Churchmen and non-Churchmen must be drawn with caution. It is certain that in hymeneal matters a large exchange goes on between the two divisions; but which division, if either, reaps an ultimate advantage in matrimonial numbers from this series of transactions, is not known. In some places there still lingers a sentiment in favour of church-marriage among Wesleyans and other Nonconformists; in others, Churchmen marry at register-offices for the sake of convenience or privacy. Among the masses many are determined in their choice of marriage-methods simply by the consideration of cheapness; and the pecuniary conditions have been sometimes most favourable on one side, and sometimes on the other. It is impossible to estimate the extent of such influences; their results may therefore preponderate in either direction, or possibly in neither.

Some particulars shall now be given as to the two classes of marriage thus generally remarked on; and church-espousal shall be taken first. The tables already consulted show—after correction has been made for unexplained cases—that in 1841, marriage by special licence and other ecclesiastical licence together was in the proportion of 15·6 per hundred of all marriages solemnised; that banns-marriage was 76·9 per cent.; and that by Superintendent Registrar's certificate, 0·9 per cent. [It is not necessary to trouble the reader, in this case, with the actual *numbers* of weddings.] The proportions for 1882—to compare again the years compared before—are, licence-marriage,

6·5; banns-marriage, 63·3; marriage by civil certificate, 1·7. For the decrease here exhibited, to which only the last item offers an exception, the reader has been prepared; but the figures are also modified in respect of each other. Not only therefore have the Church's foreign relations, so to speak, in reference to matrimony undergone change during the 42 years under consideration, but her domestic concerns in that respect have altered also. This is otherwise set forth in a further table,¹ which is convenient for quotation here, one in which the proportional figures have reference, not to marriages of all descriptions, but to church-marriages only. It will be noticed that fuller fractions than those used before appear in this table. This is to reach the minute operations of special-licence-marriage, which are therein distinguished. The distinction, however, will not be brought into these pages, for the special licence process, an expensive one supposed to be resorted to only by those of high degree, has never been employed but to an insignificantly small extent. In neither of the forty-two years has the number of special licences granted exceeded 75, while in several of them it has fallen as low as 8. It is shown in this last-mentioned tabular statement that in the five years, 1841-5, marriages by special licence and common ecclesiastical licence together were in the proportion of 15·43, and those by banns of 83·28 to the hundred of church-weddings of all descriptions; that the proportion of licence-marriages increased and that of banns-marriages decreased in each succeeding quinquennium up to 1856-60 inclusive, the figures for which period were respectively, 16·02 and 80·88; but that every subsequent quinquennium has seen a diminution in the proportion of marriages by licence, and an increase in that of marriages by banns, the figures for 1876-80 having been 11·19 and 86·34; while the single year 1882 gave to licence-weddings a proportion of only 9·17, but to banns-weddings one of 88·42 per cent. of ecclesiastical espousals altogether. It is evident, therefore, that amongst those couples which, in spite of facilities in other directions, have chosen to go on using church forms of matrimony, there has been, since 1860, some change of view as to the particular church form to be used. To what is this change attributable? It will be remembered by many that at the time with which the Tables referred to begin, espousal by the common ecclesiastical licence (the bishop's or surrogate's licence) was the "genteel" method of marriage, and that it continued to be so for many years afterwards. To be "asked" in church was not then considered to be the thing, except for servant girls, artisans, and ploughmen. But with the development of High-Church princi-

¹ Registrar-General's Forty-fifth Annual Report. Table B.

ples the upper and middle classes came gradually to prefer banns ; and it is probably these classes, under the influence mentioned, that turned the tide in favour of this more orthodox marriage-method some quarter of a century ago, with the subsequent results noted.

The history of the civil certificate as a means of obtaining church nuptials is not a brilliant one. It appears from the table last referred to that in every five-years period from 1841-5 to 1861-5 inclusive, the employment of the certificate in church slightly increased relatively to the use of church marriage-modes altogether, the proportion of this method to all ecclesiastical methods then reaching 3·12 per cent. ; but that afterwards a decline set in which brought the figures down to 2·47 in 1876-80, while the single year 1882 produced of this class of weddings a proportion of only 2·41 per cent. of all ecclesiastically solemnised. In its relation to all descriptions of espousal the method of church-marriage by certificate, attracted with tolerable steadiness a slightly increasing proportion of couples from 1841 to 1856 inclusive. But in the following year it began to receive less usage relatively to all marriage provisions ; and with some pauses and one or two recoveries this declining tendency has proceeded ever since. The clergy never generally approved the lay certificate as introductory to church marriage-rites ; and by a statute which came into operation on the 1st January, 1857,¹ they acquired what amounts to a right of veto on its issue for church use, for under that Act no marriage by virtue of the certificate can be solemnised in a church of the Church of England without the consent of the clergyman. It is evident that this right has been exercised. Nevertheless, in some places the nuptial method in question has met with direct clerical approval as a means of securing church-marriage in some form for those shrinking from the publicity of banns—for notice to the civil officer involves in many districts far less notoriety than do three “askings” in church.

So much, then, for the older marriage-methods, with their ambiguous appendage last referred to ; now for the newer. It will be well in the first place to say something separately of the weddings of Roman Catholics. The modes available for this body from a legal point of view are shared by many and diverse religious communities. But the strict adherence given by the Roman Catholic to the matrimonial requirements of his church places his marriage procedure on an exceptional footing. He uses the civil certificate, or in a few cases the civil licence, as his legal wedding warrant ; but then the banns must be published, or the episcopal dispensation obtained

¹ 19 & 20 Vict. c. 119, sec. 11.

also. Under no circumstances would these be overlooked. His amenability to religious authority keeps him too, for the most part, from wandering into foreign matrimonial methods even should he wish to do so ; and while, as has been seen, the members of most other religious bodies often rove for marriage purposes into alien territory, he almost always stays at home, and marries as his priest directs. This gives to the figures concerning Roman Catholic espousals a special interest. It implies that those figures, when viewed in their relation to the general marriage figures of the country, convey an idea—not indeed to be too literally interpreted, but still of much value, and one that is probably answering to the reality more nearly every year—as to the proportion borne by the Roman Catholic body to the community at large. In the first five years with which the before quoted tables deal, viz., 1841–5, Roman Catholic weddings were not enumerated separately from those of Protestant Dissenters. The year 1846 shall therefore be the starting point from which to note the figures. In that year Roman Catholic marriages were in the proportion of 2·1 to the 100 performed in England and Wales by all methods ; in 1851 the proportion was 4·3 to 100 ; in 1856, 4·7 ; in 1861, 4·8 ; in 1866, 4·7 ; in 1871, 4·0 ; in 1876, 4·2 ; and in each of the years 1881 and 1882, 4·5. Some readers may like to follow the actual numbers in the years referred to, which present themselves thus : in 1846, 3,027 out of 145,664 marriages were those of Roman Catholics ; in 1851, 6,570 out of 154,206 ; in 1856, 7,527 out of 159,337 ; in 1861, 7,782 out of 163,706 ; in 1866, 8,911 out of 187,776 ; in 1871, 7,647 out of 190,112 ; in 1876, 8,577 out of 201,874 ; in 1881, 8,784 out of 197,290 ; and in 1882, 9,235 out of 204,405. It will be observed that while Roman Catholic marriages were more numerous than ever in 1882, they had been in higher proportion to marriages in general in three previous years of those mentioned, viz., in 1856, 1861, and 1866. The highest proportion ever reached was in 1853, when these weddings were 5·1 to the 100, or 8,375 out of 164,520.

Marriage in the registered chapels of Protestant dissenters does not differ as to the legal processes involved from that in the buildings of Roman Catholics ; but its celebration there does not always imply the employment of any religious service, and indeed there is no *legal* necessity for any at a marriage in a Roman Catholic chapel, though usage invariably supplies it in the latter case. In 1846—to begin again at the point from which a commencement was made in the last instance—the marriages under consideration, with which are included those of Jews and Quakers (always few in number), were in pro-

portion to all marriages performed of 5·4 per cent. The corresponding figures for 1851 were 6·4; those for 1856 were 6·3; and those for 1861 reached 8·2—a large increase, to be accounted for presently. The year 1866 gave 9·4; 1871 gave 10·2; 1876, 11·2; and 1881 and 1882 each 11·4—an addition of 6·0 per cent. to the figures of 1846, when 7,961 couples out of 145,664 had been married under the conditions in question; while in 1882 the number of these weddings was 23,351 out of a total of 204,405. Lord Russell's Act before-mentioned had provided that notices of marriage given to a civil officer should be read aloud before boards of guardians. This provision had been exceedingly unpopular. And no wonder. What Damon would care that his intended union to Amaryllis should be discussed together with workhouse dietaries, lunatic removals, and pauper coffins? But the statute already referred to, which began to work in 1857, repealed the offensive requirement; and notice-publication has since been effected otherwise. It was this change, no doubt, that gave so strongly-marked an impulse to the class of marriages now under consideration, between 1856 and 1861. It operated similarly upon register-office weddings, but not at all upon Roman Catholic espousals—a proof that the Roman Catholic, in matrimonial affairs, fixes his chief attention upon ecclesiastical rather than civil requirements, and does not greatly care what the latter may be so that they allow him free scope for compliance with the former. Among Dissenters the licence-method of chapel-marriage is now what the Surrogate's licence-method was among Churchmen forty years ago—the genteel way of being wed. It is largely resorted to by the wealthier classes of nonconformity; while the humbler ranks find in the civil certificate an authority for chapel-marriage better suited to their shorter purses, or sometimes, in quest of further cheapness, invoke that authority for purely secular espousal.

Finally, something must be told as to marriage performed in register-offices. The process to be considered is, as the reader will remember, wholly civil both as to introductory forms and actual celebration. It was clearly the intention of Lord Russell's Act that such should be the case; and in the statute which came into force in 1857 the use of any religious ceremony at register-office marriages was expressly forbidden. The documentary marriage-instruments here are the before-named civil licence and certificate. In 1841 the proportion of this variety of marriage-process to all descriptions was as 1·7 to 100—2,064 weddings out of 122,496 taking place in the offices during that year. Five years later some advance appears, the figures for 1846 standing

at 2.9, and the numbers being 4,167 out of 145,664. In 1851 the proportion was 4.4 per cent.—6,813 to 154,206; and in 1856 it was 5.1 per cent.—8,097 to 159,337. In the course of the next five years the results of the change as to notice-publication already spoken of plainly showed themselves; and in 1861 the proportion of purely secular marriages to all marriages was 7.2 to 100, the numbers for that year being 11,725 to 163,706. In 1866, 8.1 per cent., or 15,246 out of 187,776 weddings were performed in register offices; in 1871, 9.7 per cent., or 18,378 out of 190,112; in 1876, 10.8 per cent., or 21,709 out of 201,874; in 1881, 12.6 per cent., or 25,055 out of 197,290; and in 1882 the same proportion as in the previous year, or 25,717 out of 204,405.

The amount of increase in the proportion of register-office marriages during the forty-two years having been from 1.7 in 1841 to 12.6 in 1882, *i.e.*, 10.9 to the 100 of all marriages performed, and the total decrease in the proportion of church marriages in the same time having amounted to 21.9 per cent., it follows that nearly half of the percentage lost to the Church has been appropriated by the purely civil process of matrimony; rather more than half—*i.e.*, 11.0 out of the 21.9 per cent. having been absorbed by the modes of espousal used in Roman Catholic chapels and Protestant Dissenting chapels together—the Jewish and Quaker methods, affecting but very small numbers, being also included here.

The entirely secular marriage-modes seem to be gaining on the partially religious methods where the celebration takes place in chapels. In 1878 the two classes of espousal were resorted to in the same proportion, the figures relating to each then standing alike at 11.6 per cent. of all marriages accomplished. In the following year purely civil marriage ran ahead of chapel marriage, and stood to it in the relation of 12.0 to 11.6 per cent. of espousals altogether; and in each of the years 1881 and 1882 the proportions were: register-office marriage, 12.6 per cent., chapel-marriage, 11.4 per cent. If the present conditions continue to exist, the figures representing these two classes of matrimonial methods are likely to go apart much further in the directions here indicated. In the first place, marriage in the register-office is a cheaper article than that in a chapel. As has already been stated, this fact alone now often induces dissenters of the poorer class to leave their places of worship for marriage purposes, and celebrate their nuptials before the civil officer. It would seem too, that the ministers of dissenting congregations do not desire in all cases to check the existing, and probably increasing tendency among their flocks to regard marriage as a purely civil con-

tract. It has been hinted before, and must be dwelt on here, that of the espousals celebrated in dissenting chapels, many take place in the absence of any minister, and some without any religious ceremony whatever. These cases have not been distinguished in the foregoing figures, nor can the proportion which they bear to other cases be stated with accuracy. Such procedure arises, sometimes because there is no resident minister at the place where the wedding is performed, sometimes because the resident minister does not think it necessary to attend, and sometimes because bride and bridegroom do not care to summon him. All this points to some apathy on the part both of pastors and people as to the religious portion of the marriage ceremony ; and the same spirit operating more openly no doubt helps to increase the numbers of register-office weddings, at the expense of those in the chapels.

Thus much having been said of secular marriage in its relation to one mode of nuptial celebration, involving more or less—but sometimes next to nothing—in the way of compliance with religious observance, a few words upon it may be added, as it stands related to what may be styled *religious marriage* in general. The writer has long possessed facilities for studying the reasons which mostly lead people to adopt it in preference to espousal with religious rites, and he can state these reasons with some confidence. They are (1) simple unwillingness to make any approach to a profession of religion. There are multitudes of sailors, miners, artisans, and others, who usually attend no place of worship, and who, therefore, do not like to visit one for the purpose of getting married. It may well be that honest dread of hypocrisy is among the feelings of such people on the subject. (2) A desire for privacy. The lawyer's office or other place of business usually constituting the register-office, affords for the most part a more propitious scene for marriage wished to be unobserved than does a church or chapel. The desire for privacy may, of course, arise from different causes, but by far the most common cause is that the parties to the marriage already stand to each other in the relations of man and wife, and are anxious to avert by an unnoticed legal union the woman's impending disgrace. (3) Economical considerations. This source of register-office marriage has already been spoken of in a forecast of its future as compared with that of chapel marriage. But *fees* were there mainly referred to. When incidental expenses are taken into account also, espousal at the register-office is frequently the cheapest variety of nuptial celebration that can be resorted to. For working men will marry there without losing even half a day's work, and without buying so much

as a new necktie. They will meet their brides in working dress at the register-office door during the "breakfast half hour," part from them as soon as the brief ceremony of civil marriage is over, and go back to workshop or factory for the rest of the day.¹ Even in less extreme cases the outlay on dress, festivities, and treating at register-office weddings is, or may be, almost *nil*. In cases of marriage at church or chapel it is difficult for couples, even of humblest rank, to avoid expense in these directions. To such as would transform into religious nuptials any portion of the 12·6 per cent. of marriages which in 1882 were found to be taking place by wholly civil means, these causes of secular matrimony are worthy of attention.

No statistics are in existence which can disclose the comparative results, social and domestic, of marriage by the different methods referred to in this paper. It is not known which variety of matrimonial bond is most respected, or which is most liable to disruption; which—if either—especially conduces to conjugal felicity and family union, or which to their opposites. But a large majority of the people of England are at present—as is clear from the foregoing figures—convinced of so much as this on the matter—that marriage with religious sanction is preferable to that without it. It may be inferred that they hold the former to be more trustworthy than the latter—of clearer promise and brighter augury. To this view the writer heartily subscribes. But all who do so should be careful not to lose sight of the undoubtedly good results arising from existing provisions as to civil marriage, by means of which large numbers of persons are persuaded to place their illicit connections on a legal footing, and to secure to their offspring the advantages of legitimate birth. Bare, cold, and cheerless indeed to most of us would the civil celebration seem; the curt forms of declaration and contract; the missing prayer and benediction; the secular office in place of the sanctuary of God. But there is reconciliation even to these unattractive conditions in the thought that they may, and do often, promote the repair of wrongs, and the life-long recognition of just claims, and stay the brand of disrepute from scaring the fair forehead of many an innocent child.

EDWARD WHITAKER.

¹ See Art. "Quiet Marriages," by the present writer. *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1877.

SCIENCE NOTES.

SOLUBLE IRON SALT AS A MANURE.

IN a note (June 1883) I stated some of the results obtained by Mr. A. B. Griffiths by watering Savoy cabbages with a solution of iron sulphate. They were curious, but as I said at the time, "a much larger number of experiments will be necessary" to confirm them, by proving that the superiority of the cabbages thus manured is really due to this addition to the soil.

Mr. Griffiths has since made such additional experiments, and read before the Chemical Society a paper stating his results in detail. This paper is published in the January number of the Society's Journal, and is very interesting. The experiments extend to a number of food plants, grain, root crops, and leguminous plants. I must not attempt to give any details here. The following is a summary of general conclusions :—

1. The iron manure is specially beneficial to plants that develop a large amount of chlorophyll—beans, cabbages, turnips, being especially named.
2. The iron manure increases the percentage of carbohydrates, woody fibre and fat, in certain plants as a result of the increase of chlorophyll in the leaf.
3. Mr. Griffiths finds crystals of ferrous sulphate near the chlorophyll granules in sections of the leaves of the plants thus manured.
4. In certain cases the phosphoric acid of the ashes of the plants increases with the ferric oxide.
5. Excess of this iron manure acts as poison to the plant.
6. The sulphur of ferrous sulphate acts as food for the protoplasm of the cell, and the iron for the chlorophyll itself.
7. This manure, to some extent, increases the nitrogen in the plants.
8. It increases the chlorophyll of the leaves.
9. It acts on the soil as an antiseptic agent.

These results are the more remarkable as, with the exception of the 5th, they contradict some old established chemical notions respecting the mischievous action of soluble iron salts in the soil. These salts are usually described as forming insoluble compounds with the phosphoric acid of otherwise soluble phosphates, and thus depriving the plant of the phosphatic element of its nourishment.

This action may take place, nevertheless, but only in cases where the excess of iron salt prevails. It is quite evident that this manure must be used with caution, and also with intelligence, and that, if it is to be practically applied, it adds another to the ever-increasing demands for the scientific education of our agriculturists.

The iron salt in question is a waste-product of several manufacturing processes, and therefore can be obtained in great quantities at a low price. The existing supplies may be greatly increased if demanded.

THE GLOWING TWILIGHTS.

PERSEVERANCE is usually rewarded with success, but this has hardly been the case with the propounders and defenders of the Krakatoa explanation of the twilight glows, although they (both glows and defenders) have manifested that virtue amazingly. Ordinary mortals would have retreated when it was found that month after month, and far into a second year, the morning and evening displays continued without abatement. Such ordinary mortals, acquainted with ordinary dust, and the manner in which it falls upon their clothes, their books, their everythings, even through the ordinary dense lower atmosphere, would have concluded that volcanic dust would still more rapidly fall through the very much thinner air, the nearly vacuous space wherein the characteristic after-glows occurred; but not so the Krakatoans.

They maintain that the molecular viscosity of gases has been demonstrated mathematically to continue in spite of rarefaction, and therefore the rarefied air must resist the shearing penetration of the dust particles in their downfall as effectually as would a denser atmosphere. Actual experiments with actual dust in actually rarefied air show that actual facts contradict this mathematical demonstration. "So much the worse for the facts," reply the modern representatives of the schoolmen. The disciples of Bacon still suspend judgment concerning the cause or causes of these unusual displays.

As I stated in my notes of February and March last year, the alternative explanations really worthy of serious consideration are first, the supposition that the earth, and possibly the whole or a large portion of the solar system, has in the course of its journey in space passed through a region unusually rich in meteoric dust; the second, that an unusually large amount of aqueous vapour has been raised to the upper regions of our atmosphere by increased solar activity.

Solid particles are required to produce the effect, and these at a great elevation. The meteoric theory supplies them directly; the vapour theory also supplies them, though not quite so obviously. Assuming the existence of such vapour at such elevations, it would be condensed and frozen immediately the direct rays of the sun were withdrawn on his descent below the horizon, or even before this, *i.e.*, when these rays were filtered and refracted by their passage through the denser horizon atmosphere.

In the "*Gazetta Chimica Italiana*" (Vol. 14, p. 130-136) is a paper by F. Maugini, which affords some additional evidence in support of the meteoric theory. He refers to Yung, who, in Geneva, and to Nordenskjöld, who, in Stockholm, observed the presence of iron in meteoric dust that fell on snow, and describes what he himself found at Reggio, in Calabria, on the 16th and 19th February, and 10th March, 1884, when the glowing phenomena, accompanied by rain, were specially remarkable. He there collected some newly-fallen red-coloured dust, which, when examined under the microscope, seemed to consist of mica, quartz, and irregular polyhedral crystals. A preliminary analysis showed this to contain: magnetic iron oxide 6.4 per cent.; matter insoluble in acids, 38.75 per cent.; matter soluble in acids, 54.85 per cent.

The insoluble portion contained sulphuric and phosphoric acids, silica, calcium, magnesium, arsenious and ferric oxides; the soluble portion, aluminum, nickel, and manganous oxides. There were traces of nickel, but no cobalt.

It was not dust from Etna, as the direction of the wind on the days on which it fell was opposite to that from Etna, and besides this, the volcanic ashes from Etna, well known thereabouts, are black. The Sahara dust carried by the sirocco contains no iron.

Excepting in colour, this dust corresponds very closely to that which I collected by melting the snow that fell in my garden on the 5th and 6th of December, 1883. The sooty particles also in the snow, which rendered the snow-water itself somewhat inky, may account for the darker colour of the "black and brown gritty particles" which I collected by thawing the snow. (See *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1884, p. 199.)

ARISTOCRATIC LINEAGE OF THE SCORPION.

ONE of my notes of December, 1881, bore the same title as this. I there described a patriarchal specimen of this elongated venomous spider that was found in the lower carboniferous rocks.

It differs in no essential respect from living scorpions, and therefore gives to these unpleasant animals a just claim to the most ancient lineage of any creatures now living on the earth.

This claim has been more recently confirmed and extended by the discovery of fossil scorpions still lower down in the geological series ; in the Lower Silurian, older than the Devonian, the old red sandstone which we have been accustomed to regard as the birthplace of the most ancient and the oddest of the fishes.

These Silurian scorpions have been found in Scotland, where one was obtained at Lesmahago in Lanarkshire in June, 1883, another in Sweden, at Wisby, in the Island of Gothland, last summer. These differ a little, but only very little, from the carboniferous and existing scorpions.

IMPERFECTION OF THE GEOLOGICAL RECORD.

IT should always be remembered that the fossil remains of land animals are necessarily more rare than those of marine, lacustrine, or river animals, and that among land animals those that lived in swampy regions should be, and are, more abundant than the denizens of high and dry land. The reason of this is simply that the stratified rocks in which fossils are found are formed under water.

The overlooking of this fact has led many to false conclusions relative to ancient life—to the supposition that marine life greatly preceded and greatly exceeded terrestrial life. This may have been the case, but it is not proved by the negative evidence of absence or rarity of fossil remains of land animals.

We can only expect to find drowned specimens of land animals, or those whose remains were washed from the land by floods ; the latter would be mere fragments.

Besides this there is another important factor determining the relative abundance of fossil species, viz., the durability or preservability of the animal structure. There may have been myriads of species of soft animals of which we can never obtain a single specimen, unless they had some kind of protecting shell or skeleton.

The scorpions described in the preceding note have a horny test, or scale armour ; this alone remains in the fossils, and to this their preservation is due. They are carnivorous, and their existence indicates other creatures upon which they fed, land animals of which we know nothing beyond the rare remains of a few insects and traces of worms, not the worms themselves, but their tracks, cases, or burrows.

PERFUMES AND DISINFECTION.

IN the *American Naturalist* is an account of experiments made by Dr. J. M. Anders on the relations of plant growth to the generation of ozone.

According to these researches, the ozone production resides exclusively in the flower, ordinary leaves doing nothing towards it. Dr. Anders finds that odorous flowers generate the most ozone, very little being produced by flowers that have no odour. He also found that sunlight, or at least diffused daylight, is essential to its production.

These conclusions are quite in accordance with the results of some researches made in 1870 by Professor Mantegazzi. He found that nearly all the essences used in perfumery, and many others not appropriated by the perfumer, when exposed to air and light, develop ozone. He says that "the oxidation of these essences is one of the most convenient means of producing ozone, since, even when in very minute quantity, they can ozonise a large quantity of oxygen, while their action is very persistent; that in the greater number of cases the essences, in order to develop ozone, require the direct rays of the sun; in a small number of cases they effect the change with diffused light: in few or none in darkness."

Even a vessel that has been perfumed with an essence and afterwards washed and dried, still develops ozone, provided a slight odour remains.

The most effective essences are those of cherry, laurel, palma rosa, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemons, fennel, and bergamot; the less effective are anise, nutmeg, cajeput, and thyme. Mantegazzi adds that "camphor, as an ozonogenic agent, is inferior to any of the above-named essences."

These facts should be better known than they are. Our grandmothers used perfumes as disinfectants, and ozone being the most effective of oxidising disinfectants, it appears that they were right. In the East, where there is much need for atmospheric purification, the old faith in perfumes still remains. With us it is now generally supposed that such perfumes merely hide the malodour and deceive us, but if Mantegazzi and Dr. Anders are right, this modern notion is a fallacy.

Mantegazzi's researches are little known; Dr. Anders does not appear to be acquainted with them; if not, the confirmation is the more satisfactory.

It is satisfactory to learn that we may deodorise without the aid of such disagreeable agents as chlorine, hypochlorous acid, carbolic

acid, &c. The two first named are mischievous by bleaching our draperies and corroding metals, even gold ; the third is a dangerous poison, and very disagreeable. The perfumes combine luxury with sanitation.

A SANITARY AND ÆSTHETIC MISSION.

THE facts stated in the above note suggest a practical application that is worthy of the attention of sanitary reformers and town missionaries.

Mantegazzi places lavender perfume among the most efficient of the ozone generators. The lavender plant is very hardy, flourishes so especially in our climate, that English oil of lavender is far superior to any other, and fetches a correspondingly high price in the market.

It will grow freely in flowerpots in our suburban gardens, and even in the back yards of London slums. Therefore I say let us have a lavender plant distribution association, by the aid of which every poor man's house or lodging shall be perfumed by the growing plant, the leaves of which, as well as its flowers, give out the ozonogenic essence.

Those who could not be induced to apply any chemical disinfectant, and have not the means of rebuilding or redraining their wretched homes, might be induced to attend to a living thing with a sweet odour.

The costermongers afford, already organised, an efficient machinery for the distribution of such plants. Supply them to these benefactors of the poor at a price that will leave a good profit when retailed at a penny per pot, and they will do the rest, provided the town missionaries, district visitors, &c., will prepare the demand by explaining the advantage of growing a pot or two of lavender as a window ornament and domestic purifier.

ARE RATS CANNIBALS?

"NATURE" tells us that during the Health Exhibition the building and grounds of South Kensington were overrun with rats, food then being plentiful. On the closing of the exhibition a famine ensued, and the members of the erst pampered colony were seen scampering here and there "with abnormal temerity, often fighting fiercely over fragments of refuse." They were so numerous that the noise of their movements is described as resembling the "sound of the wind."

By degrees they disappeared, and this disappearance is attributed to some dying of starvation, and others migrating to the neighbouring houses. At the present time there is scarcely one in the building.

I have had some unpleasant experiences with rats rather recently, so much so that it became war *à outrance* between us. Either the rats must have left the house or I must have done so. They were trapped by scores. Dogs, cats, and ferrets failed to sensibly diminish their numbers. Poison had some effect, but was not largely used, as the results of dead bodies under flooring were seriously dreaded, though none were actually experienced.

At last I tried the persevering application of broken glass, by thrusting fragments down every old hole, and every fresh one as soon as it appeared. This was successful, and some curious results accompanied the clearance. At first there were streaks of blood on the kitchen floor in considerable quantity, and distributed all over it. These appeared on several mornings. At about the same time, and subsequently, much scampering and screaming was heard beneath. This was followed by a rapid reduction of the numbers of the enemy.

My theory is that when any one rat was wounded by the glass, the scent of blood excited the voracity of others, and a cannibal struggle occurred; that this continued till extirpation followed, the more fighting the more bloodshed, and the more cannibalism.

We now have an occasional visitor or two that I suppose to be the survivor or survivors of the devoured colony.

It is well known that when one among a flock of ravenous wolves is wounded, the others speedily devour it, though they do not thus attack their sound brethren.

What became of the aboriginal black rats which, we are told, have been extirpated by their brown successors? If they were not eaten, where are their bones? What becomes of the bones of the millions of common rats that die annually?

I have just found an answer to this question in *Hardwicke's Science Gossip* of February last. Mr. F. W. Halfpenny there tells us that the black rat is still to be met with at most of the London Docks; that the Norway or sewer rat not only kills its victim but also devours it. He describes skins of freshly killed black rats turned inside out, and found in various drawers, boxes, &c.; that this treatment of their victims is usual with rats. As an experiment Mr. Halfpenny gave the carcass of a white rat to one of the black and white variety; it was eaten, only a few bones of the head remaining attached to the everted skin.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE IRIIDIUM INDUSTRY.

IN 1803 Mr. Smithson Tennant found some undissolved metallic grains after dissolving the bulk of platinum ores in *aqua regia*. These grains were examined and found to outdo platinum itself in the manifestation of platinum specialities.

Their most important constituent is iridium. Up to the time of the discovery of this metal, platinum enjoyed the distinction of being the most refractory of all the metals; it is infusible in any furnace fed with coal, coke, or ordinary combustibles; can only be melted by the aid of oxyhydrogen gas or electricity. Iridium is still more obstinate.

Platinum, like gold, resists all the acids applied singly, but, like gold, is soluble in a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acid, *aqua regia*. Iridium resists even this. It is excessively hard, the hardest of all the metals, is practically incorrodible, and therefore one of the noble metals. Platinum is heavier, bulk for bulk, than gold, and iridium is still heavier than platinum.

Its extreme hardness, which, with its incorrodibility, renders it almost unwearable, has given it a special value as a material for the nibs of pens, but, as may be easily understood, its infusibility seriously increases the difficulties of its manufacture. This difficulty was overcome mechanically, by treating it nearly as diamonds are treated in making the nibs of ordinary gold pens; but, for the stylographic pen, a larger piece of the metal is required than the ordinary grains supply, and this piece had to be drilled and otherwise definitely shaped.

Four or five years ago Mr. John Holland overcame the difficulty by adding phosphorus to iridium while white hot in a crucible. He thus obtained a fusible compound that could be cast into any desired shape, and which retained the hardness of the original metal. Phosphorus similarly increases the fusibility of iron.

But this is not all. Mr. W. L. Dudley, of Cincinnati, has since found that by heating the phosphorus compound in a bed of lime the phosphorus may be removed, and thus a casting may be restored to the original infusibility of the unmanageable metal when the work of shaping it is finished.

These artificially-acquired properties have opened out many new uses for iridium. The holes of the drawplates used for fine gold and silver wire are now made in iridium instead of rubies. It similarly replaces the ruby and agate knife-edges for delicate balances and other friction bearings; it is used for tipping hollow hypodermic needles, &c., and for the contact points of telegraphic instruments, in which use it outlives many platinum points; it does not oxidise or stick, being still more noble and still less fusible than platinum.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

SHERIDAN AND THE MEMOIRS OF MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH.

A CORRESPONDENT, who writes from Edinburgh and signs W. Douglas Kellock, states that the letter in the *Athenæum* of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, concerning Sheridan and the "School for Scandal," on which I founded a note in Table Talk for February last, has led me into inaccuracy. That the "Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bidulph" is by Sheridan's mother, Frances Sheridan (*née* Chamberlaine), was pointed out immediately after the appearance of Mr. Wingfield's letter, as was the fact that Mr. Wingfield was not the first to discover the obligation. In these matters I simply followed the communication in the *Athenæum*. It is therefore just and desirable that these explanations should be furnished. Mr. Kellock also urges that the resemblance between the return of Miss Arnold's uncle in "Sidney Bidulph" and that of Sir Oliver Surface in the "School for Scandal" is not very close, and that the incident might be traced to many other novels and plays. This is possible. Still, it is a fair assumption that Sheridan was familiar with the novel written by his mother, and the question of his indebtedness is not affected by the nearness of relationship. I am obliged to my correspondent for his correction, the subject matter of which I had, however, previously seen. His substitution of Sidney Biddulph for Sidney Bidulph I accept. Rather curiously, however, in "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan," by her granddaughter, Alicia Lefanu, London, 1824, 8vo, which I have before me, the name Biddulph upon the title page and throughout the volume, is given with two d's. It is also so spelt in Lowndes' "Bibliographer's Manual."

WHIMSICAL STORIES PRESERVED BY HILL BURTON.

IN the Book-Hunter of Burton is given the famous anecdote concerning Robert Owen, the parallelogram communist, and Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford. In an edition of "Men of the Time," a copy of which is still in the possession of a valued friend of

mine, a known collector, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, a few lines dropped out from what is technically called "the form." In the process of restoration one or two lines intended for Owen got into the account of his nearest neighbour, Oxford, whose biographical record ran, accordingly, thus: Oxford, the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of, was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless "an out and out believer in spirit movements." The blunder was, of course, detected, and the edition was withdrawn. A few copies got out, however, to scandalize the orthodox and to amuse the ribald. Here, again, is the account of the famous printer's blunder that destroyed a poetic reputation, when, for a portion of the line, "Lo! the pale martyr in his sheet of fire," were substituted the words "shirt on fire." In this, too, is an account how plagiarisms are detected by means of careless printers when in an unacknowledged "crib," "the imitation," as Peignot says, "is so exact that the very typographical errors are carefully preserved." Here, once more, is to be found the best Irish bull on record, a bull which five readers out of six will pass over without a suspicion that it is not perfectly correct. It occurs in a brief passage descriptive of the happy conclusion of a duel. "The one party received a slight wound in the breast; the other fired in the air—and so the matter terminated." Here, lastly, appears the "artless statement" from a learned book on Irish ecclesiastical controversy, written, of course, by an Irishman, that a certain eminent personage had "abandoned the errors of the Church of Rome, and adopted those of the Church of England."

CONTEMPORARY VERDICTS UPON GREATNESS.

THE question whether an age is able to take the intellectual measure of its greatest men has never been definitely settled. If the stature of Shakespeare and Milton was visible only to individuals, and not to the majority of those with whom they dwelt, Chaucer seems in his lifetime to have obtained full recognition, at least from those of his own calling, and an idea of the immeasurable bigness of Dante seems to have been formed by the commonplace intellect of his day. Petrarch and Tasso, again, it is known were crowned with laurels in the capitol, and the world has accepted and approved the verdict. Among men whose reputation, obtained during their lifetime, has been maintained, are Molière, Voltaire, and Balzac, in France, Goethe in Germany, and Swift in England. I speak only of men of highest mark. The brilliant reputations of

soldiers are maintained, and such great captains, to deal only with men comparatively modern, as Gustavus Adolphus, Henri IV., Marshal Saxe, Marlborough, Wellington, Napoleon, are not likely to be displaced from the columns they occupy. Statesmen, on the contrary, seem to live by the hate or contempt they have inspired. Few indeed are the men who, after having controlled for any long period the destinies of nations, have left even a tolerable reputation. Actors, again, keep their place, and Betterton, Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Macready, Siddons, Talma, Rachel, and a score others, shine with undiminished lustre. These few reflections are suggested by the competition recently held in the columns of a London evening paper, given of late to experiments of this class, as to who are the greatest living Englishmen. I will put on one side as political the question who is the greatest statesman, and will leave out also the greatest preacher, novelist, and humbug. The result of some fifteen hundred opinions, then, is to place Mr. Millais as the greatest painter by 814 votes against 448 for Sir F. Leighton. This might, perhaps, have been expected. Mr. Sala, the only well-known journalist, heads the list of newspaper writers with 888 votes; the modern reputation of Lord Wolseley is shown in his having 1,060 for the position of greatest soldier. Mr. Huxley heads the men of science with 866 votes. Mr. Irving, in the competition for actors, is foremost of all, having 1,337 votes. There is no cause for surprise in this. I am, however, astonished to find that Mr. Ruskin leads with 568 votes the list of writers, while Lord Tennyson comes in next with 262 votes. Is this the real opinion amongst Englishmen? I fancy not. There is a tendency to a reaction in the case of Lord Tennyson's reputation. I fancy, however, a broader experiment would show even yet that he stands foremost in English estimation.

THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION IN ENGLAND.

HOW far the stage is a desirable profession for young women threatens to become one of the burning questions of the day. One disputant after another enters the arena, and Mr. Burnand, Mr. Hollingshead, Mr. Toole, and Mr. Dickens discuss the important question whether an actress is likely to remain a virtuous woman. There is in reality nothing to discuss. As I have more than once indicated, the best protection for a young woman of any social position is necessarily happy domestic surroundings. When for the close and careful protection of home is substituted an independent

life, new dangers have necessarily to be faced. Whether a woman paints at an academy, sings at a concert, acts on the stage, or sells goods behind a counter, she is exposed to temptations which her more carefully guarded sister ignores. It is, however, imperative that women shall be able to earn their own living, and a woman who will make herself respected at home will probably do so on the stage. We want, as Macaulay somewhere says, "a robust and not a valetudinarian virtue." The lady who forfeits her character after going on the stage—that is to say, who cannot resist temptation—is no very desirable companion for a wife, even though circumstances should have kept her honest. There are theatres in London that are as orderly in all respects as any commercial establishments. Without recommending, then, the stage as a profession, I hold that a woman who cannot resist its temptations is but a poor specimen of an Englishwoman.

THE STAGE IN HOLLAND.

ACCORDING to a scarce theatrical tract, printed in 1743, and entitled "The Case of our Present Theatrical Disputes Fairly Stated. In which is contained a Succinct Account of the Rise, Progress, and Declension of the Ancient Stage," etc., etc., the Dutch players of a century and a half ago are shown to have settled in very satisfactory manner the question of the morals of actresses by which England is now disturbed. "In point of decorum," says our scribe, "the Dutch theatre excels all others; their actors and actresses are all people of reputation, and cannot appear upon the stage if ever they cease so to be * * * *; but then they all have some profession besides. Mr. Duym, who is their principal tragedian, is a bookseller, and Mr. Punt, who is an excellent comedian, is an engraver; all their actresses are the wives or daughters of burghers, who, as they do not absolutely get their living by a playhouse, so they neither say or do anything there which can blemish their characters in private life." Whether the same course is still adopted in Holland I know not. I can at least bear personal witness to the eminently respectable way in which the principal theatres of Holland are conducted, and can state that no sacrifice of art attends the observance of decorum, since the actors are among the best in Europe. Neither France nor Germany can show finer acting than was exhibited by the Rotterdam dramatic company during its solitary and, financially speaking, disastrous visit to London.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1885.

THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN HYDE PARK.

MASTER EUSTACE AWDRY was born early in the pleasant month of May, and towards the close of the July following he paid his first visit to the Metropolis, attended by his devoted parents, two nurses, and a suitable array of domestic servants.

In addition to the ancestral domain of Clavermere, a small estate in Devonshire, and a shooting-box in Scotland, the Grand Turk's papa (by that name Miss Ashmead had christened this infant prodigy) possessed a house in Park Lane, and thither with all due honour he was conducted. On the same afternoon of his arrival, his Imperial Highness was presented with a new courtier, whom, being in an unusually fractious mood, we are bound to confess, he received very unamiably. The courtier in question was his maternal grandfather. Mr. Estcourt had now been living in London upwards of three months. He had given up his house and his business in Quebec, and had taken furnished apartments in the West End, with the intention—so his daughter had been given to understand—of devoting his attention to the ship-building concern (principally of small yachts and barges), hitherto managed by his partner, Mr. Filder, on the Thames bank.

But, although he had been in England so long, and within a few hours' journey by rail from Clavermere, Mr. Estcourt had actually paid only one short, half-day's visit to Claudia since his arrival.

That visit had taken place just before the birth of her boy, and until now Mr. Estcourt had absolutely never seen King Baby!

Claudia had felt both excessively hurt and excessively indignant

at this neglect on her father's part. Moreover, she had been utterly unable to understand it—seeing that up to the date of her marriage Mr. Estcourt had proved the most devoted of parents.

It is true that he had continually promised to “run down,” and that he had sent her many affectionate messages through her husband, whom he had seen each time Douglas had been in London (and that had been pretty often of late); and it is also true that the latter had sought to excuse her father to Claudia on the plea that he had been kept extremely busy with the rearrangement of business matters, the furnishing of his new apartments, and so forth. But to Claudia these excuses had seemed utterly inadequate, and she made up her mind to punish Mr. Estcourt by forbidding him a sight of the Grand Turk for at least two days after his installation in the Park Lane nursery.

Maternal vanity, however, combined with the facts that her father appeared to be very penitent, and that he looked far from well, had broken down this resolution; and after an hour's purgatory (which Mr. Estcourt bore with exemplary patience) he had been presented to his grandson on this very first visit.

“Papa, are you *sure* you are feeling quite well?” demanded his daughter, putting this question for the third or fourth time, on their descent from the nursery. “You look so pale and thin—almost as though you might have had a long illness. *Have* you been ill, papa?”

“Not at all, my dear, I assure you. A little worried, perhaps, and anxious—no, not anxious exactly, but rather overworked, you know, with my removal here, and . . . and other little matters. That's all—that is really all, Claudia.” Mr. Estcourt spoke in a jerky, hesitating fashion quite new to him, and he looked about the room nervously—avoiding his daughter's gaze. “My health, I believe, is quite as usual.”

Claudia did not believe so; and although she forbore to press the subject any further just then, she continued throughout the evening, which Mr. Estcourt spent with Douglas and herself, to regard him from time to time with considerable solicitude and a growing conviction that something was amiss with him—that he was either ill in body or suffering in mind—though she knew of no trouble that could have befallen him. It occurred to her once to wonder whether it was possible that her father might have discovered something in reference to her own past secrets, and the notion set Claudia's heart palpitating with sickening violence. But her fears on that score were very soon set at rest, as well by Mr. Estcourt's demeanour towards her, as by certain observations on his part which disproved the

disquieting hypothesis. No, whatever had occasioned the change in him—and a change there certainly was—Claudia saw, with satisfaction, that it had nothing to do with her.

A tall, gentlemanly looking man, with an erect, spare figure, Mr. Estcourt had always appeared very much younger than his years. Even now, despite the fact that he looked decidedly out of health, no one would have guessed him to be more than fifty. Yet he had passed his sixtieth birthday. With straight, refined features, grey eyes, a clear-shaven face and brown hair, which showed but a very slight intermixture of grey, he was still a handsome man; in his youth he had been considered a remarkably handsome one. Claudia had always felt proud of her father, as well as, in her way, fond of him. Of Mr. Estcourt's attachment to his daughter there could be no question. In Quebec, at any rate, he had been regarded as the model of an indulgent and considerate parent.

"Of course, papa, you will stay with us entirely whilst we are in town?" observed Mrs. Douglas, in the course of the evening. "That is the correct expression, you know," she added, smiling. "Among fashionable people, London is 'town,' and all the rest of the world country."

"I will be with you as much as possible, my love," answered her father. "But I . . . I can scarcely be here altogether."

"Why not, sir? I sincerely hope you will?" put in his son-in-law. "I shall be much engaged myself, especially in the evenings, since I have come up expressly to attend more regularly to my parliamentary duties" (Douglas had thrown himself into these duties with that energetic conscientiousness which marked all his undertakings). "But I hope, indeed, that you will make this house your home. Claudia will be greatly distressed, I am sure, if you do not."

"I shall be something more than distressed," protested that young lady. "I shall be offended, very much offended. Remember, papa, I have only half-forgiven you, yet, for your unkindness in not coming down to Clavermere to see baby. I shan't forgive you at all unless you try to make some atonement now."

"My dear child, I would stay with you with the greatest pleasure, you may be sure. It is only business considerations which make me hesitate. My apartments are more convenient, rather more convenient, for the line of omnibuses."

"Omnibuses?" echoed Claudia. "Surely, papa, you don't ride in omnibuses?"

"Well, yes, sometimes—sometimes I do," he rejoined, with that

strange unaccustomed hesitancy of utterance which his daughter had already observed. "I . . . I have not yet found time to look out for a carriage, and, as I wrote you, I sold those we had in Quebec. But the omnibus runs a good part of the way towards the yard, and for the rest of the distance, I . . . I——"

"Papa, dear, why *do* you continue to trouble yourself with business?" interrupted Claudia. "I can't understand it. Douglas does not want you to leave me a monstrous fortune—do you, Douglas? And surely, papa, you have far, far more money than you require for your own use. Why don't you give it up? Douglas, do persuade papa to give up work."

To this appeal neither of the men responded immediately; and Claudia might have noticed, had she possessed any keenness of observation, which was not the case, that they carefully avoided glancing in each other's direction.

"Well, well, my dear, I'll think of it," returned Mr. Estcourt. "I . . . yes, very probably, I shall give it up."

"That's right! and, in the meantime, you will send for your portmanteau at once, and sleep here? Shall I ring the bell?"

"I beg you will take up your quarters with us, Mr. Estcourt?" again pressed Douglas.

"Thank you, as you both insist so kindly upon it, I . . . I will accept the invitation; but don't ring, Claudia! It would not be convenient to send for my portmanteau this evening. I will come to you to-morrow."

With this concession his daughter was forced to be content.

"Now I shall nurse you, papa, and cheer you up!" she exclaimed. "You want looking after, and you want cheerful society. Oh! by-the-bye, Olivia Ashmead is coming up the day after to-morrow, to stay with us for a fortnight. I'm so glad, she will help me to find out what is the matter, and to set you to rights again."

"My dear, I have told you already . . . But who is Olivia Ashmead? I don't very much care for . . . for company just now."

"Olivia will not be company, papa, and you will care for *her*. But how can you have forgotten her name? I have written to you about her often enough. She is my particular friend."

"Yes, yes, I recollect—I quite recollect now," returned her father. But either this suggestion that he was to have a fellow-visitor, or something else, appeared to have added to his nervous disquietude, and after a little further desultory conversation Mr. Estcourt rose to take his leave for the evening. He kept his promise, however, of

returning on the following day, and by the close of it Claudia felt more than ever impressed with the change in her father's aspect and manner—a change quite inscrutable to her, and as to the cause of which her husband appeared unable to suggest any explanation.

The next day Miss Ashmead arrived on the short visit which, in accordance with Claudia's urgent entreaties, she had agreed to pay to her friends in their London house. Douglas being absent that evening at the House, Mr. Estcourt passed it in the company of the two ladies alone, and to Claudia's gratification he appeared to be in much better spirits, more like himself, than at any previous time since their reunion.

"You have done my father a world of good, Olivia!" protested her hostess, as they separated for the night. And it really did seem as though Miss Ashmead's society—which the good-looking elderly widower sought very assiduously during the next day or two—was proving of benefit to him, for, although his nervous restlessness of manner continued, he grew quite lively and chatty when in Olivia's presence.

"What a particularly charming girl your friend is, Claudia!" he observed, finding his daughter alone, on returning from business one afternoon within a week of Miss Ashmead's advent. "A *most* charming girl!"

"Hardly a girl, papa. Olivia is twenty-eight," said Claudia, laughing. "But certainly she is very nice."

"My dear, she is more than nice. You are highly favoured in having such a friend."

"Oh, as for that! . . ." Mrs. Douglas Awdry finished the sentence by a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

Her father, however, did not notice the gesture, for he was not looking at her. He was turning over, in an aimless fashion, the pages of a book which lay before him on the table.

"Did you not tell me that she possessed some—some little fortune?" he inquired.

"I don't remember telling you, papa—but Olivia has six hundred a year."

"Dear me! What a very comfortable provision!"

"I should not have supposed *you* would have thought much of six hundred a year, papa," laughed his daughter.

"*I?* No, no, perhaps not. Comparatively speaking, of course, it is a—very poor income. Still, it represents comfort and independence; it . . . it would be a refuge."

"A refuge, papa?" repeated his daughter, wonderingly. "What a curious expression! How do you mean?"

Mr. Estcourt appeared fluttered. "Did I use that term?" he asked, turning the pages of his book with tremulous haste. "I meant merely that—that it was a secure provision for your dear young friend."

"You take a vast deal of interest in my 'dear young friend,'" mimicked Claudia. "I shall begin to feel quite jealous, papa!" She smiled, however, as she spoke, and it was evident that there was no double meaning in her words, nor suspicion in her mind. "Would you like to drive with us this afternoon?" she went on. "Olivia is dressing now, and I must run off and do the same."

"Thank you, no. I have some letters to write, or I should have been delighted. Is it this evening your dinner-party is to be, Claudia?"

"Why, papa dear, where is your memory? No, that will not be until Saturday; but Douglas has invited two or three gentlemen for to-morrow. This evening he expects there will be a late debate—don't you recollect his speaking of it at breakfast? So you, and I, and our 'dear young friend' will be all alone. Humph! that appears to gratify you? Really, I must tell Olivia how she has fascinated you, papa!"

Mrs. Douglas Awdry ran off laughing lightly; but some little incident that occurred during a brief visit to the nursery, when she was attired for her drive, drove the conversation from her mind, and instead of entertaining her friend with an account of her father's admiration for her, the young mother enlivened the short distance to the park gates by dwelling upon various proofs of her baby's precocity. And to all Claudia's raptures about her little son (though such raptures are usually considered the climax of boredom) Olivia Ashmead listened invariably with the most tender patience. The truth was that this great-hearted, noble-minded woman looked with earnest hopefulness to Claudia's maternity as a means of improving her character. She trusted that this apparently genuine affection for her child would go some way towards eradicating her self-love, that it would enlarge her heart and supply that want in her nature of which Olivia had all along been so painfully conscious. Therefore she rejoiced over and encouraged every manifestation of her friend's motherly pride and affection, and lent a sympathetic ear to the smallest of nursery details.

On the present occasion the subject lasted until about half the length of the inevitable park drive had been attained. Then, just

as Claudia was beginning to own to herself that it was exhausted, a company of scarlet-coated outriders trotted past, and instantly Mrs. Douglas Awdry's coachman reined in his horses.

"Why, Olivia, what is the matter? Why are all the carriages stopping?" inquired the young Canadian in her ignorance.

"Because the Queen is coming," returned her companion. "Look! she is in that carriage with Prince Albert."

Claudia bent forward to gain a better view of her Majesty, and in so doing obstructed Olivia's vision, who was on the farther side of the carriage. The latter, however, to whom the sight of royalty was nothing new, turned quite contentedly to study the lookers-on instead of the show. And by one of these her attention was immediately riveted. Within a yard of Mrs. Douglas Awdry's handsome equipage, which was drawn up close by the railings that separated the fashionable promenaders in carriages from the scarcely less fashionable promenaders on foot, stood a little slight woman very elegantly dressed, with a pale, but, Olivia thought, most remarkable face. By her side two small boys in velvet tunics, and holding each other by the hand, were pressing against the rails. Catching up the nearer of these little fellows (a fair-haired boy, apparently about six), the pale slight woman held him aloft, and Olivia heard her exclaim in broken English, but in a clear, pleasantly modulated voice—"Look well, my Claude! Dost thou see her, the good Queen?"

The ringing tones carried beyond Olivia Ashmead and struck upon the ear of Mrs. Douglas Awdry. Turning with a start, the latter uttered a low cry of astonishment; and as Olivia looked round, startled in her turn by the cry, she saw that Claudia was leaning forward and staring, with lips apart, at the little woman who had attracted her own attention. Instinctively Olivia's gaze reverted to the same direction, and just in time for her to catch a flash of recognition as it illumined that striking countenance and instantly altered its expression, banishing a smile which had softened the cameo-like lineaments, and kindling the dark eyes into a deeper intensity.

"Mon Dieu!" Miss Ashmead heard that exclamation. Then, she saw the little woman clutch eagerly at the hands of the two children by whom she was accompanied, turn her back upon the carriage, and hurry off.

"Good gracious, Claudia! Who is she?" demanded Olivia.

"Who is *who*?" inquired Claudia. But this affectation of ignorance was contradicted by the faltering voice and by the ghastly pallor, which a sudden, unreasoning terror had called up to the speaker's face.

"Oh! Claudia, what is it, dear? Why are you so frightened?" continued her friend. "Do tell me. Who could that woman be? Why should you——"

"Why should I *what*? I don't know in the least what you are talking about, Olivia."

For several minutes Miss Ashmead made no rejoinder, and neither she nor her companion noticed that the carriage had again moved forward. "What was the meaning of it all?" Olivia kept asking herself—"Of that mutual recognition and that mutual dismay?" As to the fact of the recognition, there remained in her mind no shadow of doubt. In each face the impress of it had been too clear for that. Moreover, there was Claudia's long-drawn "Oh!" and the little woman's "Mon Dieu!" to swell the sum of proof. But why were they *afraid* of each other? Why had the one hurried off with such precipitation? Why did the other attempt to deny the acquaintanceship? Did they hold some dreadful secret in common? Or what was the mystery of their relations?

"Claudia!" Miss Ashmead's tone was sharp with anxiety and with something of another emotion which was rising in her breast—"Claudia, you most certainly *did* know that strange-looking little woman, and she as certainly knew you. Why should you deny the knowledge to me, who have always been your friend? I do not wish, of course——"

"My dear Olivia! What in the world are you talking of?" broke in Claudia. "A strange-looking little woman? Are you dreaming? I have seen no one answering to that description. At least——" (the moment that assertion had left her lips Claudia felt that she had made a grave mistake). "At least," she added, in confused haste, "unless you mean that person with the two little boys? Yes, I noticed her because she was so pale, and, for a moment, I fancied she was going to faint. But, as for knowing her! She is an entire stranger to me. I have never seen her in my life before."

Mrs. Douglas Awdry turned towards her companion with a smile, as she gave utterance to this last protestation. But that smile froze on her lips. Olivia was looking her straight in the face, with an expression on her own countenance such as Claudia had never seen there before. An indignant flush had mounted to her broad forehead, her mouth had set itself into lines of stern severity, and Olivia's honest grey eyes were piercing her through and through.

For a few seconds Claudia cowered beneath that glance. Then a swift angry alarm took possession of her.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she exclaimed. "One would think you suspected me of some dreadful crime!"

"I suspect you of *falsehood*, Claudia," was the uncompromising rejoinder.

Mrs. Douglas Awdry pulled the check-string. "Home!" she ordered. And not another word was spoken between the two ladies during the remainder of the drive thus singularly curtailed.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNSOCIAL EVENING.

ON entering the bed-chamber assigned to her use, Miss Ashmead threw herself into an easy chair, and at the end of half an hour she was still seated there, having removed, with the exception of her gloves, none of her out-door garments. Her hands clasped in front of her, and her brows knit in a troubled frown, she was revolving, over and over again, that brief scene in the park—every incident of which was vividly photographed upon her mind. But no amount of puzzled reflection would enable her to arrive at anything that seemed like a satisfactory explanation of it; neither could Olivia see what was to be the issue of the affair in her own regard.

Was this quarrel which it had brought about with Claudia to prove a fatal one? If so, she must, of course, leave the house at once. Olivia was dismayed at the notion of an estrangement from the wife, which might involve also an estrangement from the husband. But how could it be averted?

It was true that, in accusing her hostess so bluntly of falsehood, Olivia had been guilty of a breach of conventional good manners—that she might even be said to have offered her an insult. But then, the thing was true! Without a shadow of doubt, Claudia had lied to her; and though, possibly, she might bring herself to apologise for the use of the term, Olivia felt that she could not withdraw the charge. On the contrary, she felt that, if any further reference were made to the matter, she should be impelled to repeat it. Also, to her great distress, Olivia was conscious that something very like repulsion had been awakened in her breast against Claudia. This repulsion was the offspring of suspicion and doubt. For the longer Olivia thought over the event of the afternoon, the more convinced she felt that some painful and discreditable mystery lay at the back of it. Why should those two women have been so alarmed at sight

of each other? A blameless life could have nothing in it to justify such fear of another human being; and, moreover, the fear in Claudia's face, at least, had been of a guilty nature. This much Olivia felt certain of: something was wrong; some miserable secret existed between the subjects of that unexpected encounter. But, as to the nature of that secret, she could form no plausible conjecture. As yet, also, she could not determine what position her own duty required her to take up in reference to the affair.

A timid knock at the door presently interrupted these disquieting meditations, and Claudia entered, looking flushed and nervous, but, as usual, very pretty with her fragile, appealing kind of beauty.

"Olivia, don't let us quarrel!" she said, approaching Miss Ashmead's chair. "You were very rude to say what you did to me, but I should not like to have any disturbance about it."

"Nor should I," returned Olivia: "that would be very painful."

"And very silly, too! In fact the whole thing is ridiculous. I have just been having a good laugh over it by myself."

"Have you?" said Olivia, looking hard at the flushed face which showed no present sign of merriment.

"Think how preposterously we have both acted! You fancy, because I chance to look rather earnestly at a lady—if she *was* a lady (I am not quite sure even of that)—and, under the impression that she was ill, make a little sound. I did, I believe, utter a slight ejaculation, did I not?"

Olivia bowed very gravely.

"You conclude upon these very inadequate premises, that I know the individual," resumed Claudia. "I deny such knowledge, and assure you that she is a perfect stranger to me. Then you think proper to accuse me of falsehood, and I get into a temper and drive home in high dudgeon. Did you ever know anything more absurd? How do you suppose it would sound to a third person if repeated as the cause of a rupture between us?"

"I have no intention of referring to the subject in the presence of any third person, Claudia," rejoined her companion, "and if we are to avoid a rupture, it will be necessary that we keep silence about it between ourselves—that is, unless the matter may be treated with truthfulness on both sides."

"Really, Miss Ashmead! Upon my word," began Claudia, turning red and white by turns, "if we had not always been such good friends, I should believe you wanted to force a quarrel on me."

"No, do not believe that, Claudia," rejoined the other, in a changed and softened tone, "but always remember this—that if you

should ever be overtaken by trouble—if you should ever need a friend, I will be a true friend to you.”

“Thank you, but I am not anticipating any trouble! Why, pray, should you suppose it likely that I should have trouble?” questioned Claudia, in sharp, agitated accents. And hardly waiting to listen to Olivia’s disclaimer of having used the words in any but a general sense, and without, of course, any knowledge or prevision that could give them significance, she walked away to the window and stood there looking out, but seeing nothing of what her eyes rested upon. To her the words Olivia had just spoken, coming as they did, like an echo of the very same thing said by Ella Thorne, fifteen months before, had sounded full of terrible significance.

Why should both these friends have offered to stand by her if “trouble” befell her? Ella, indeed, had positively threatened her with such trouble, and Olivia’s observation had struck her now like a repetition of that evil prognostic.

Already greatly excited, Claudia shook from head to foot in an access of alarm, so that she had to lean against the window-sill for support. Ever since her marriage she had enjoyed an almost unbroken sense of security in reference to her unhappy secret; and now, just in proportion to the unreasonableness of that security was the unreasonableness of her present disquietude. That unexpected meeting with Madame Vandeleur in Hyde Park had affected her as an earthquake affects the sufferers from it—destroying all faith in the safety or stability of anything in heaven or earth. She had believed that leagues of ocean rolled between herself and any witness of her past history—and, lo! the worst of all witnesses, the woman to whom she had bequeathed her child, had started up face to face with her, in London! And what was she doing here? With what object had she come to England? Was it to follow herself? To extract more hush-money? To hang about her with the constant threat of betrayal? To ruin for her all the happiness of life? So coward conscience “mouldeth goblins swift, as frenzy, thought.” Had Claudia been calm enough for sober reflection, she might have found contradiction to these distracting suppositions in the recollection that Madame Vandeleur had appeared equally surprised with herself at the encounter, and almost equally dismayed—that, further, instead of making any use of it in the way of threats or demands, she had hurried off without even offering her the recognition of a bow. But, for the present, Claudia was not capable of giving due weight to anything that opposed itself to the sudden terror that had laid hold of her—the sickening unsettlement of all her ideas induced by that unlooked-

for apparition of Madame and her children. For Claudia had distinctly seen both children, though only with a momentary vision. She had heard Madame address the boy in her arms as "Claude." But that had not been Claude. A rapid glance aside had shown her little son (her elder-born and forsaken child) to Mrs. Douglas Awdry, standing near the heads of her own horses, his little hand stretched through the railings in a vain attempt to reach and fondle the nearer. The child possessed quite a passion for animals; but even to Madame Vandeleur it had seemed pathetic, as she tore him away from their neighbourhood, that the little fellow's attention should have been absorbed by those two fine chestnuts, in such utter ignorance of the fact that his mother sat behind them in the carriage. To Claudia the sight had been more than pathetic. It had stricken her to the heart. For again, as on that former occasion when he had been brought into her presence, her maternal instincts had yearned towards the pretty, aristocratic-looking child, who looked prettier than ever to-day, in his dainty velvet costume and large embroidered linen collar. She would have given anything to have clasped him for one moment to her breast; and it was the thought that she never could, never must do so again—that even to see him, to have him come near her, was a danger which, together with her vague, but no less terrible, alarm on the score of Madame Vandeleur's presence in London, was driving Claudia, as she felt, half distraught.

Then, again, to add to her wretchedness, there was this new fear of, and anger against, Miss Ashmead, which had been aroused by the latter's candid exhibition of distrust and disapprobation. But, at all hazards, Claudia felt she must avoid aggravating her difficulties by a quarrel with Olivia. Swallowing the indignation, therefore, that had driven her to the window, she again approached the chair from which Miss Ashmead had not yet risen, and having patched up a hasty peace and enjoined upon her friend silence as to the occasion of their little fracas, she quitted the room, smiling back at Olivia as she went. On the mind of the latter, however, this brief interview and the sham reconciliation had left a more uncomfortable impression than had been there before.

At dinner time Olivia's uneasiness was heightened by the observation that two bright spots, as of feverish excitement, burned on Claudia's usually delicately tinted cheeks, and also, that she kept on talking incessantly with a good deal more fluency than reason.

Douglas had brought home with him a gentleman, an old college chum whom he had unexpectedly met this afternoon by the entrance to the House of Commons, and whom he had invited to dine *en*

famille. Dr. Parks was a rising barrister in a provincial town, a thin boyish-looking man of thirty, with a remarkably shrill piping voice. He was a clever fellow, but a thorough-paced radical and democrat. Douglas, on the other hand, was conservative in principle. The two gentlemen had arranged to return to the House immediately after dinner, Dr. Parks having a ticket for the Strangers' Gallery ; and a good deal of the conversation during the meal turned upon politics. Into this conversation, Mrs. Douglas Awdry, who never touched a newspaper, excepting to pick out tit-bits of gossip, and who was profoundly ignorant as to all questions of the day, kept thrusting most absurd and inconsequent remarks. Such a procedure was quite out of accord with Claudia's usual tact, and Olivia noticed her husband looking at her with surprise and something approaching to shame, whilst the guest regarded her with ill-concealed amusement.

To withdraw the attention of the latter, Olivia presently engaged him in a little private discussion with herself. Unlike the majority of ladies, Miss Ashmead was less attached to a party than to principles. Her inclinations were Liberal, and she was a most intelligent political thinker. Dr. Parks was charmed with her ; and during the rest of the dinner he could talk to and look at no one else. And Olivia was really very good to look at. Notwithstanding Claudia's insistence, that she was no longer a girl, it is certain that at no period of her life had she been more beautiful. "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle,*" according to the French proverb, and there is some truth in the saying. Olivia had not suffered disappointment to lapse into green and yellow melancholy. On the contrary, she had battled with her sorrow and turned it into strength. With a sound mind in a sound body, her full, compact figure, and the rich colour that mantled under her creamy-brown skin, witnessed to her perfect physical health, whilst intelligence and truth shone in her dark but clear grey eyes, and a sweet womanly gravity expressed itself in the curves of her rather large mouth and well-moulded chin.

As Dr. Parks and Captain Awdry were driving, in the brougham of the latter, towards the Houses of Parliament (they had left the table directly after the ladies), the young barrister spoke in terms of such eloquent enthusiasm and admiration of Miss Ashmead, that Douglas laughingly invited him on a visit to Clavermere in October, in order to afford him an opportunity for improving the acquaintance. The invitation was accepted with cordial gratitude, and Dr. Parks, who had to leave London next day, looked forward through the intervening weeks with most agreeable anticipations of his visit. But when October came no invitation reached the young man, nor, because,

under the pressure of exciting experiences, Douglas had by that time forgotten even that he had given it, any apology for the omission. Thus, Olivia Ashmead lost an almost certain and, in many respects, unexceptionable suitor; for although Dr. Parks and she never met again, it was years before the impression she had made upon him in that brief hour of intercourse had entirely faded from the clever barrister's mind.

As for Olivia, she was quite ignorant, and no doubt, had she known it, would have been quite indifferent to the fact that she had made such an impression. In another direction, however, she was beginning to suspect an admirer, and to find the suspicion extremely distasteful and annoying. Ever since her arrival in London Mr. Estcourt had shown himself excessively attentive and complimentary towards her. At first Olivia had been simply amused by the elderly gentleman's courtesies; but of late she had found them growing rather too pressing and significant to please her; and this evening, at dinner, she had been almost shocked by the persistency of his gaze and the pointed manner in which he had addressed the few observations he had made during the repast to her.

Displeased, therefore, both with father and daughter, Olivia felt, this evening, no inclination for the society of either, and, as an excuse for avoiding conversation, she went straight to the piano on leaving the dinner table and remained there, singing and playing, for upwards of an hour. The instrument, which was a very fine one, stood within a second and smaller drawing-room, separated by a marble archway from the main apartment. Both rooms were airy and elegantly furnished in white and gold, and thick curtains of white satin, heavily embroidered with gold thread, hung across the archway and were almost as effective in deadening sound as a doorway would have been. Olivia's voice, as has already been stated, was of a very superior order—a full, rich contralto. To exercise it was always a delight to her, and an almost sure way of obtaining temporary oblivion from grief or anxiety. To-night it helped her to lose sight of the uneasiness awakened within her by that mysterious little adventure of her young hostess in the Park, as, likewise, of her more personal subject for disquietude. But to the latter she was rather sharply brought back, when, at length, she reluctantly closed the piano, by the sound of a heavy sigh behind her. Turning, she found Mr. Estcourt reclining in an easy chair a few feet distant.

"How long have you been there, Mr. Estcourt?" she inquired, with a little acerbity in her tone, "and where is Claudia?"

"I suppose Claudia is in the other room," he replied. "I had

forgotten her and everything else, dear Miss Ashmead, in listening to your exquisite voice. I have been here since you began to sing, and it has been like the melody of angels! I should be content to spend the rest of my life in sitting near you and hearing you sing."

"I am afraid I should not like to spend mine in singing to you, Mr. Estcourt," retorted Olivia, laughing, "nor in listening to high-flown compliments on the subject either. But let us go to Claudia," she added, rising to cut short the interview.

Decidedly there was something about Mr. Estcourt himself, as well as about his manner, which Olivia did not like. In his unwelcome attentions and somewhat fulsome flatteries, her intuitions warned her that he had certain designs, and yet, despite all this show of admiration, she felt almost sure that he did not feel for her any real affection, either of a paternal or marital nature.

Claudia did not prove to be in the outer drawing-room. Mr. Estcourt opined that she must have gone to pay a little visit to the nursery, and challenged Miss Ashmead, whilst awaiting her return, to a game of chess. Olivia, who was fond of the game, assented, and both became presently absorbed in it. In Canada, Mr. Estcourt had been noted as a skilled player; but this evening he was very slow in his movements, his fingers hovered nervously over the board, and he often pressed his hand to his forehead, as though suffering from headache, which, however, he denied to be the case.

In the end the game proved to be a "drawn" one, and just as the combatants were pushing back their chairs from the table a time-piece of curious workmanship, standing on a cabinet close by, began to chime the hour of eleven.

Startled to find it so late, Olivia sprang up in something like alarm at the continued absence of the young mistress of the house.

"Where *can* Claudia be?" she exclaimed. "I must really go and look for her . . . Oh, Claudia!" As the words left her lips one of the windows of the room had been pushed open and Claudia had entered from without. There was a garden at this side of the house, small as a London garden in such a situation was sure to be, but beautifully kept.

"Oh, Claudia," repeated Olivia, approaching her, "how pale you look! And how cold your hands are! How long have you been out in the garden?"

"All evening, I believe. Why, what time is it?" Claudia answered, lightly; but her teeth chattered as she spoke, and the feverish flush had left her face. As Olivia had declared, she looked very pale.

"And with nothing on? Is it possible that you can have been so foolish? Oh, Claudia, your dress is quite wet!"

Mrs. Douglas Awdry felt at her dress. It was of black lace, worn over a silk under-skirt. The bodice was low, and the girl's pretty arms and shoulders were covered only by the thin lace.

"So it *is* wet—or damp, rather, I should say. It must be with the heavy dew," admitted Claudia, smiling.

The next moment she was seized with a violent shivering fit.

"Oh, I am so cold!" she exclaimed. "Never mind, Papa"—Mr. Estcourt, who had, since her entrance, been keeping up a running commentary of anxious ejaculations, had now gathered his daughter in his arms—"let me go, please! I'll run up to the nursery fire and warm myself. Helsham always keeps a fire in the ante-chamber to the night-nursery." And breaking from her father's embrace, she hurried away, followed by Miss Ashmead.

When the two were standing together over the warm fire in the ante-chamber in question, which they had entered from the corridor, and not by passing through the nursery—Claudia began to apologise very eagerly for her lengthened absence from the drawing-room. "But I assure you, I had not the least idea," she protested, "not the very least idea that I had been out so long. How *can* I excuse myself for the rudeness?"

"Don't try to excuse yourself, Claudia; I don't require excuses," returned her friend; "but, tell me, what made you leave the house at all? And without a wrap! The sun has been very hot to-day, certainly, but, you know that we both noticed, even this afternoon, that the breeze was very cool. And for you to go out into the night air with bare arms and neck! It seems to me like madness. What will Douglas say?"

"Oh, he must not be told," said Claudia. "The reason I went out was because I felt so dreadfully warm just after dinner. I sat down on a seat, on the lawn, and began to think, I suppose—so the time slipped away. Oh, how cold I am! I cannot get warm!"

She had knelt down before the fire with her hands close to the bars, and the damp was steaming from her dress.

"Claudia, you must go to bed this moment," exclaimed Olivia, in an authoritative tone, "otherwise you will be ill. I hear nurse in the next room—I shall send her to order something hot for you to drink. Now, go at once, dear."

"Very well, I will," submitted Claudia; "but don't say anything to Douglas when he comes in, excepting that I was a little tired. I *am* tired, really, but I shall be all right by the morning."

CHAPTER XX.

PREGNANT FANTASIES.

WOULD Claudia be "all right" by the morning? Olivia felt some doubt on the subject, and her doubt was justified by the event. It was a little later than usual when she came downstairs next morning; but Olivia found no one in the breakfast parlour but Mr. Estcourt. An open letter in his hand, that gentleman was restlessly pacing the apartment to and fro; and although he paused on Miss Ashmead's entrance, and turned to greet her, Olivia fancied that, for a moment, he looked as though he scarcely recognised her. To her satisfaction, moreover, his manner was changed from that of last evening, and he quite neglected to persevere with his somewhat antiquated love-making. At all events, he had not pulled himself together sufficiently from the preoccupying interests of his letter to offer her a single compliment before Captain Awdry made his appearance.

Her very first glance at the latter showed Olivia that something was wrong. All Douglas's little habits and personal idiosyncrasies were familiar to an observation quickened by love, and his "cousin" at once detected certain signs which, even in boyhood, had invariably marked occasions of mental disturbance on the young fellow's part. The first of these was that, as he came into the room, Douglas walked with his right hand tightly clenched and held a little behind his erect, soldierly figure; the second that he kept gnawing gently, but incessantly, at his lower lip. These actions, in Miss Ashmead's opinion, demonstrated themselves. They evidenced (so it had always seemed to her) a nature sensitive to feel and to suffer, but strong to exercise self-control.

"Olivia," he said, taking her hand, but forgetting to wish her the customary "good morning," "my wife is not at all well this morning. Indeed, I am afraid she is very ill. I have just sent off for a physician."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I will run up to see her!" exclaimed Olivia in quick sympathy.

"What did you say, Awdry? Who is not well? Claudia?"

"Yes, Mr. Estcourt. I beg your pardon?" added the young man, becoming conscious that he had acted rather strangely in addressing the information first, and exclusively, to the friend of his wife, rather than to her father. "Yes, it is poor Claudia. She has passed a very restless and feverish night; and this morning her hands are burning hot, and she complains of a violent headache. I

hope it may turn out to be nothing serious, but I feel, I confess, a good deal concerned."

Mr. Estcourt thrust his letter into his pocket, and rewarded his son-in-law, for a second or two, with a blank stare. "Claudia ill?" he repeated, as though taking in the intelligence with difficulty. "We must have advice. We must send for a doctor."

"I have done so already, sir. Jacobs has gone for Dr. Bellamy, who, I believe, is a very clever man. He will wait to bring him back. Don't go upstairs yet, Olivia! Breakfast is in, you see. Let us have it first, please!" He placed a chair for her at the table. "Besides, I want to talk to you. Don't you think this has been coming on for some days?"

"I think, at any rate, that Claudia appeared rather unwell last evening," Olivia admitted.

"Very unwell, I am afraid. Yes, I noticed how flushed she looked, poor child, and how unlike herself she seemed in many ways. How I regret that I went out! I ought to have remained with her—I wish I had!"

"I wish so too, Douglas, because . . ." Olivia hesitated. "I think it my duty to mention something that I fear will distress you." And she went on to tell him how Claudia had spent the entire evening in the garden in her thin dress, and with no covering on head or shoulders.

Douglas pushed back his chair from the table.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "And how came you to let her do it? My poor darling! With her delicate constitution, it is enough to kill her. I . . . I . . ." He paused suddenly, under the sense that he was glaring at Olivia Ashmead in reproachful anger, and that she was returning his gaze with a strange, intent look—a look which he could not exactly fathom, but which somehow reminded him of that which he had seen in the eyes of a favourite dog of his own, as it was led off to be shot on account of some incurable disease. In another moment, the look had so far penetrated the young man's understanding as to cause him to ask himself, with a thrill of pain and dismay, whether it was possible that Miss Ashmead still cared for him more than as a cousin or a friend. In that case, how must his own complete forgetfulness of their former relations have affected her! How must this excessive anxiety on his wife's account, which had led him to speak to her as he had just done, strike her! A hot blush of distress and confusion mounted to the very roots of Captain Awdry's hair. "Pray, pray, pardon me!" he implored. "What a brute you must think me! I have no right

to blame you for Claudia's doings, or to expect you to act as her keeper. Please try to forgive my *brusquerie*! . . . I think, however, that *you*, Mr. Estcourt, might have had some regard to your daughter's health," he added, turning upon that gentleman. "Were you with her out-of-doors? Really, I cannot understand the business at all! It seems to me such"—he flashed out again into resentful indignation—"such unparalleled carelessness."

"But Awdry, my dear fellow, we didn't know where she was—either Miss Ashmead or I," began Mr. Estcourt, in a feeble, fatuous kind of way. "We . . ."

But Olivia broke in upon his apology. To offer Douglas any satisfactory explanation of the fact that Claudia had chosen to spend the evening apart from her father and herself, and that she had made no effort to have it otherwise, would, she had reflected, be impossible, without an allusion to the disturbing events of the afternoon. It would be better to stop any further discussion of the matter. "The simple truth, Douglas, is this," she observed quietly—"I was at the piano for a long time after dinner, and I believe Mr. Estcourt was listening to me. Then, we had a game of chess, and in the interest of it failed to notice Claudia's continued absence. You must lay the blame where you choose—on Claudia for not looking after us, or on us for not looking after her. But there can be no use, it appears to me, in either excuses or recriminations about the matter."

Douglas bowed. "You are perfectly right," he replied. "I am behaving very discourteously. I must ask Mr. Estcourt's forgiveness now! My uneasiness on poor Claudia's account is making me shockingly cantankerous, I am afraid, sir."

Nevertheless, it was evident that, despite this acknowledgment, the young husband was feeling seriously disaffected against the elder, at least, of his two companions; and that breakfast did not prove a very pleasant or social meal. It had barely come to an end before Dr. Bellamy was announced. This gentleman's report upon his patient was somewhat vague. He pronounced no clear diagnosis either as to the nature of the attack or its probable cause. He acknowledged, however, that the symptoms were a little serious, and proposed to call again in the evening. But by the evening it was plain enough, without professional assurance on the subject, that the symptoms were becoming more than a little serious. All day Claudia had been tossing from side to side in a state of high fever, and, once or twice, towards the close of it, Olivia fancied that she was growing rather light-headed. The next day this suspicion was put beyond a doubt. At intervals the invalid's mind did unques-

tionably wander—though only for a few seconds at a time—and there was an evident incapacity for fixing the attention on anything requiring a continued effort of thought. Thus, through its various stages, phrenitis advanced in conjunction with the febrile disease, until it had assumed the nature of delirium.

On the fourth or fifth day of her illness, Claudia had lost all power of receiving external impressions, or at all events of apprehending them. Her present surroundings had become a blank, and the poor sufferer was living in a world of distorted ideas, based, however, on vivid memories of the past.

As may be imagined, her devoted husband passed his time in a state of the utmost alarm and solicitude. Outwardly, however, Douglas was calmer and more self-controlled now than in the first moment after the calamity had broken upon him. Only by those wordless signs, which Olivia Ashmead was so quick to recognise, did the young man betray how intense was his distress. That distress was heightened for him by the circumstance that, unless in the rare moments when sleep had been induced by the use of sedatives, he was rigorously excluded from his wife's chamber. For strange to say (at least, it would have seemed strange had not custom rendered the phenomenon familiar), Claudia in her state of dementia had conceived a violent antipathy to the two beings whom she loved best in the world—her husband and her baby. If Douglas put his head in at the door, or even if she heard his voice in the passage outside, it was sufficient to increase her excitement, whilst as for her child, who had been introduced in the hope of producing a beneficial effect on the mother's mind, the bare sight of him drove her to frenzy. Terrified by her screams, the poor little "Grand Turk" (this nickname was a libel on the most amiable and placid of infants) had to be borne from the room screaming in concert, and the experiment of bringing him there was not repeated.

The presence of Olivia Ashmead, on the other hand, possessed a strangely soothing influence on the patient's irritable nerves. In her moments of highest exacerbation, a touch of her fingers (Olivia had that firm, warm, untremulous clasp which goes with a strong but sympathetic nature) would almost invariably induce a sort of mesmeric submission and quietude. And yet Claudia did not, it was evident, know her. Nearly always, if she gave her a name at all, it was that of Ella Thorne. But, by whatever name she called her, there was Olivia constantly by her side—from the very first hour of her illness her devoted attendant and patient nurse. It is true that a regular, trained nurse had been engaged from one of the hospitals.

and, also, that Claudia's maid, and other of the servants, showed the kindest readiness to attend upon their young mistress. After the first few days, however, Miss Ashmead would admit none of the latter to the room, and the nurse and she shared between them, night and day, those onerous and painful vigils. Painful, at least, they proved to Olivia, and something more than painful!

Ever since she had known Douglas Awdry's wife, Olivia had been studying her character—looking, so far as she could look, into her mind. But, to some extent, her scrutiny had been baffled, and though she had shifted her point of view all round her object, she had found but few and small apertures to which to apply her eye. How many of us, indeed, can do more than peep through a very dark lens into the natures even of those who are nearest and dearest to us? But now, with the loss of consciousness, certain barricades had fallen, and Claudia's mind and soul seemed to be laid bare to her companion's gaze. In its present condition, however, the poor girl's mind was like a broken mirror, or a wind-swept lake. Though it reflected objects, it reflected them all awry and distorted, so that the true shape and meaning of them could not be discerned.

Still, among the many strange notions, memories, or imaginings which passed like a changing and troubled phantasmagoria across the field of Claudia's disturbed intellect, and to a large extent beneath Olivia's vision, there was one idea so persistently present—one object so uniformly mirrored amongst those broken reflections—that the reluctant observer began, bye-and-bye, to feel sure—albeit that she shrank with unutterable dismay from the conclusion—that this impression must represent a reality. And what was that impression? It was one wherewith the unfortunate patient was not only continuously haunted, but as continuously excited. Living now almost entirely in the past, memory had, nevertheless, played poor Claudia a strange trick. The fact of Hubert Stephens' death appeared to have been blotted from her recollection, and the notion that she had married Douglas Awdry whilst he was still alive had taken full possession of her disordered faculties. Further, in her fancy, she rarely got beyond her wedding-day, and never away from Canada.

"Ella! Ella!" she would murmur in a thrilling whisper, seizing Olivia by the arm. "He was in the church—Hubert—didn't you see him? He watched me marry Douglas; and he is coming on after us to denounce me at the wedding-breakfast, before all those people, and to claim me as his wife—his! his! But I'll go back and kill him. Ella, come with me, and help me to kill him—to kill him! to kill him!" Her voice rising to a shriek of wild rage.

At other times, harping still on the same notion of the one husband having witnessed, or become cognisant of her marriage with the other, she would offer enormous bribes to Olivia, or the nurse, or to imaginary people whom she would beckon from corners of the room, to commit for her the murder that would free her from exposure and disgrace.

All this, however, though reiterated again and again, with but slight variations of the scene, might not have sufficed to fix the dreadful idea in Miss Ashmead's head that these ravings and delirious alarms had a foundation of truth as their basis, but for the confirmatory testimony afforded by another phase of the same idea.

"Ella!" . . . Poor Olivia was just sinking into a doze one afternoon, by the bedside of the patient, who lay in seeming quietude, when she was startled by a clutch of her shoulder and the sound of that blood-curdling whisper so common in cases of mental alienation. "Ella, I know what to do! I'll go in the night—I'll go in the night, and burn down the church—the church and, ha! ha! *the register!* Then there'll be no proof—no proof of the marriage! Isn't it a good idea? I'll burn the church! I'll go now . . . I shall just catch the boat. . . . Don't hold me!"

"Hush, hush, dear!" Olivia's firm hand restrained her from rising as she had attempted to do. "What church are you talking of, Claudia?" she asked soothingly.

"What church? As if you didn't know! The church at St. Antoine—the little church where Hubert and I were married. Ah! how I hate him! . . . But I'll burn down the church! I'll get the register and tear it to pieces! Then no one can know. . . . Ella, you cruel thing, let me go! Let me go! I want to get back before Douglas misses me. He has gone for a walk with Mrs. Campion. . . . I wish we hadn't come here, to Montreal! It's dangerous, it's very dangerous to have come here. . . . I *will* go, I tell you! The boat is just starting to cross the river—I shall miss it if you keep me!"

Wrought up to a frenzy of agitation by this conception—this insensate purpose, real enough to the poor sufferer—Claudia on this, as also on several subsequent occasions when laid hold upon by similar notions in respect to the destruction of the record of her first marriage, had to be withheld by main force from leaving her bed. And in the use of that force Miss Ashmead was of necessity aided by the sick nurse.

This woman, Mrs. Allen by name, was a tall, masculine-looking personage, with a pair of powerful, muscular arms, as hard to the touch, almost, as bars of iron. Her broad shoulders, massive bust,

and firm round waist were encased in a neat black merino dress, and she wore a spotless white apron and quaker-like cap. Her face was large, like the rest of her, with a heavy under jaw and a very decided moustache on the upper lip. The expression was impassive, even stolid, but not disagreeable. As she moved about the room her step was as light as if she had weighed a hundred pounds instead of twelve stone; her voice was soft, and her manners gentle.

"I trust, Mrs. Allen," observed Olivia one day—giving expression, at length, to an anxiety which had been weighing upon her ever since the fancied occasion for it had arisen—"I trust that you never repeat anything that may be said by your patients out of the sick-room—especially things said when in a state of delirium?"

"Bless me, no!" protested the woman. "Why, your ladyship, it just goes in at one ear and out at the other, all that rubbishing nonsense does. I never even listen—leastways, if I do listen for a moment, 'tis only to smile at the poor dears and their daft talk about things as never was and never could be except in their own demented brains—begging your pardon, my lady—miss, I mean."

Even a great woman (physically) may have a weakness; and Nurse Allen's weakness was a desire to be supposed to be constantly in attendance upon the upper ten thousand. As a mode of impressing this fiction upon employers of the untitled class, she was in the habit of addressing them with careless facility as "your lordship" or "your ladyship," and then hastily correcting the mistake.

"I dare say you have nursed a good many cases of brain-fever?" questioned Miss Ashmead—noticing neither the title nor its withdrawal.

"La! yes, miss—dozens and dozens of them. I've been engaged, too, in a private way, to take charge of ladies and gentlemen (all among the quality, you understand) as had gone entirely out of their minds, but as their friends didn't like to put in an asylum. Dear me, yes! I've seen a deal of insane people, my lady—madam, I should say."

"And I suppose they all get hold of strange fancies?"

"All of them. Yes, miss, and sticks to them, just like this poor young lady, who never did no harm, I'll be bound, in all her life, and yet fancies she has committed bigamy. Listen, now—she's got that church afire at last, bless her!"

The conversation had taken place immediately after a violent struggle to rise, on the patient's part, and Claudia was now lying exhausted and motionless, with her eyes wide open and fixed upwards, though it was evident her straining gaze saw something very different from the carved ceiling of the room, or the satin canopy of her bed.

"See, how the flames leap out of the roof, Ella, and curl round the steeple," she was muttering. "But I do wish the vestry would burn faster! Ah, look! the wall has fallen down—I can see inside. . . . There is the book on the table—the register book—lying open! I believe it is at the page where my name is written. Come nearer. Yes, I see it—I see it! Claudia Estcourt, in such large, large letters! And his is so small. That was because he was so nervous. Don't you remember, Ella, he would not let me watch him write his name? And afterwards he covered it with the blotting paper? He was far more nervous than I was. . . . Now, now, it's blazing! . . . Let us run away, Ella. People are coming to see what the light is. . . . Let us run away and hide."

"Now, that there, it's all real to her, poor lady!" remarked Mrs. Allen, who, though not as a rule a great talker, would occasionally be seized with fits of garrulity. "Their fancies is always real to them, no matter how silly. Now, I once had a case of a gentleman—a nobleman, I should say—though I'll mention no names—who fancied hisself an elephant. It wasn't a fever with him. He'd been given to drink, unfortunately, and had gone clean out of his mind. Well, you'll hardly believe it, but it's true as the Gospel, your ladyship, that he wouldn't answer when we spoke to him, unless we called him Antoine. That was the name of an elephant he'd seen in Germany, they said. And when we wanted him to have his meals, we had to put a sixpence on a chair or a table, and he'd take it up with his lips, as he fancied was his trunk, and pop it into a box, like he'd seen the elephant do, and then ring a bell for his keeper, which, they say, used to take out the money and give him a bun. And after that he'd sit down, as a gentleman and a nobleman should, and have his dinner decent."

"But that, you say, was a case of permanent insanity?" put in Olivia.

"Yes, ma'am, but permanent or temporary, it's all the same for fancies," returned the nurse. "I could tell you tales by the dozen, of their queer notions. There was one gentleman—well, *he* wasn't a lord, but an Irishman. He used to think he saw a peacock—a 'pacock,' he called it—a-sitting on the foot of his bed blowing a corneopean. And I'd a lady patient who believed she was the Empress Josephine; and another who would have it that she was an alabaster vase. I've often thought it very curious and puzzling," pursued Mrs. Allen, reflectively, "that people, even when their brains is wrong, should ever come to think themselves some one else than who they are. Because, you see, miss, the doctors, they tell us that our bodies

is always changing, and that there ain't one bit of us left that was there a year or two ago. Yet we always know we're the same persons; so it must be the *mind* that knows it, and it seems like as if, even when a mind's injured, it ought to know whose mind it is."

In her bungling fashion Nurse Allen had stated a very curious problem—one which it would be interesting to learn how metaphysicians, who, in their systems of philosophy, lay such stress on, and make so great use of the "unity of the ego," would explain from their point of view—*i.e.* this loss of the consciousness of personal identity.

The question, however, whether in its physiological or psychological bearing, did not at present interest Miss Ashmead. She was thinking, not of philosophy, but of her friend, trying to hope that Claudia's delirious ravings had no more affinity with truth than those of the gentleman who saw the peacock at the bottom of his bed, or the lady who fancied herself the Empress Josephine. But it would not do. Olivia could not rid herself of the sense that these unconscious wanderings partook of the nature of revelations—that, in fact, they *were* revelations, and terribly serious ones. Certainly, at any rate, one thing was evident. Claudia's affliction involved no loss of personal identity: she was always herself, Claudia, and no one else. Present time and present surroundings, to be sure, had faded from her ken, but she seemed to be living in the past. Ella Thorne was a real person—was not Hubert Stephens real also? Montreal was a real place, and so was St. Antoine. Was that church real, too, and the deed that had been done in it? Did there exist there the record of a marriage, secretly entered upon; perhaps never acknowledged, now broken, violated? How should she put it? What should she think? Whatever she thought—however she put it—those strange hallucinations and terrors turned Olivia Ashmead sick to the heart. They were not, she felt convinced, altogether the fruit of delusion. There lay behind them some miserable truth; and with that truth the little woman whom they had met in the Park on the day of Claudia's seizure was somehow connected. To this conclusion Olivia had arrived with intuitive, but no less positive, assurance.

Nevertheless, throughout all her illness, Claudia (curiously enough, seeing that the illness was, in a great measure, occasioned by the shock of that unexpected encounter) never once breathed the names either of Madame Vandeleur or the little Claude. Her poor unhinged mind appeared to be filled and possessed by the one cruel and harassing conception already sufficiently dwelt upon.

(*To be continued.*)

BEASTS OF CHASE.

"THE chase, the sport of kings, image of war without its guilt," is Somerville's definition ; and he tells us that "devotion pure and strong necessity first began the chase of beasts." Thus pious in conception, and innocent in process, "sport" should have no need of apology.

But let us hear the other side, and by preference—as more nearly corresponding to Somerville in extremity of prejudice—Thomson.

In the gleaming morn ;
The beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urged by necessity had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravages shunn'd the light,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase
Amid the beamings of the gentle day.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Nor is Cowper less pronounced in his aversion to the hard exercise of hunting.

Between these two superlatives stand ranged every conceivable degree of comparison, and it is very difficult indeed to decide whether the poetic instinct is hostile to sport, as sport, or is favourable. A few writers devote whole poems to the glorification of the chase in general and certain forms of hunting in particular. On the other hand, a score and more of poets condemn it root and branch.

Even on special points the diversity of opinion is noteworthy ; for, while some go into raptures over the death of the stag, others mingle their tears with those of "the sobbing victim : " one party exults over the fox-hunt, styling the field "bold heroes" ; the other calls them "cravens," and says the whole thing is a crying shame. Gay

magnifies coursing the hare as a delirious delight ; Somerville calls down the vengeance of Heaven upon "the vile crew" who go after Puss with greyhounds.

They are not even agreed on facts. The quarrel commences at the very beginning. For instance, Somerville says :—

When Nimrod bold,
A mighty hunter ! first made war on beasts ;

while Pope has :—

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began ;
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.

And they carry on their differences up to their own days. Thus one poet eulogises the modern lady in the hunting-field, as if she were a Florence Nightingale ; another cries, Fie on her ! and tells the hussy to get home. So that it is not easy to arrive at the just middle of poetical opinion upon the subject of sport.

But a very unmistakable point upon which our poets are agreed, and, in my opinion, are every one of them open to unfavourable criticism, is their deficiency of sympathy. Of "sentiment" they have a constant abundance. I regret its excess in Wordsworth, for instance, and resent it in Cowper ; Thomson provokes me almost to apoplexy ; and as for Eliza Cook, I weep such tears over her as, I am informed, I wept in childhood over that unfortunate ram which Abraham chanced to sacrifice in the place of his son. There is much pathos in the fate of the ram, which had come over me as a looker-on, and had to take the leading part straight off without even a rehearsal. There is much pathos, too, about Eliza Cook's poetry.

By "sympathy" I mean literally what the word implies ; that is, fellow-feeling ; and nowhere in poetry do I find this beautiful quality so wanting—as compared with prose—as in the poets' treatment of the Chase. When they hold with the hare they seem to have no appreciation of the courage and endurance of the riders, horses, or pack ; when they hunt with the hounds they are as pitiless as the dogs themselves, rush frenzied into the death-worry and roll in the spilt blood. This loss of balance puzzles me. If a "poet" was of necessity a genius I could understand it. But their madness has not always this justification of alliance.

Shelley may say anything he likes—he does, as a rule—but I do not object to his spotted tigers or his kingfishers that feed on raspberries. He may make his tigers feed on kingfishers, or his kingfishers on tigers—it would not matter. Nor is there anything that might not be forgiven to a Milton, a Crashawe, or a Keats. I

would follow a man all round the parish with my bowie-knife who objected (seriously) to Spenser's statements that boars feed upon camels or that bats are birds.

For though these great poets are often wrong in facts—and what decently thinking man does not hate them? the *accomplished* fact is a simple brute—they are never deficient in sympathy. Yet they never “gush.” Without calling man a monster they can admire and feel with the creatures which for his pleasure or his profit he puts to death. But the majority seem unable to do this; they have not the strength for impartiality; they keep themselves perpendicular with sprawling buttresses of prejudice.

To illustrate this. The wildboar is a noble beast; he is the counterpart of the noblest men of an earlier age; a Charles Martel, Charles the Bold, Charles XII.—a grand creature, who treats the odds against him as children treat chronology, as something that he neither understands nor cares to. He takes victory by the ears and drags her along with him into battle. But in poetry none of the courage, this perfection of heroism, is carried to the boar's credit; it all goes to that of the hunters or the boar-hounds. The latter beset it, and do it to death with weapons, nets, and stress of numbers. They are “heroic,” but the boar is only “savage.”

The stag, again. He is stately and fleet of foot. But if this is true of the quarry, what shall we say, the poets ask, of the men and the stag-hounds that hunt it down? The hare and the otter are wonderfully cunning, but what fools they are compared to the craft of human kind! The fox, too, what do its wiles avail when outraged man is on its tracks, thirsting to avenge the duckling and the chicken?

In the poem on “The Chase” Somerville ranges over half the animal kingdom, but as far as British poets are concerned the beasts of sport are virtually only five—the wildboar, deer, fox, hare, and otter. The wildcat, as is proved by old manorial charters, was once included in the list, but it is not a poet's beast.

Incidentally, of course, every quadruped that finds notice in verse is referred to in its relation to man—that of the hunted to the hunter—but, as objects of the chase, the animals finally resolve themselves into the mystic 5. The chief of these is the boar.

Homer, describing the outrush of the brothers Ajax, employs it as a simile.

Forth from their portals rushed th'intrepid pair,
Opposed their breasts and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Roused with the cries of dogs and voice of men.

On every side the crackling trees they tear,
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ;
 They gnash their tusks, with fire their eyeballs roll,
 Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.

Ovid, in his description of the beast, has the following lines :—

Sanguine et igne micant oculi, riget horrida cervix,
 Et setæ, densis similes hastilibus horrent,
 Stantque velut vallum, velut alta hastilia setæ.
 Fervida cum rauco latos stridore per armos
 Spuma fluit.

In these two passages are contained the sum total of the English poets' wild boar : Homer's simile and Ovid's description have sufficed.

This animal, by the way, affords us a standard by which to measure our own manhood with that of the "heroic," chivalrous, and historical days. "The destruction of a wild boar," we read, "ranked in the middle ages among the deeds of chivalry, and won for a warrior almost as much renown as the slaying of an enemy in open lists." Think of this, you jolly hog-hunters of India ! Regret, when you next ride to pig, with a single spear in your hand, that you did not live in the past, when if you had gone after the same beast in armour, javelinned, and sworded, you might have been a hero. Look at your trophies of tushes and lament. Each pair of those in the days of the Earl Guy might have made you a national hero for life and perhaps even a Saint of Christendom thereafter !

In Windsor Forest the redoubtable Earl "did all to—kill" a "grisly bore," and he lives for ever a mirror of heroism.

As also how hee slue
 That cruell boare, whose tusks turned up whole fields of graine
 (And wrooting, raised hills upon the levell plaine,
 Dig'd caverns in the earth, so darke and wondrous deepe
 As that into whose mouth the desperate Roman leepe) ;
 And, cutting off his head, a trophy thence to beare. (*Drayton.*)

Are the Gordons ever likely to forget their illustrious clansman who slew "the boar of Huntley" ? or the Boswells how their ancestor avenged the death of Farquhar II., King o' Scots ?

When beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wild bore.

In Chetwode once abode a boar, and the terror of it was so great that the country people could not pass that way to Rookwood ; and even travellers of quality "passed by on the other side." Then

Sir Ryalas the Lord of Chetwode, thinking it great shame that he should be thus isolated from society by an "urchin-snouted boar," goes forth to slay it, as if the beast were a Guillaume le Sanglier with a mighty fanfaronade of castle trumpets.

Then the wild-boar, being so stout and so strong—
 Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
 Thrashed down the trees as he ramped him along,
 To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Then they fought four hours in a long summer day—
 Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
 Till the wild-boar fain would have got him away
 From Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Then Sir Ryalas he drew his broad-sword with might—
 Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
 And he fairly cut the boar's head off quite,
 For he was a jovial hunter.¹

Another illustration of the prodigious importance attached to such a feat is afforded by the legend of Boarstall, the seat of the Aubreys. "It is situated within the limits of the ancient forest of Bernwood, which was very extensive and thickly wooded. This forest, in the neighbourhood of Brill, where Edward the Confessor had a palace, was infested with a ferocious wild boar, which had not only become a terror to the rustics, but a great annoyance to the royal hunting expeditions. At length one Nigel, a huntsman, dug a pit in a certain spot which he had observed the boar to frequent, and, placing a sow in the pit, covered it with brushwood. The boar came after the sow, and, falling into the pit, was easily killed by Nigel, who carried its head on his sword to the king, who was then residing at Brill." For this the king knighted him "and amply rewarded him!"

All this goes to prove the manly courage of the men who killed boars; yet the boar's courage is all bloodthirsty ferocity. Adonis

¹ Within a mile of Chetwode Manor House there existed a large mound, surrounded by a ditch, and bearing the name of "the Boar's Pond." It had long been overgrown with gorse and brushwood, when, about the year 1810, the tenant to whose farm it belonged, wishing to bring it into cultivation, began to fill up the ditch by levelling the mound. Having lowered the latter about four feet he came on the skeleton of an enormous boar lying flat on its side and at full length. Probably this was the very spot where it had been killed, the earth around having been heaped over it so as to form the ditch and mound. The space formerly thus occupied can still be traced. It extends about thirty feet in length and eighteen in width, and the field containing it is yet called "the Boar's Head Field."

will not stay with his celestial charmer ; his thoughts are all given to the boar-hunt he has on hand.

But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wyde.
Dreadfull of danger that mote him betyde,
She oft and oft advized to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath unwares.

So, too, the lovely Thyamis, wedded to a "loose, unruly swain,"

Who had more joy to range the forest wyde,
And chase the salvage boar with busie payne,
Than serve his lady's love ;

goes out loveless into the wilderness.

Boar-hunting had therefore—at least so it would appear—momentous consequences in the days of chivalry ; nowadays it is a mere pastime with Englishmen ; they call it "sticking pigs." None of them expects knighthood for the performance, nor does the pig-sticker expect his wife to go forth mad during his absence. Of course it may be said that boars are not what they were "in the good old days," and there the poets have the best of it—for their boars are perfect hurricanes. But I protest against their handling of them. The valour of the gallant brute was worth a passing compliment.

With the poets the deer is a universal favourite. "The dew-clawed stag" (Keats), "a stag of ten, bearing his branches sturdily" (Scott), always makes a stanza go stately. Even Ossian's tiresome "dun sons of the bounding hind, the dark-brown deer of Cromla," relieve the dreary monotony of the Phairson's native heath. Every poet likes to talk about them.

The wild and frightful herds
That, hearing no noise but that of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns : both sorts of season'd deer,
Here walk the stately Red, the freckled Fallow there
The Bucks and lusty Stags amongst the Rascals strewed,
As sometime gallant spirits among the multitude.

And they all agree in paying tribute to its courage : "When at bay a desperate foe."

They exult in its escape. Thus even Somerville :—

Heav'n taught, the roebuck swift
Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain pursuit. Nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the streaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.

Urg'd to their speed, his weak, deluded foes
 Soon flag fatigu'd ; strain'd to excess each nerve,
 Each slacken'd sinew fails : they pant, they foam.
 Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
 To puzzle in the distant vale below.

So, too, Scott seems glad when the "antlered monarch of the glen" baulks those dogs "of black St. Hubert's breed," and, dashing down "into the Trosach's wildest nook," is soon "lost to hound and hunter's ken," and from its place of refuge

hears the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

When it dies the poets weep with it. If it is a fawn no Lesbia sheds such tears over a sparrow. Read, for instance, Marvel's dainty poem. But is a pity that he, so true, as a rule, to nature, should err (with many other poets) in making fawns "white."

I have a garden of my own,
 And all the spring-time of the year
 It only lovèd to be there.
 Among the bed of lillies I
 Have sought it oft where it should lye,
 But could not, till itself should rise,
 Find it, although before mine eyes ;
 For in the flaxen lillies' shade
 It like a bunch of lillies laid.
 Upon the roses it would feed
 Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip
 And print those roses on my lip.

But the wanton troopers riding by shot the fawn, and it died.

Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
 Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
 Them any harm : alas ! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.

.
 And nothing may we use in vain ;
 Even beasts must be with justice slain ;
 Else men are made their deodands.

Nor, when full grown and antlered, does sympathy cease. Thus in Phineas Fletcher's poem :—

Look as a stagge, pierc'd with a fatal blow,
 As by a wood he walks securely feeding—

In coverts thick conceals his deadly blow,
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding—
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave ;
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly herse embrace.

In the actual chase itself the poets' sympathies are never far behind the deer. Drayton is a poet who is seldom read, but as he lived in the days when stags were running wild in England he is well worth the hearing—quite apart from the rare robustness of his verse:—

The best of chase, the tall and lusty Hed,
The stag for goodly shape and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force,

Such is the beast he starts with. He shows us the huntsman in "the thicke," tracking it by its slot or by his wood-craft, and then on a sudden the stag, startled by the "bellowing hounds," rushes out :—

He through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.

The hounds fall to, the horns are blown, and the quarry's afoot:—

The lustie stag his high palmed head upbears,
His body shewing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight.

But the pack come up to him, and then he exerts his utmost speed. The baying of the hounds dies away, and the stag, to baffle further pursuit, "doth beat the brooks and ponds," and "makes among the herds and flocks of shag-woolled sheep." But wherever he goes he finds himself shunned or opposed. In the fields the ploughman goes after him with his goad, "while his team he letteth stand." In the pasture the shepherd chases him, "and to his dog doth halow." And all this time the hounds come creeping up again, while the stag has wearied itself in futile stratagem. "Through toyle bereaved of strength, His long and sinewy legs are fayling him at length." A village comes in his way, and he flies for safety to the abodes of men ; but the people turn out and drive him forth. There are the hounds, full in sight ; so there is nothing for it but to stand at bay. "Some bank or quick-set finds, to which his haunch opposed, he turns upon his foes," and as the "churlish-throated" hounds attack him "dealeth deadly blows with his sharp-pointed head." Then the huntsmen come up, and one of them kills the stag. And so

Opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tear lets fall.

Thomson's sententious caricature of this passage in his "Autumn" is well worth noting, but as the poet only knew of fallow deer he makes the stag "spotted" in the face and "chequered" in the sides. But in all matters of fact his animal is simply Somerville's. It starts off with all its faith in its own speed, "bursts through the thickets," and goes away. But

Slow of sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming up behind him come again
The inhuman rout.

And then "oft to full-descending flood he turns," and "oft seeks the herd." But his "once so vivid nerves" begin to fail, and "he stands at bay," "putting his last weak refuge in despair."

The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
He groans in anguish while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheek
And mark his beauteous checkered sides with gore.

In metaphor also the deer symbol is often used as of a creature that may lay claim to superior intelligence and special protection. Thus in Quarles :—

Great God of hearts, the world's sole sov'raign Ranger,
Preserve Thy deer, and let my soul be blest
In Thy safe forrest when I seek for rest :
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill,
Rouse me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

The same measure of compassion is not extended to the hare. It is looked upon as the most melancholy, limping, trembling creature imaginable—intended, apparently, by Nature for the exercise of beagles, and given an extraordinary degree of craft in order to amuse greyhounds. Some poets strangely pity it, and, considering it already sufficiently afflicted by natural timidity and general helplessness, think hunting it is a shame. Their argument is a singular one. "See how frightened the poor thing looks, don't frighten it," and "See how fast the unhappy wretch runs away, don't run after it." "Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare," "o'er a weak, harmless, flying creature"—such is the view taken of the sport by the minority, their expressions of regret being often marked by true pathos, as thus, in the "Deserted Village":—

And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

And what can be finer than the distracted Paphian's description of the hunted hare?—

His grief may be comparèd well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.
Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any.

The rest, strangely enough for poets perhaps, seem to accept the fitness of the hare to be hunted as a matter of course, its suitability for "the chase" a provision of nature. "If thou needs *will* hunt," says Venus, "be ruled by me, uncouple at the timorous, flying hare."

Pope, Gay, Rowe, Mallet, Drayton, and Somerville are instances in point. Thus the author of "Polyolbion":—

The man whose vacant mind prepares him for the sport
The Finder sendeth forth to seek out nimble Wat
Which crosseth in the field each furlong, every flat,
Till he this pretty beast upon the Forme hath found.
Then, viewing for the course which is the fairest ground,
The greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then in case,
And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace,
The finder puts her up and gives her courser's law;
Then whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw
She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,
Forced by some yelping curre to give the greyhounds view,
Which are at length let slip, when leaping out they goe,
As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow,
When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes, and notes
Which dog first turnes the hare, which first the other coats,
Till oft for want of breath to fall to ground they make her,
The greyhounds both so spent that they want breath to take her.

Gay was not much of a sportsman, as he himself confesses, for, finding himself committed to the subject of rural sports, he feels that he cannot do less than, at any rate, refer, in passing, to hunting as one of them; but he pulls himself up with pleasing frankness and a "what on earth do I know about it" sort of apology.

The theme demands a more experienced lay.
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

Fishing was his weakness, with a fly by preference; but still he breaks out into an artless linnet-chirrup about "the chase, a pleasing

task." He confines his remarks to hare-hunting, and thus abruptly finishes Wat off :—

New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries—
Now circling turns and now at large she flies—
Till, spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down and waits devouring death !

Somerville is, however, *par excellence* "the poet of the chase," and the second book of his poem, which is mainly concerned with hare-hunting, cannot be passed over without becoming notice.

Commencing with some general remarks about "that instinct which, unerring, guides the brutal race, which mimics reason's lore, and oft transcends," he passes on to the special instinct "that directs the jealous hare to choose her soft abode" and "oft quit her seat, lest some curious eye should mark her haunt." He then describes the changes which she makes, according to the season, "as fancy prompts her or as food invites," and counsels the huntsman to make a note of them, as otherwise his labours will be wasted in looking for hares in places they are not likely to be, and "his impatient hounds, with disappointment vex'd, each springing lark, babbling pursue, far scattered o'er the fields."

So supposing it to be autumn, and the crops all gathered off the ground, he starts out with his harriers.

The gay pack

In the rough, bristly stubbles range unblamed :
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips,
Trembling, conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.

The pack is thrown off ; after a while the old hound, with his "authentic voice, avows the recent trail," and away they go. But a double gives them a check, and then they steady down, working the fallow in a business-like way, and all of a sudden the huntsman himself comes upon puss in her form, and away she bolts. The hounds are laid on, and "as winds let loose, from the dark caverns of the blustering god, they burst away."

Now, my brave youths !

Stripped for the chase, give all your souls to joy ;

for the hare "o'er plains remote now stretches far away." The country side is up at the sound of the "clanging horns" ; the school-boy, dreading no more the "afflictive birch," runs out of school to see the hunt go by ; the travellers on the roads climb up to the highest

spots ; the shepherd and ploughman leave their work ; the peasants
“ desert the unpeopled village.”

And wild crowds
Spread o'er the plains, by the sweet frenzy seized.

The hare doubles again, gets behind the pack, and “ seems to
pursue the foe she flies.”

Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason : Sure 'tis something more.
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.

But the hounds find her out, and the pack sees her sitting on an
eminence, “ listening with one ear erect,” and wondering what to do
next, “ pondering and doubtful what new course to take.” At length
she decides to trust to her heels again, and is off.

Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try.

She has gone uphill, which takes it out of the hounds, and down
the steep other side, which takes it out of the riders ; but “ smoking
along the vale,” the hunt has the hare full in view. A flock of sheep
baulks the hounds for a while, but they take up the “ steaming scent ”
again, and “ the rustling stubbles bend beneath the driving storm ” of
harriers.

Now the poor chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
With love and plenty bless'd. Sec! there she goes ;
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See how black she looks.
The sweat that clogs the obstructed pores scarce leaves
A languid scent.

And now in open view
See, see ! she flies ; each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives, till round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there, reluctant, dies.

After this, of course, there is nothing to come but exultations,
and for the hounds a taste of blood.

The huntsman now a deep incision makes,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down,
Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
Of all their toils. Stretched on the ground she lies
A mangled corse ; in her dim-glaring eyes
Cold Death exults and stiffens every limb.

After all this, the poet—the *poet*, remember—says this :—

Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, diverts the youthful train.

The fox, what an endless theme the mere name suggests ! The stanchest pen might well despair of running down a creature of such interminable breath, such immeasurable craft.

A proverb says that all the cloth of Ghent, if it were turned into parchment, would not hold the stories of vulpine perfidy and sagacity ; and though several scholars have devoted themselves to the “epic exploit” of this little animal, it seems to be far from exhausted. Yet its character is by no means altogether despicable. Bacon and Machiavelli say that for success a little of the fox is indispensable. Pope has a line to the effect that “the lion’s skin is lengthened by the fox’s tail”—a repetition of Lysander’s apothegm, “When the lion’s skin does not suffice, add on that of the fox.”

Fortunately the poets’ fox has but one aspect—the dispeopler of the poultry-yard. It eats chickens, therefore it should be vindictively hunted to death.

In the East the fox is not a familiar beast ; it lives a secluded life, and seldom haunts the abodes of men ; the jackal, therefore, is the original of those Oriental myths which European fabulists have adopted, and wherein the Western fox takes the place of its foreign congener. The two animals have very much in common in habits and character, though the fox is the superior in physical endurance, speed, and, perhaps, courage. I qualify my opinion on the last point because it may be that the appearance of inferior pluck in the jackal may be really only due to an extra measure of that astute discretion which has made this animal the foremost figure in myth and folklore.

If we accept the myth translations of Gubernatis we see in the fox-jackal the ruddy interval between daylight and darkness that shades off into twilight grey with black night points ; it is the crepuscular phenomenon of the heavens taking an animal form. But just as there are two “auroras,” the morning and the evening, so the fox-jackal has in every twenty-four hours two chances at the sun-cock, both of which it punctually fails to score, missing the solar fowl with an invariable accuracy that ought by this time to have had a depressing effect upon Reynard.

In fables the character of the fox is also dual. It is generally the deceiver, but also on occasions the dupe. Many animals on occasion fall a victim to it—in the single romance of Reincke Fuchs it outwits and infamously ruins the king-lion and pretty nearly all

his courtier-quadrupeds—but every now and again the same animals flout it, make fun of it, play tricks on it. Even cocks and kids have a joke occasionally at its expense, which is very true to nature, for we often see the professional sharper, the habitual traitor, exposed and put to shame by simple honesty or innocent mother wit. Betty with her mop routs the fencing-master. But, above all, the fox is always beaten when he tries to pass off his dishonesties upon other foxes; the rogues know each other too well to try to guess where the pea is. So when the fox falls by accident into a dyer's vat, and comes out a fine blue all over, he goes back to his kindred and tells them that he is a peacock of the sky. But they recognise his voice and worry him till they pull all his blue fur off, and he dies. Stories of the same purport are abundant and familiar to all.

Yet there are plenty of occasions in which the fox behaves very honourably to its friends, and appears in the light of a benefactor, notably, in those tales where reynard plays the part of Puss-in-boots, such as Cosmo the Quickly Enriched, and others. Moreover, the cock is sometimes found on the most friendly relations with the fox, who helps it against their common enemy, the wolf.

It is almost needless to say that many poets condemn fox-hunting, "which rural gentlemen call sport divine," and perhaps superfluous to add that their reasons hardly justify their condemnation. To them the sportsman appears something rather less than human.

To the field he flies,
Leaps every fence but one, then falls and dies
Like a slain deer; the tumbrel brings him home,
Unmissed but by his dogs and by his groom.

Especially does this class of poet detest to see women in the field.

Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed.

They hope "such horrid joy" will never "stain the bosom of the British fair."

Nor when they come to discriminate between one kind of sport and another is their argument such as to increase respect for their opinion. When Venus implores her darling not to hunt fierce beasts, but, if he *must* hunt, to go after the "timid hare," there is womanly reason enough in what she says. But when Thomson begs "ye Britons" not to hunt the poor "dappled" stag with the "chequered" sides, nor the "flying hare," but, if they *must* hunt, to ride after the fox, "the nightly robber of the fold," and, "pitiless, pour their sportive

fury" upon it, the fustian of his sentiment is neither masculine nor feminine ; it is the language of a neuter.

This idea, that Englishmen hunted the fox because it eats ducks, is quite a common one with the poets, and justifies, to their minds, the chase of it. So that it seems incredible that they could ever have seen a fox-hunter—still less have heard him speak with admiration, pride, even affection, of the staunch, plucky, little beast that had given him a fast run, and saved its brush after all. At any rate, the idea that the animal is hunted because it kills chickens, and, therefore, richly deserves the worst that can happen to it, is utterly foreign to the character of "sport." The singular fact that foxes are *preserved* in order to be hunted should have corrected the theories of modern poets.

With the otter it fares exactly the same. Because the beast catches fish which men wish to catch it is said to merit the death which overtakes it when the hounds pursue and tear it to pieces. They all seem to hate it, call it "felon," "robber," and "proowler," and Somerville descants at length in a very spirited but most deliberately cruel poem on the pleasures of murdering an otter.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

THE QUEEN'S MARYS.

I.

REFERENCE is seldom made to the Queen's Marys, the four Maids of Honour whose romantic attachment to their royal mistress and namesake, the ill-fated Queen of Scots, has thrown such a halo of popularity and sympathy about their memory, without calling forth the well-known lines :—

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three ;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
And Marie Carmichael and me.

To those who are acquainted with the whole of the ballad, which records the sad fate of the guilty Mary Hamilton, it must have occurred that there is a striking incongruity between the traditional loyalty of the Queen's Marys and the alleged execution of one of their number, on the denunciation of the offended Queen herself, for the murder of an illegitimate child, the reputed offspring of a criminal intrigue with Darnley. Yet, a closer investigation of the facts assumed in the ballad leads to a discovery more unexpected than even this. It establishes, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, of the four family-names given in this stanza as those of the four Marys, two only are authentic. Mary Carmichael and Mary Hamilton herself are mere poetical myths. Not only does no mention of them occur in any of the lists still extant of the Queen's personal attendants, but there also exist documents of all kinds, from serious historical narrative and authoritative charter to gossiping correspondence and polished epigram, to prove that the colleagues of Mary Beton and Mary Seton were Mary Fleming and Mary Livingston. How the apocryphal names have found their way into the ballad, or how the ballad itself has come to be connected with the Maids of Honour, cannot be determined. The only passage which may be looked upon as furnishing a possible foundation of truth to the whole fiction is one in which John Knox records the commission and the punishment of a crime similar to that for which Mary Hamilton is represented as about to die on the gallows. "In the very time of

the General Assembly there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther, committed in the Court ; yea, not far from the queen's lap : for a French woman, that served in the queen's chamber, had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a child, whom with common consent, the father and mother murthered ; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so was the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was hainous."¹ Between this historical fact—for which it must, however, be noticed that Knox is the only voucher—and the ballad, which substitutes Darnley and one of the Maids of Honour for the queen's apothecary and a nameless waiting-woman, the connection is not very close. Indeed, there is but one point on which both accounts are in agreement, though that, it is true, is an important one. The unnatural mother whose crime, with its condign punishment, is mentioned by the historian, was, he says, a French woman. The Mary Hamilton of the ballad, in spite of a name which certainly does not point to a foreign origin, is also made to come from over the seas :—

I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem ;
Let neither my father nor my mother get wit
But that I'm coming hame.

.
O, little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me ;
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee.

It does not, however, come within the scope of the present paper to examine more closely into the ballad of Mary Hamilton. It suffices to have made it clear that, whatever be their origin, the well-known verses have no historical worth or significance, and no real claim to the title of "The Queen's Marie" prefixed to them in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Except for the purpose of correcting the erroneous, but general belief, which has been propagated by the singular and altogether unwarranted mention of the "Four Maries," and the introduction of the names of two of them in the oft-quoted stanza, there would, in reality, be no necessity for any allusion to the popular poem in a sketch of the career of the fair Maids of Honour, whose touching fidelity through good and evil fortune has won for them a greater share of interest than is enjoyed

¹ Knox's *History of the Reformation*, pp. 373, 374.

by any of the subordinate characters in the great historical drama of which their royal mistress is the central figure.

The first historical and authoritative mention of the four Marys is from the pen of one who was personally and intimately acquainted with them—John Leslie, Bishop of Ross. It occurs in his description of the departure of the infant Mary Stuart from the small harbour at the foot of the beetling, castle-crowned rock of Dunbarton, on that memorable voyage which so nearly resembled a flight. "All things being reddy for the jornay," writes the chronicler, in his quaint northern idiom, "the Quene being as than betuix fyve and sax yearis of aige, wes delivered to the quene dowarier hir moder, and wes embarqued in the Kingis owen gallay, and with her the Lord Erskyn and Lord Levingstoun quha had bene hir keparis, and the Lady Fleming her fadir sister, with sindre gentilwemen and nobill mennis sonnes and dochteres, almoist of hir owin age; of the quhilkes thair wes four in speciall, of whom everie one of thame buir the samin name of Marie, being of four syndre honorable houses, to wyt, Fleming, Levingstoun, Seton and Betoun of Creich; quho remainit all foure with the Quene in France, during her residens thair, and returned agane in Scotland with her Majestie in the yeir of our Lord ImV^elxi yeris." Of the education and early training of the four Marys, as companions and playmates of the youthful queen, we have no special record. The deficiency is one which our knowledge of the wild doings of the gayest court of the age makes it easy to supply. For the Scottish maidens, as for their mistress, intercourse with the frivolous company that gathered about Catherine de Medici was but indifferent preparation for the serious business of life. Looking back on "those French years," doubtless they too, like her, "only seemed to see—

A light of swords and singing, only hear
Laughter of love and lovely stress of lutes,
And in between the passion of them borne
Sound of swords crossing ever, as of feet
Dancing, and life and death still equally
Blithe and bright-eyed from battle."

Brantôme, to whom we are indebted for so much personal description of Mary Stuart, and so many intimate details concerning her character, tastes, and acquirements, is less communicative with respect to her four fair attendants. He merely mentions them amongst the court beauties as "*Mesdemoiselles de Flammin, de Ceton, Beton, Leviston, escoissaises.*" He makes no allusion to them in the pathetic description of the young queen's departure from her "sweet France,"

on the fateful 24th of August, a date which subsequent events were destined to mark with a fearful stain of blood, in the family to which she was allied. Yet, doubtless they, too, were gazing with tearful eyes at the receding shore, blessing the calm which retarded their course, trembling with vague fears as their voyage began amidst the cries of drowning men, and half-wishing that the English ships of the jealous Elizabeth might prevent them from reaching their dreary destination. That they were with their royal namesake, we know. Leslie, who, with Brantôme and the unfortunate Chastelard, accompanied the idol of France to her unsympathetic northern home, again makes special note of "the four maidis of honour quha passit with hir Hienes in France, of hir awin aige, bering the name everie ane of Marie, as is befoir mencioned."

During the first years of Mary Stuart's stay in her capital, the four maids of honour played conspicuous parts in all the amusements and festivities of the court, and were amongst those who incurred the censure of the austere Reformers for introducing into Holyrood the "balling, and dancing, and banqueting" of Amboise and Fontainebleau. Were our information about the masques acted at the Scottish court less scanty, we should, doubtless, often find the names of the four Marys amongst the performers. Who more fit than they to figure in the first masque represented at Holyrood, in October, 1561, at the Queen's farewell banquet to her uncle, the Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John, and to take their places amongst the Muses who marched in procession before the throne, reciting Buchanan's flattering verses in praise of the lettered court of the Queen of Scots?

Banished by War, to thee we take our flight,
Who worships all the Muses, purely right.
We don't complain ; our banishment's our gain,
To look on us, if thou shalt not disdain. ¹

Had Marioreybanks given us the names of those who took part in the festivities which he describes as having taken place on the occasion of Lord Fleming's marriage, can we doubt that the Marys would have been found actively engaged in the open-air performance "in the Parke of Holyroudhou, under Arthur's Seatt, at the end of the loche"? Indeed, it is not matter of mere conjecture, but of authentic historical record, that on more than one occasion Buchanan did actually introduce the Queen's namesakes amongst the dramatis personæ of the masques which, as virtual laureate of the

¹ The translations of this and the following quotations from Buchanan have at least one merit, that of antiquity ; they are Monteith's.

Scottish court, he was called upon to supply. The "Diurnal of Occurrences" mentions that "upoun the ellevint day of the said moneth (February) the King and Quene in lyik manner bankettit the samin (French) Ambassatour ; and at evin our Soveranis maid the maskrie and mumschance, in the quhilk the Queenis Grace and all hir Maries and ladies wer all cled in men's apperell ; and everie ane of thame presentit one quhingar, bravelie and maist artificialle made and embroderit with gold, to the said Ambassatour and his gentilmen, everie ane of thame according to his estate." That this, moreover, was not the first appearance of the fair performers we also know, for it was they who bore the chief parts in the third masque acted during the festivities which attended the Queen's marriage with Darnley ; and it was one of them, perhaps Mary Beton, the scholar of the court, who recited the verses which Buchanan had introduced in allusion to their royal mistress's recovery from some illness otherwise unrecorded in history :—

Kind Goddess, Safety ; Nymphs four plead with thee,
Thou to their Queen will reconciled be ;
And, as thou hast reduced her to health
(More valuable far than richest wealth),
So in her breast, thou wilt thyself enshrine,
For there sublimest worship shall be thine.

That the four Nymphs mentioned in this, the only fragment of the masque which has been preserved, were the four Marys, is explained by Buchanan's commentator Ruddiman : "Nymphas hic vocat quatuor Mariæ Scotæ corporis ministras, quæ etiam omnes Mariæ nominabantur." It is more than probable, too, that the Marys were not merely spectators of the masque which formed a part of the first day's amusements, and of which they themselves were the subject-matter. It may still be read under the title of "*Pompa Deorum in Nuptiis Mariæ*," in Buchanan's Latin poems. Diana opens the masque, which is but a short mythological dialogue, with a complaint to the ruler of Olympus that one of her five Marys—the Queen herself is here included—has been taken from her by the envious arts of Venus and of Juno :—

Great Father, Maries five late servèd me,
Were of my quire the glorious dignitie ;
With these dear five the Heaven I'd regain,
The happiness of other gods to stain ;
At my lot, Juno, Venus, were in ire,
And stole away one from my comely quire,
Whose want so grieves the rest, as when we see
The Pleiads shine, whereof one wanting be.

In the dialogue which follows, and in which five goddesses and five gods take part, Apollo chimes in with a prophecy which was only partially accomplished :—

Fear not, Diana, I good tidings bring,
And unto you glad oracles I sing ;
Juno commands your Maries to be married,
And in all state to marriage to be carried,

In his summing up, which, as may be imagined, is not very favourable to the complainant, the Olympian judge also introduces a prettily turned compliment to the Marys :—

Five Maries thine, whose beauty, grace, and wit
Might with five fairest goddesses compete ;
Deserving gods in wedlock, if hard fate
Allow the gods to undergo that state.

The whole pageant closes with an epilogue spoken by the herald Talthybius, who also foretells further defections from Diana's maidens :—

Another marriage now ! Sounds reach the sky,
Another Mary joined in nuptial tie.

As was but natural, the Queen's favourite attendants possessed considerable influence with their royal lady, and the sequel will show, in the case of each of them, how eagerly their good offices were sought after by courtiers and ambassadors anxious for the success of their several suits and missions. In a letter which Randolph wrote to Cecil on the 24th of October, 1564, and which, as applying to the Marys collectively, may be quoted here, we are shown the haughty Lennox himself condescending to make pretty presents to the maids with a view to ingratiating himself with the mistress. "He presented also each of the Marys with such pretty things as he thought fittest for them, such good means he hath to win their hearts, and to make his way to further effect."

II.

It is scarcely the result of mere chance that, in the chronicles which make mention of the four Marys, Mary Fleming's name usually takes precedence of those of her three colleagues. She seems to have been tacitly recognised as "prima inter pares." This was, doubtless, less in consequence of her belonging to one of the first houses in Scotland, for the Livingstones, the Betons, and the Setons might well claim equality with the Flemings, than of her being closely related to Mary Stuart herself, though the relationship, it is true, was

only on the side of the distaff, and though there was, moreover, a bar sinister on the royal quarterings which it added to the escutcheon of the Flemings. Mary Fleming—Marie Flemyng, as she signed herself, or Flamy, as she was called in the Queen's broken English—was the fourth daughter of Malcolm third Lord Fleming. Her mother, Janet Stuart, was a natural daughter of King James IV. Mary Fleming and her royal mistress were consequently first cousins. This may sufficiently account for the greater intimacy which existed between them. Thus, after Chastelard's outrage, it was Mary Fleming whom the Queen, dreading the loneliness which had rendered the wild attempt possible, called in to sleep with her, for protection.

Amongst the various festivities and celebrations which were revived in Holyrood by Mary and the suite which she had brought with her from the gay court of France, that of Twelfth Night seems to have been in high favour, as, indeed, it still is, in some provinces of France, at the present day. In the "*gâteau des Rois*," or Twelfth Night Cake, it was customary to hide a bean, and when the cake was cut up and distributed, the person to whom chance—or not unfrequently design—brought the piece containing the bean, was recognised sole monarch of the revels until the stroke of midnight. On the 6th of January 1563, Mary Fleming was elected queen by favour of the bean. Her mistress, entering into the spirit of the festivities with her characteristic considerateness for even the amusement of those about her, abdicated her state in favour of the mimic monarch of the night. A letter written by Randolph to Lord Dudley, and bearing the date of the 15th of January, gives an interesting and vivid picture of the fair maid of honour decked out in her royal mistress's jewels: "You should have seen here upon Tuesday the great solemnity and royall estate of the Queene of the Beene. Fortune was so favourable to faire Flemyng, that, if shee could have seen to have judged of her vertue and beauty, as blindly she went to work and chose her at adventure, shee would sooner have made her Queen for ever, then for one night only, to exalt her so high and the nixt to leave her in the state she found her. . . . That day yt was to be seen, by her princely pomp, how fite a match she would be, wer she to contend ether with Venus in beauty, Minerva in witt, or Juno in worldly wealth, haveing the two former by nature, and of the third so much as is contained in this realme at her command and free disposition. The treasure of Solomon, I trowe, was not to be compared unto that which hanged upon her back. . . . The Queen of the Been was in a gowne of cloath of silver; her head, her neck, her shoulders, the rest of her whole body, so besett with stones, that more in our whole jewell house

wer not to be found. The Queen herself was apparelled in collours whyt and black, no other jewell or gold about her bot the ring that I brought her from the Queen's Majestie hanging at her breast, with a lace of whyt and black about her neck." In another letter the same writer becomes even more enthusiastic. Writing to Leicester he says : "Happy was it unto this realm that her reign'endured no longer. Two such nights in one state, in so good accord, I believe was never seen, as to behold two worthy queens possess, without envy, one kingdom, both upon a day. I leave the rest to your lordship to be judged of. My pen staggereth, my hand faileth, further to write. . . . The cheer was great. I never found myself so happy, nor so well treated, until that it came to the point that the old queen herself, to show her mighty power, contrary unto the assurance granted me by the younger queen, drew me into the dance, which part of the play I could with good will have spared to your lordship, as much fitter for the purpose."

The queen of this Twelfth-tide pageant was also celebrated by the court poet Buchanan. Amongst his epigrams there is one bearing the title : "Ad Mariam Flaminiam sorte Reginam." It is thus quaintly translated by Monteith :—

Did birth or vertue diadems procure,
 Thou long ago hadst been a Queen, most sure :
 Did comely personage, or beauty rare,
 Give scepters ; thine are such beyond compare :
 Did heav'nly powers with wishes frail agree,
 Men's wishes then had scepters giv'n to thee ;
 If Fortune deaf and as Tiresia blind,
 Should rule affairs, tho' foolish in her mind ;
 Foolish, nor deaf, nor blind, she'd noways be,
 While she affords a scepter unto thee :
 If foolish, deaf, or blind, we then must say,
 Vertue was guide, and led her on the way.

The "Faire Flemyng" found an admirer amongst the English gentlemen whom political business had brought to the Scotch court. This was Sir Henry Sidney, of whom Naunton reports that he was a statesman "of great parts." As Sir Henry was born in 1519, and consequently over twenty years older than the youthful maid of honour, his choice cannot be considered to have been a very judicious one, nor can the ill-success of his suit appear greatly astonishing. And yet, as the sequel was to show, Mary Fleming had no insuperable objection to an advantageous match on the score of disparity of age. In the year following that in which she figured as Queen of the Bean at Holyrood, the gossiping correspondence of the time

expatiates irreverently enough on Secretary Maitland's wooing of the maid of honour. He was about forty at the time, and it was not very long since his first wife, Janet Monteith, had died. Mary Fleming was about two-and-twenty. There was, consequently, some show of reason for the remark made by Kirkcaldy of Grange, in communicating to Randolph the new matrimonial project in which Maitland was embarked: "The Secretary's wife is dead, and he is a suitor to Mary Fleming, who is as meet for him as I am to be a page." Cecil appears to have been taken into the Laird of Lethington's confidence, and to have found amusement in the enamoured statesman's extravagance. "The common affairs do never so much trouble me but that at least I have one merry hour of the four-and-twenty. . . . Those that be in love are ever set upon a merry pin; yet I take this to be a most singular remedy for all diseases in all persons." Two of the keenest politicians of their age laying aside their diplomatic gravity and forgetting the jealousies and the rivalry of their respective courts to discuss the charms of the Queen's youthful maid of honour: it is a charming historical vignette not without interest and humour even at this length of time. We may judge to what extent the Secretary was "set on a merry pin," from Randolph's description of the courtship. In a letter dated March 31st, 1565, and addressed to Sir Henry Sidney, Mary Fleming's old admirer, he writes: "She neither remembereth you, nor scarcely acknowledgeth that you are her man. Your lordship, therefore, need not to pride you of any such mistress in this court; she hath found another whom she doth love better. Lethington now serveth her alone, and is like, for her sake, to run beside himself. Both night and day he attendeth, he watcheth, he wooeth—his folly never more apparent than in loving her, where he may be assured that, how much soever he make of her, she will always love another better. This much I have written for the worthy praise of your noble mistress, who, now being neither much worth in beauty, nor greatly to be praised in virtue, is content, in place of lords and earls, to accept to her service a poor pen clerk." We have not to reconcile the ill-natured and slanderous remarks of Randolph's letter with the glowing panegyric penned by him some two years previously. That he intended to comfort the rejected suitor, and to tone down the disappointment and the jealousy which he might feel at the success of a rival not greatly younger than himself, would be too charitable a supposition. It is not improbable that he may have had more personal reasons for his spite, and that when, in the same letter, he describes "Fleming that once was so fair," wishing "with many a sigh that Randolph had

served her," he is giving a distorted and unscrupulous version of an episode not unlike that between Mary Fleming and Sir Henry himself. To give even the not very high-minded Randolph his due, however, it is but fair to add that his later letters, whilst fully bearing out what he had previously stated with regard to Maitland's love-making, throw no doubt on Mary's sincerity: "Lethington hath now leave and time to court his mistress, Mary Fleming;" and, again, "My old friend, Lethington, hath leisure to make love; and, in the end, I believe, as wise as he is, will show himself a very fool, or stark, staring mad." This "leisure to make love" is attributed to Rizzio, then in high favour with the Queen. This was about the end of 1565. Early in 1566, however, the unfortunate Italian was murdered under circumstances too familiar to need repetition, and for his share in the unwarrantable transaction, Secretary Maitland was banished from the royal presence. The lovers were, in consequence, parted for some six months, from March to September. It was about this time that Queen Mary, dreading the hour of her approaching travail, and haunted by a presentiment that it would prove fatal to her, caused inventories of her private effects to be drawn up, and made legacies to her personal friends and attendants. The four Marys were not forgotten. They were each to receive a diamond; "*Aux quatre Maries, quatre autres petis diamants de diverse façon,*" besides a portion of the Queen's needlework and linen: "*tous mes ourasges, manches et collets aux quatre Maries.*" In addition to this, there was set down for "Flamy," two pieces of gold lace with ornaments of white and red enamel, a dress, a necklace, and a chain to be used as a girdle. We may infer that red and white were the maid of honour's favourite colours, for "*blancq et rouge*" appear in some form or another in all the items of the intended legacy.¹

As we have said, the Secretary's disgrace was not of long duration. About September he was reinstated in the Queen's favour, and in December received from her a dress of cloth of gold trimmed with silver lace: "*Une vasquyne de toille d'or plaine auecq le corps de mesme fait a bourletz borde dung passement dargent.*"

¹ "A Flamy. Vne brodure dor esmaille de blancq et rouge contenant xxxvij pieces.

Vne brodure dorelette de mesme façon garnye de lj piece esmaille deb lancq et rouge.

Vne cottouere de mesme facon contenant soixante piece esmaille de blanc et rouge.

Vng quarquan esmaille aussy de blancq et rouge garny de vingt une piece.

Vne chesne a saindre en semblable façon contenant lij pieces esmaillez de blanc et rouge ct vng vase pendant au bout."

On the 6th of January, 1567, William Maitland of Lethington and Mary Fleming were married at Stirling, where the Queen was keeping her court, and where she spent the last Twelfth-Tide she was to see outside the walls of a prison. The Secretary's wife, as Mary was frequently styled after her marriage, did not cease to be in attendance upon her royal cousin, and we get occasional glimpses of her in the troubled times which were to follow. Thus, on the eventful morning on which Bothwell's trial began, Mary Fleming stood with the Queen at the window from which the latter, after having imprudently refused an audience to the Provost-Marshal of Berwick, Elizabeth's messenger, still more imprudently watched the bold Earl's departure and, it was reported, smiled and nodded encouragement. Again, in the enquiry which followed the Queen's escape from Lochleven, it appeared that her cousin had been privy to the plot for her release, and had found the means of conveying to the royal captive the assurance that her friends were working for her deliverance: "The Queen," so ran the evidence of one of the attendants examined after the flight, "said scho gat ane ring and three wordis in Italianis in it. I iudget it cam fra the Secretar, because of the language. Scho said, 'Na, it was ane woman. All the place saw hir weyr it. . . . Cursall show me the Secretaris wiff send it, and the vreting of it was ane fable of Isop betuix the Mouss and the Lioune, hou the Mouss for ane plesour done to hir be the Lioune, efter that, the Lioune being bound with ane corde, the Mouss schuyr the corde and let the Lioune louss.'"

During her long captivity in England, the unfortunate Queen was not unmindful of the love and devotion of her faithful attendant. Long years after she had been separated from her, whilst in prison at Sheffield, she gives expression to her longing for the presence of Mary Fleming, and in a letter written "du manoir de Sheffield," on the 1st of May, 1581, to Monsieur de Mauvissière, the French ambassador, she begs him to renew her request to Elizabeth that the Lady of Lethington should be allowed to tend her in "the valetudinary state into which she has fallen, of late years, owing to the bad treatment to which she has been subjected."

But the Secretary's wife had had her own trials and her own sorrows. On the 9th of June, 1573, her husband died at Leith, "not without suspicion of poison," according to Killigrew. Whether he died by his own hand, or by the act of his enemies, is a question which we are not called upon to discuss. The evidence of contemporaries is conflicting, "some supponyng he tak a drink and died as the auld Romans wer wont to do," as Sir James Melville reports ;

others, and amongst these Queen Mary herself, that he had been foully dealt with. Writing to Elizabeth, she openly gives expression to this belief: "the principal (of the rebel lords) were besieged by your forces in the Castle of Edinburgh, and one of the first among them poisoned."

Maitland was to have been tried "for art and part of the treason, conspiracy, consultation, and treating of the King's murder." According to the law of Scotland, a traitor's guilt was not cancelled by death. The corpse might be arraigned and submitted to all the indignities which the barbarous code of the age recognised as the punishment of treason. It was intended to inflict the fullest penalty upon Maitland's corpse, and it remained unburied "till the vermin crept under the door of the room in which he was kept." In her distress the widow applied to Burleigh, in a touching letter which is still preserved. It bears the date of the 21st of June, 1573.

My very good Lord,—After my humble commendations, it may please your Lordship that the causes of the sorrowful widow, and orphans being by Almighty God recommended to the superior powers, together with the firm confidence my late husband, the Laird of Ledington, put in your Lordship's only help in the occasion, that I his desolat wife (though unknown to your Lordship) takes the boldness by these few lines to humbly request your Lordship, that as my said husband being alive expected no small benefit at your hands, so now I may find such comfort, that the Queen's Majestie, your Sovereign, may by your means be moved to write to my Lord Regent of Scotland, that the body of my husband, which when alive has not been spared in her hieness' service, may now, after his death, receive no shame, or ignominy, and that his heritage taken from him during his life-time, now belonging to me and his children, that have not offended, by a disposition made a long time ago, may be restored, which is aggregable both to equity and the laws of this realme; and also your Lordship will not forget my husband's brother, the Lord of Coldingham, an innocent gentleman, who was never engaged in these quarrels, but for his love to his brother, accompanied him, and is now a prisoner with the rest, that by your good means, and procurement, he may be restored to his own, which, beside the blessing of God, will also win you the goodwill of many noblemen and gentlemen.

Burleigh lost no time in laying the widow's petition before Elizabeth, and on the 19th of July a letter written at Croydon was despatched to the Regent Morton: "For the bodie of Liddington, who died before he was convict in judgment, and before any answer by him made to the crymes objected to him, it is not our maner in this contrey to show crueltey upon the dead bodies so unconvicted, but to suffer them streight to be buried, and put in the earth. And so suerly we think it mete to be done in this case, for (as we take it) it was God's pleasure he should by death be taken away from the execucion of judgment, so we think consequently that it was His divine pleasure that the bodie now dead should not be lacerated, nor

pullid in pieces, but be buried like to one who died in his bed, and by sicknes, as he did."

Such a petitioner as the Queen of England was not to be denied, and Maitland's body was allowed the rites of burial. The other penalties which he had incurred by his treason—real or supposed—were not remitted. An Act of Parliament was passed "for rendering the children, both lawful and natural, of Sir William Maitland of Lethington, the younger, and of several others, who had been convicted of the murder of the King's father, incapable of enjoying, or claiming, any heritages, lands, or possessions in Scotland."

The widow herself was also subjected to petty annoyances at the instigation of Morton. She was called upon to restore the jewels which her royal mistress had given her in free gift, and in particular, "one chayn of rubeis with twelf markes of dyamontis and rubeis, and ane mark with twa rubeis." Even her own relatives seem to have turned against her in her distress. In a letter written in French to her sister-in-law, Isabel, wife of James Heriot of Trabroun, she refers to some accusation brought against her by her husband's brother, Coldingham—the same for whom she had interceded in her letter to Burleigh—and begs to be informed as to the nature of the charge made to the Regent, "*car ace que jantans il me charge de quelque chose, je ne say que cest.*" The letter bears no date, but seems to have been penned when the writer's misery was at its sorest, for it concludes with an earnest prayer that patience may be given her to bear the weight of her misfortunes.

Better days, however, were yet in store for the much-tried Mary Fleming, for in February 1584 the "relict of umquhill William Maitland, younger of Lethington, Secretare to our Soverane Lord," succeeded in obtaining a reversion of her husband's forfeiture. In May of the same year, the Parliament allowed "*Marie Flemyng and hir bairnis to have bruik and inioy the same and like fauour, grace and priuilege and conditioun as is contenit in the pacificatioun maid and accordit at Perth, the xxiii day of Februar, the yeir of God I^m V^e lxxxij yeiris.*"

With this document one of the four Marys disappears from the scene. Of her later life we have no record. That it was thoroughly happy we can scarcely assume, for we know that her only son James died in poverty and exile.

III.

Mary Livingston, or, as she signed herself, Marie Leuiston, was the daughter of Alexander fifth Lord Livingston. She was a cousin

of Mary Fleming's, and, like her, related, though more distantly, to the sovereign. When she sailed from Scotland in 1548, as one of the playmates of the infant Mary Stuart, she was accompanied by both her father and her mother. Within a few years, however, she was left to the sole care of the latter, Lord Livingston having died in France in 1553. Of her life at the French Court we have no record. Her first appearance in the pages of contemporary chroniclers is on the 22nd of April, 1562, the year after her return to Scotland. On that date, the young Queen, who delighted in the sport of archery, shot off a match in her private gardens at St. Andrews. Her own partner was the Master of Lindsay. Their opponents were the Earl of Moray, then only Earl of Mar, and Mary Livingston, whose skill is reported to have been—when courtesy allowed it—quite equal to that of her royal mistress.

The next item of information is to be found in the matter-of-fact columns of an account-book, in which we find it entered that the Queen gave Mary Livingston some gray damask for a gown, in September 1563, and some black velvet for the same purpose, in the following February. Shortly after this, however, there occurred an event of greater importance, which supplied the letter-writers of the day with material for their correspondence. On the 5th of March, 1564, Mary Livingston was married to John Sempill, of Beltreis. It was the first marriage amongst the Marys, and consequently attracted considerable attention for months before the celebration. As early as January, Paul de Foix, the French Ambassador, makes allusion to the approaching event: "Elle a commencé à marier ses quatre Maries," he writes to Catharine de Medici, "et dict qu'elle veult estre de la bande." In a letter, dated the 9th of the same month, Randolph, faithful to his habit of communicating all the gossip of the court in his reports to England, informs Bedford of the intended marriage: "I learned yesterday that there is a conspiracy here framed against you. The matter is this: the Lord Sempill's son, being an Englishman born, shall be married between this and Shrovetide to the Lord Livingston's sister. The Queen, willing him well, both maketh the marriage and indoweth the parties with land. To do them honour she will have them marry in the court. The thing intended against your lordship is this, that Sempill himself shall come to Berwicke within these fourteen days, and desire you to be at the bridal." Writing to Leicester, he repeats his information: "It will not be above 6 or 7 days before the Queen (returning from her progress into Fifeshire) will be in this town. Immediately after that ensueth the great marriage of this happy Englishman that

shall marry lovely Livingston." Finally, on the 4th of March, he again writes: "Divers of the noblemen have come to this great marriage, which to-morrow shall be celebrated." Randolph's epistolary garrulity has, in this instance, served one good purpose, of which he probably little dreamt when he filled his correspondence with the small talk of the court circle. It enables us to refute a calumnious assertion made by John Knox with reference to the marriage of the Queen's maid of honour. "It was weil knawin that schame haistit mariage betwix John Sempill, callit the Danser, and Marie Levingstoune, surnameit the Lustie." Randolph's first letter, showing, as it does, that preparations for the wedding were in progress as early as the beginning of January, summarily dismisses the charge of "haste" in its celebration, whilst, for those who are familiar with the style of the English envoy's correspondence, his very silence will appear the strongest proof that Mary's fair fame was tarnished by no breath of scandal. The birth of her first child in 1566, a fact to which the family records of the house of Sempill bear witness, establishes more irrefutably than any argument the utter falsity of Knox's unscrupulous assertion.

John Sempill, whose grace in dancing had acquired for him the surname which seems to have lain so heavily on Knox's conscience, and whose good fortune in finding favour with lovely Mary Livingston called forth Randolph's congratulations, was the eldest son of the third lord, by his second wife Elizabeth Carlyle of Torthorwold. At court, as may have been gathered from Randolph's letters, he was known as the "Englishman," owing to the fact of his having been born in Newcastle. Although of good family himself, and in high favour at court, being but a younger son he does not seem to have been considered on all hands as a fitting match for Mary Livingston. This the Queen, of whose making the marriage was, herself confesses in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, reminding him that, "in a country where these formalities were looked to," exception had been taken to the marriage both of Mary and Magdalene Livingston on the score that they had taken as husbands "the younger sons of their peers—*les puînés de leurs semblables*." Mary Stuart seems to have been above such prejudices, and showed how heartily she approved of the alliance between the two families by her liberality to the bride. Shortly before the marriage she gave her a band covered with pearls, a basquina of grey satin, a mantle of black taffety made in the Spanish fashion with silver buttons, and also a gown of black taffety. It was she, too, who furnished the bridal dress, which cost £30, as entered in the accounts under date of the 10th of March:—

Item : Ane pund xiii unce of silver to ane gown of Marie Levingstoun's to her mariage, the unce xxv s. Summa xxx li.

The "Inventair of the Quenis movables quhilkis ar in the handes of Seruais de Condry vallett of chalmer to hir Grace," records, further, that there was "deliueret in Merche 1564, to Johnne Semples wiff, ane bed of scarlett veluot bordit with broderie of black veluot, furnisit with ruif heidpece, thre pandis, twa vnderpandis, thre curtenis of taffetie of the same cullour without freingis. The bed is furnisit with freingis of the same cullour." To make her 'gift complete, the Queen, as another household document, her wardrobe book, testifies, added the following items :—

Item : Be the said precept to Marie Levingstoun xxxi elnis ii quarters of quhite fustiane to be ane marterass, the eln viii s. Summa xii li xii s.

Item : xvi elnis of cammes to be palzeass, the eln vi s. Summa iiii li xvj s.

Item : For nappes and fedders ; v li.

Item : Ane elne of lane ; xxx s.

Item : ij unce of silk ; xx s.

The wedding for which such elaborate preparation had been made, and for which the Queen herself named the day, took place, in the presence of the whole court and all the foreign ambassadors, on Shrove Tuesday, which, as has already been mentioned, was on the 5th of March. In the evening the wedding guests were entertained at a masque, which was supplied by the Queen, but of which we know nothing further than may be gathered from the following entry :—

Item : To the painter for the mask on Fastionis evin to Marie Levingstoun's mariage ; xij li.

The marriage contract, which was signed at Edinburgh on the Sunday preceding the wedding, bears the names of the Queen, of John Lord Erskine, Patrick Lord Ruthven, and of Secretary Maitland of Lethington. The bride's dowry consisted of £500 a year in land, the gift of the Queen, to which Lord Livingston added 100 merks a year in land, or 1,000 merks in money. As a jointure she received the Barony of Beltreis near Castle Semple, in Renfrewshire, the lands of Auchimanes and Calderhaugh, with the rights of fisheries in the Calder, taxed to the Crown at £18 16s. 8d. a year.

A few days after the marriage, on the 9th of March, a grant from the Queen to Mary Livingston and John Sempill passed the great seal. In this official document she styles the bride "her familiar servatrice," and the bridegroom "her daily and familiar serviter, during all the youthheid and minority of the said serviters." In recognition of their services both to herself and the Queen Regent, she

infeofs them in her town and lands of Auctermuchty, part of her royal demesne in Fifeshire, the lands and lordships of Stewarton in Ayr, and the isle of Little Cumbrae in the Forth of Clyde.

After her marriage "*Mademoiselle de Semple*" was appointed lady of the bedchamber, an office for which she received £200 a year. Her husband also seems to have retained some office which required his personal attendance on the Queen, for we know that both husband and wife were in waiting at Holyrood on the memorable evening of David Rizzio's murder. The shock which this tragic event produced on Mary was very great, and filled her with the darkest forebodings. She more than once expressed her fear that she would not survive her approaching confinement. About the end of May or the beginning of June, shortly before the solemn ceremony of "taking her chamber," she caused an inventory of her personal effects to be drawn up by Mary Livingston and Margaret Carwod, the bedchamber woman in charge of her cabinet, and with her own hand wrote, on the margin opposite to each of the several articles, the name of the person for whom it was intended, in the event of her death and of that of her infant. Mary Livingston's name appears by the side of the following objects in the original document, which was discovered among some unassorted law papers in the Register House, in August, 1854 :—

Quatre vingtz deux esguillettes xliij petites de mesme facon esmaillez de blancq.

Une brodure du toure contenant xxv pieces esmaille de blanc et noir facon de godrons.

Vne brodeure doreillette de pareille facon contenant xxvij pieces esmaillees de blanc et noir.

Vne cottouere de semblable facon contenant lx pieces de pareille facon esmaillee de blanc et noir.

Vng carcan esmaille de blanc et noir contenant dixsept pieces et a chacune piece y a vng petit pendant.

Vne chesne a saindre de semblable facon contenant liij pieces esmaillees de blanc et noir et vng vase au bout.

Vne corde de coural contenant lixij pieces faictes en vase.

Vne aultre corde de coural contenant treize grosses pieces aussy en vase.

Vng aultre corde de coural contenant xxxviij pieches plus petites aussy en vase.

Vne reste de patenostres ou il a neuf meures de perles et des grains dargent entredeux.

Vne sainture et cottouere de perles garnie bleu et grains noir faict a roisteau.

Item : haill acoustrement of gold of couter carcan and chesne of 66 pyecis.

Only on one occasion after this do we find mention of Mary Livingston in connection with her royal mistress. It is on the day

following the Queen's surrender at Carberry, when she was brought back a prisoner to Edinburgh. The scene is described by Du Croc, the French ambassador. "On the evening of the next day," he writes in the official report forwarded to his court, "at eight o'clock, the Queen was brought back to the castle of Holyrood, escorted by three hundred arquebusiers, the Earl of Morton on the one side, and the Earl of Athole on the other; she was on foot, though two hacks were led in front of her; she was accompanied at the time by Mademoiselle de Sempel and Seton, with others of her chamber, and was dressed in a night-gown of various colours."

After the Queen's removal from Edinburgh the Sempills also left it to reside sometimes at Beltreis, and sometimes at Auchtermuchty, but chiefly in Paisley, where they built a house which was still to be seen but a few years ago, near what is now the Cross. Their retirement from the capital did not, however, secure for them the quietness which they expected to enjoy. They had stood too high in favour with the captive Queen to be overlooked by her enemies. The Regent Lennox, remembering that Mary Livingston had been intrusted with the care of the royal jewels and wardrobe, accused her of having some of the Queen's effects in her possession. Notwithstanding her denial, her husband was arrested and cast into prison, and she herself brought before the Lords of the Privy Council. Their cross-questioning and brow-beating failed to elicit any information from her, and it was only when Lennox threatened to "put her to the horn," and to inflict the torture of the "boot" on her husband, that she confessed to the possession of "three lang-tailit gowns garnished with fur of martrix and fur of sables." She protested, however, that, as was indeed highly probable, these had been given to her, and were but cast-off garments, of little value or use to any one. In spite of this, she was not allowed to depart until she had given surety "that she would compear in the council-chamber on the morrow and surrender the gear."

Lennox's death, which occurred shortly after this, did not put an end to the persecution to which the Sempills were subjected. Morton was as little friendly to them as his predecessor had been. He soon gave proof of this by calling upon John Sempill to leave his family and to proceed to England, as one of the hostages demanded as security for the return of the army and implements of war, sent, under Sir William Drury, to lay siege to Edinburgh Castle.

On his return home, Sempill found new and worse troubles awaiting him. It happened that of the lands conferred upon Mary Livingston on her marriage some portion lay near one of Morton's

estates. Not only had the Queen's gift been made by a special grant under the Great and Privy Seals, but the charter of infeoffment had also been ratified by a further Act of Parliament in 1567, when it was found that the proposal to annul the forfeiture of George Earl of Huntly would affect it. It seemed difficult, therefore, to find even a legal flaw that would avail to deprive the Sempills of their lands and afford the Regent an opportunity of appropriating them to himself. He was probably too powerful, however, to care greatly for the justice of his plea. He brought the matter before the Court of Session, urging that the gift made by the Queen to Mary Livingston and her husband was null and void, on the ground that it was illegal to alienate the lands of the Crown. It was in vain that Sempill brought forward the deed of gift under the Great and Privy Seals, the judges would not allow his plea. Thereupon Sempill burst into a violent passion, declaring that if he lost his suit, it would cost him his life as well. Whiteford of Milntoun, a near relative of Sempill's, who was with him at the time, likewise allowed his temper to get the better of his discretion, and exclaimed "that Nero was but a dwarf compared to Morton." This remark, all the more stinging that it was looked upon as a sneer at the Regent's low stature, was never forgiven. Not long after the conclusion of the lawsuit, both Sempill and Whiteford were thrown into prison on a charge "of having conspired against the Regent's life, and of having laid in wait by the Kirk, within the Kirkland of Paisley, to have shot him, in the month of January, 1575, at the instigation of the Lords Claud and John Hamilton." After having been detained in prison till 1577, John Sempill was brought up for trial on this capital charge. His alleged crime being of such a nature that it was probably found impossible to prove it by the testimony of witnesses, he was put to the torture of the boot, with which he had been threatened on a former occasion. By this means, sufficient was extorted from him to give at least a semblance of justice to the sentence of death which was passed on him. In consideration of this confession, however, the sentence was not carried out. Ultimately, he was set at liberty and restored to his family. His health had completely broken down under the terrible ordeal through which he had gone, and he only lingered on till the 25th of April, 1579.

Of Mary Livingston's life after the death of her husband, but little is known. From an Act of Parliament passed in November, 1581, it appears that tardy justice was done her by James VI., who caused the grants formerly made to "umquhile John Semple, of Butress, and his spouse, to be ratified." Her eldest son, James, was

brought up with James VI., and in later life was sent as ambassador to England. He was knighted in 1601. There were three other children—two boys, Arthur and John, and one girl, Dorothea.

The exact date of Mary Livingston's death is not known, but she appears to have been living in 1592.

IV.

The family to which Mary Beton, or, as she herself signed her name, Marie Bethune, belonged, seems to have been peculiarly devoted to the service of the house of Stuart. Her father, Robert Beton, of Creich, is mentioned amongst the noblemen and gentlemen who sailed from Dunbarton with the infant Queen, in 1548, and who accompanied her in 1561, when she returned to take possession of the Scottish throne. His office was that of one of the Masters of the Household, and, as such, he was in attendance at Holyrood when the murderers of Rizzio burst into the queen's chamber and stabbed him before her eyes. He also appears under the style of Keeper of the Royal Palace of Falkland, and Steward of the Queen's Rents in Fife. At his death, which occurred in 1567, he recommends his wife and children to the care of the Queen, "that scho be haill mantenare of my hous as my houpe is in hir Maiestie under God." His grandfather, the founder of the house, was comptroller and treasurer to King James IV. His aunt was one of the ladies of the court of King James V., by whom she was the mother of the Countess of Argyll. One of his sisters, the wife of Arthur Forbes of Reres, stood in high favour with Queen Mary, and was wet-nurse to James VI. His French wife, Jehanne de la Runuelle, and two of his daughters, were ladies of honour.

Of the four Marys, Mary Beton has left least trace in the history of the time. It seems to have been her good fortune to be wholly unconnected with the political events which, in one way or another, dragged her fair colleagues into their vortex, and it may be looked upon as a proof of the happiness of her life, as compared with their eventful careers, that she has but little history.

Though but few materials remain to enable us to reconstruct the story of Mary Beton's life, a fortunate chance gives us the means of judging of the truth of the high-flown compliments paid to her beauty by both Randolph and Buchanan. A portrait of her is still shown at Balfour House, in Fife. It represents, we are told, "a very fair beauty, with dark eyes and yellow hair," and is said to justify all that has been written in praise of her personal charms. The first to fall

a victim to these was the English envoy, Randolph. A letter of his to the Earl of Bedford, written in April, 1565, mentions, as an important fact, that Mistress Beton and he had lately played a game at biles against the Queen and Darnley, that they had been successful against their royal opponents, and that Darnley had paid the stakes. In another letter, written to Leicester, he thinks it worthy of special record that for four days he had sat next her at the Queen's table, at St. Andrews. "I was willed to be at my ordinary table, and being placed the next person, saving worthy Beton, to the Queen herself." Writing to the same nobleman he makes a comparison between her and Mary Fleming, of whom, as we have seen, he had drawn so glowing a description, and declares that, "if Beton had lyked so short a time, so worthie a rowme, Flemyng to her by good right should have given place." Knowing, as we do, from the testimony of other letters, how prone Randolph was to overrate his personal influence, and with what amusing self-conceit he claimed for himself the special favours of the ladies of the Scottish court, there is every reason to suspect the veracity of the statement contained in the following extract from a letter to Sir Henry Sidney: "I doubt myself whether I be the self-same man that now will be content with the name of your countryman, that have the whole guiding, the giving, and bestowing, not only of the Queen, and her kingdom, but of the most worthy Beton, to be ordered and ruled at mine own will."

Like her colleague, Mary Fleming, "the most worthy Beton" had her hour of mock royalty, as we learn from three sets of verses in which Buchanan extols her beauty, worth, and accomplishments, and which are inscribed: "*Ad Mariam Betonam pridie Regalium Reginam sorte ductam.*" In the first of these, which bears some resemblance to that addressed to Mary Fleming on a similar occasion, he asserts, with poetical enthusiasm, the mimic sovereign's real claims to the high dignity which Fortune has tardily conferred upon her:—

Thy mind and vertue princely ; beauty fair
May well unto a diadem be heir ;
Fortune, asham'd her gifts should wanting be,
Sent wealth and riches in good store to thee ;
And, when had honoured thee, without all hate,
Her long delay she could not explate,
Unless that Queen, deserving earth's empire,
Subjection to thy scepter should desire.

In his next effusion the poet rises to a more passionate height in his admiration. It is such as we might imagine Randolph to have

penned in his enthusiasm, could we, by any flight of fancy, suppose him capable of such scholarly verses as those of Buchanan.

Should I complain? Or should I Fortune praise?
 To Beton fair who makes me slave always;
 O, Beauty at this time, what need I thee?
 When no hopes are of mutual love for me.
 If Fortune had been kind, in youthful prime,
 And me advanc'd to honour so sublime;
 I soon had turn'd to dust, and my short day
 Had been small pain, altho' it would not stay;
 Now liog'ring Fates torment; I want life's joy,
 And sudden death were pleasure, not annoy:
 In either case, it's all my comfort still,
 My life and death is at my Lady's will.

The third epigram is more particularly interesting, as bearing reference, we think, to Mary Beton's literary tastes:—

Cold winter flowers and fields holds bound; no where
 Can I find nosegay for my Lady rare;
 My muse, once fruitful garden, now by years
 Defaced is, and barren winter bears:
 Did comely Beton's gale but once me touch,
 Spring in her blossoms all were nothing such.

The will drawn up by Mary Stuart, in 1566, which, it is true, never took effect, seems to point to Mary Beton as the most scholarly amongst the maids of honour. It is to her that the French, English, and Italian books in the royal collection are bequeathed; the classical authors being reserved for the university of St. Andrews, where they were intended to form the nucleus of a library: "*Je laysse mes liuures qui y sont en Grec ou Latin à l'université de Sintandre, pour y commencer une bible. Les aultres ie les laysse à Beton.*"

This is further borne out by the fact that, many years later, William Fowler, secretary to Queen Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI., dedicated his "*Lamentatioun of the desolat Olympia, furth of the tenth cantt of Ariosto*" "to the right honourable ladye Marye Betoun, Ladye Boine." Of the literary accomplishments which may fairly be inferred from these circumstances, we have, however, no further proof. Nothing of Mary Beton's has come down to us, except a letter, addressed by her in June, 1563, to the wife of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, whose acquaintance she may have made either in France or in Scotland, Sir Nicholas having been English ambassador in both countries. In this short document the writer acknowledges the receipt of a ring, assures the giver that she will

endeavour to return her love by making her commendations to the Queen, and begs her acceptance in return, and as a token of their good love and amity, of a little ring which she has been accustomed to wear daily.

In the month of May, 1566, Mary Beton married Alexander Ogilvie, of Boyne. But little is known of this marriage beyond the fact that the Queen named the day, and beyond such circumstances of a purely legal and technical nature as may be gathered from the marriage contract, which is still extant, and has been published in the *Miscellany of the Maitland Club*. It sets forth that the bride was to have a dowry from her father of 3,000 merks, and a jointure from her husband of lands yielding 150 merks and 30 chalders of grain yearly. This legal document derives its chief interest from bringing together in a friendly transaction persons who played important and hostile parts in the most interesting period of Scottish history. It bears the signatures of the Queen and Henry Darnley, together with those of the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Bothwell, Murray, and Atholl, as cautioners for the bridegroom, that of Alexander Ogilvie himself, who subscribes his territorial style of "Boyne," and that of "Marie Bethune." The signature of the bride's father, and that of Michael Balfour, of Burleigh, his cautioner for payment of his daughter's tocher, are wanting.

It would appear that Mary Beton, or, as she was usually called after her marriage, "the Lady Boyn," or "Madame de Boyn," did not immediately retire from the court. In what capacity, however, she kept up her connection with it, cannot be ascertained. All that we have been able to discover is that after her marriage she received several gifts of ornaments and robes from the Queen. Amongst the latter we notice a dress which was scarcely calculated to suit the fair beauty: "*Une robbe de satin jeaulne dore toute goffree faicte a manches longues toute chamaree de bisette d'argent borde de passement geaulne goffre d'argent!*"

Both Mary Beton and Alexander Ogilvie are said to have been living as late as 1606. All that is known as to the date of her death is that it occurred before that of her husband, who, in his old age, married the divorced wife of Bothwell, the Countess Dowager of Sutherland.

It is interesting to note the contrast between the comparatively uneventful reality of Mary Beton's life and the romantic career assigned to her in the latest work of fiction, which introduces her in connection with her royal and ill-fated mistress. In Mr. Swinburne's "*Mary Stuart*," the catastrophe is brought about by Mary Beton.

For some score of years, from that day forth when she beheld the execution of him on whom she is supposed to have bestowed her unrequited love, of the chivalrous, impetuous Chastelard, when her eyes "beheld fall the most faithful head in all the world," Mary Beton, "dumb as death," has been waiting for the expiation, waiting

Even with long suffering eagerness of heart
And a most hungry patience.

It is by her action in forwarding to Elizabeth the letter in which Mary Stuart summed up all the charges brought against her rival, that the royal captive's doom is hastened, that Chastelard's death is avenged. It would be the height of hypercritical absurdity to find fault with the poet for the use which he has made of a character which can scarcely be called historical. Nevertheless, as it is often from fiction alone that we gather our knowledge of the minor characters of history—of those upon which more serious records, engrossed with the jealousies of crowned heads, with the intrigues of diplomatists and the wrangles of theologians, have no attention to bestow—it does not seem altogether useless at least to point out how little resemblance there is between the Mary Beton of real life and the Nemesis of the drama.

V.

"The secund wyf of the said Lord George (Marie Pieris, ane Frenche woman, quha come in Scotland with Quene Marie, dochter to the Duik of Gweis) bair to him tua sonnys and ane dochter . . . the dochter Marie." This extract from Sir Richard Maitland's "History of the House of Seton" gives us the parentage of the fourth of the Marys. She was the daughter of a house in which loyalty and devotion to the Stuarts was traditional. In the darkest pages of their history the name of the Setons is always found amongst those of the few faithful friends whom danger could not frighten nor promises tempt from their allegiance. In this respect Mary Seton's French mother was worthy of the family into which she was received. At the death of Marie de Guise, Dame Pieris transferred not only her services, but her love also, to the infant Queen, and stood by her with blind devotion under some of the most trying circumstances of her short career as reigning sovereign. The deposition of French Paris gives us a glimpse of her, attending on Mary and conferring secretly with Bothwell on the morning after the King's murder. At a later date we find her conspiring with the Queen's friends at what was known as the council "of the witches of Atholl," and subsequently

imprisoned, with her son, for having too freely expressed her loyalty to her mistress. We may, therefore, almost look upon it as the natural result of Mary Seton's training, and of her family associations, that she is pre-eminently the Queen's companion in adversity. It seems characteristic of this that no individual mention occurs of her as bearing any part in the festivities of the court, or sharing her mistress's amusements. Her first appearance coincides with the last appearance of Mary Livingston in connection with Mary Stuart. When the Queen, after her surrender at Carberry, was ignominiously dragged in her night-dress through the streets of her capital, her faltering steps were supported by Mary Livingston and Mary Seton. At Lochleven Mary Seton, still in attendance on her mistress, bore an important part in her memorable flight, a part more dangerous, perhaps, than Jane Kennedy's traditional leap from the window, for it consisted in personating the Queen within the castle, whilst the flight was taking place, and left her at the mercy of the disappointed gaolers when faithful Willie Douglas had brought it to a successful issue. How she fared at this critical moment, or how she herself contrived to regain her liberty, is not recorded; but it is certain that before long she had resumed her honourable but perilous place by the side of her royal mistress. It is scarcely open to doubt that the one maid of honour who stood with the Queen on the eminence whence she beheld the fatal battle of Langside was the faithful Mary Seton.

Although, so far as we have been able to ascertain, Mary Seton's name does not occur amongst those of the faithful few who fled with the Queen from the field of Langside to Sanquhar and Dundrennan, and although the latter actually states in the letter which she wrote to the Cardinal de Lorraine, on the 21st of June, that for three nights after the battle she had fled across country, without being accompanied by any female attendant, we need have no hesitation in stating that Mary Seton must have been amongst the eighteen who, when the infatuated Mary resolved on trusting herself to the protection of Elizabeth, embarked with her in a fishing-smack at Dundrennan, and landed at Workington. A letter written by Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil, on the 28th of June, makes particular mention of Mary Seton as one of the waiting-women in attendance on the Queen, adding further particulars which clearly point to the fact that she had been so for at least several days :—

Now here are six waiting-women, although none of reputation, but Mistress Mary Seton, who is praised by this Queen to be the finest busker, that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's head of hair, that is to be seen in any country

whereof we have seen divers experiences, since her coming hither. And, among other pretty devices, yesterday and this day, she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a perewyke, that showed very delicately. And every other day she hath a new device of head-dressing, without any cost, and yet setteth forth a woman gaylie well.

For the next nine years Mary Seton disappears almost entirely in the monotony of her self-imposed exile and captivity. A casual reference to her, from time to time, in the Queen's correspondence, is the only sign we have of her existence. Thus, in a letter written from Chatsworth, in 1570, to the Archbishop of Glasgow, to inform him of the death of his brother, John Beton, laird of Creich, and to request him to send over Andrew Beton to act as Master of the Household, Mary Stuart incidentally mentions her maid of honour in terms which, however, convey but little information concerning her, beyond that of her continued devotion to her mistress and her affection for her mistress's friends. "Vous avez une amye en Seton," so the Queen writes, "qui sera aussi satisfayte, en votre absence, de vous servir de bonne amye que parente ou aultre que puissiez avoir aupres de moy, pour l'affection qu'elle porte à tous ceulx qu'elle con-
nait m'avoyr esté fidèles serviteurs."

The royal prisoner's correspondence for the year 1574 gives us another glimpse of her faithful attendant, "qui tous les jours me fayct service tres agreable," and for whom the Archbishop is requested to send over from Paris a watch and alarum. "La monstre que je demande est pour Seton. Si n'en pouvez trouver une faite, faites la faire, simple et juste, suyvnt mon premier mémoyre, avec le reveil-matin à part."

Three years must again elapse before Mary Seton's next appearance. On this occasion, however, in 1577, she assumes special importance, and figures as the chief character in a romantic little drama which Mary Stuart herself has sketched for us in two letters written from her prison in Sheffield to Archbishop Beton.

It will be remembered that when, in 1570, death deprived Queen Mary of the services of John Beton, her Master of the Household, she requested that his younger brother should be sent over from Paris to supply his place. In due time Andrew Beton appeared at Sheffield and entered upon his honourable but profitless duties. He was necessarily brought into daily contact with Mary Seton, for whom he soon formed a strong affection, and whom he sought in marriage. The maid of honour, a daughter of the proud house of Winton, does not appear to have felt flattered by the attentions of Beton, who, though "de fort bonne maison," according to Brantôme, was but the

younger son of a younger son. Despairing of success on his own merits, Andrew Beton at last wrote to his brother, the Archbishop, requesting him to engage their royal mistress's influence in furtherance of his suit. The Queen, with whom, as we know, match-making was an amiable weakness, accepted the part offered her, and the result of her negotiations is best explained by her own letter to the Archbishop :—

According to the promise conveyed to you in my last letter, I have, on three several occasions, spoken to my maid. After raising several objections based on the respect due to the honour of her house—according to the custom of my country—but more particularly on the vow which she alleges, and which she maintains, can neither licitly nor honourably be broken, she has at last yielded to my remonstrances and earnest persuasions, and dutifully submitted to my commands, as being those of a good mistress and of one who stands to her in the place of a mother, trusting that I shall have due consideration both for her reputation and for the confidence which she has placed in me. Therefore, being anxious to gratify you in so good an object, I have taken it upon myself to obtain for her a dispensation from her alleged vow, which I hold to be null. If the opinion of theologians should prove to coincide with mine in this matter, it shall be my care to see to the rest. In doing so, however, I shall change characters, for, as she has confidently placed herself in my hands, I shall have to represent not your interests, but hers. Now, as regards the first point, our man, whom I called into our presence, volunteered a little rashly, considering the difficulties which will arise, to undertake the journey himself, to bring back the dispensation, after having consulted with you as to the proper steps to be taken, and to be with us again within three months, bringing you with him. I shall request a passport for him ; do you, on your part, use your best endeavours for him ; they will be needed, considering the circumstances under which I am placed. Furthermore, it will be necessary to write to the damsel's brother, to know how far he thinks I may go without appearing to give too little weight to the difference of degree and title.¹

After having penned this interesting and well-meaning epistle, the Queen communicated it to Mary Seton; to whom, however, it did not appear a fair statement of the case, and for whose satisfaction a postscript was added :—

I have shown the above to the maiden, and she accuses me of over-partiality in this, that for shortness' sake, I have omitted some of the circumstances of her dutiful submission to me, in making which she still entertained a hope that some regard should be had for her vow, even though it prove to be null, and that her inclination should also be consulted, which has long been, and more especially since our captivity, rather in favour of remaining in her present state than of entering that of marriage. I have promised her to set this before you, and to give it, myself, that consideration which is due to her confidence in me. Furthermore, I have assured her that, should I be led to persuade her to enter into that state which is least agreeable to her, it would only be because my conscience told me

¹ The original is written in French.

that it was the better for her, and that there was no danger of the least blamé being attached to her. She makes a great point of the disparity of rank and titles, and mentions in support of this that she heard fault found with the marriage of the sisters Livingston, merely for having wedded the younger sons of their peers, and she fears that, in a country where such formalities are observed, her own friends may have a similar opinion of her. But, as the Queen of both of them, I have undertaken to assume the whole responsibility, and to do all that my present circumstances will allow, to make matters smooth. You need, therefore, take no further trouble about this, beyond getting her brother to let us know his candid opinion.

With his mistress's good wishes, and with innumerable commissions from her ladies, Andrew Beton set out on his mission. Whether the dispensation was less easy to obtain than he at first fancied, or whether other circumstances, perhaps of a political nature, arose to delay him, twice the three months within which he had undertaken to return to Sheffield had elapsed before information of his homeward journey was received. He had been successful in obtaining a theological opinion favourable to his suit, but it appeared that Mary Seton's objections to matrimony were not to be removed with her vow. This seems to be the meaning of a letter written to Beton by Mary Stuart, in which, after telling him that she will postpone the discussion of his affairs till his return, she pointedly adds that Mary Seton's letters to him must have sufficiently informed him as to her decision, and that she herself, though willing to help him by showing her hearty approval of the match, could give no actual commands in the matter. A similar letter to the Archbishop seems to point to a belief on Mary's part that, in spite of the dispensation, the match would never be concluded, and that Beton would meet with a bitter disappointment on his return to Sheffield. It was destined, however, that he should never again behold either his royal lady or her for whom he had undertaken the journey. He died on his way homewards; but we have no knowledge where or under what circumstances. The first intimation of the event is contained, as are, indeed, most of the details belonging to this period, in the Queen's correspondence. In a letter bearing the date of the 5th of November she expresses to the Archbishop her regret at the failure of her project to unite the Betons and the Setons, as well as at the personal loss she has sustained by the death of a faithful subject and servant.

With this episode our knowledge of Mary Seton's history is nearly exhausted. There is no further reference to her in the correspondence of the next six years, during which she continued to share her Queen's captivity. About the year 1583, when her own health had

broken down under the hardships to which she was subjected in the various prisons to which she followed Mary Stuart, she begged and obtained permission to retire to France. The remainder of her life was spent in the seclusion of the abbey of St. Peter's, at Rheims, over which Renée de Lorraine, the Queen's maternal aunt, presided.

The last memorial which we have of Mary Seton is a touching proof of the affection which she still bore her hapless Queen, and of the interest with which, from her convent cell, she still followed the course of events. It is a letter, written in October, 1586, to Courcelles, the new French ambassador at Holyrood; it refers to her long absence from Scotland, and concludes with an expression of regret at the fresh troubles which had befallen the captive Queen, in consequence, it may be supposed, of Babington's conspiracy:—

I cannot conclude without telling you the extreme pain and anxiety I feel at the distressing news which has been reported here, that some new trouble has befallen the Queen, my mistress. Time will not permit me to tell you more.

LOUIS BARBÉ.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SALT LAKES.

THERE is no country which for monotony can compare with the Transvaal. Grass, nothing but grass, a never-ending plain of undulating green, and across it the waggon track you are following ; a pair of crows by the wayside a welcome variety ; a waggon, no matter whom it belongs to, the event of the day.

Very early one November morning, spring time in South Africa, I was riding over this uninviting land where the traveller's inclinations must give way to those of his oxen. They are a necessity, and seem to know it ; very stupid and self-willed, with an aptitude for going sick, when they lie down in the middle of the road and refuse to budge another inch.

So it is to suit their convenience that you have started a good hour before daybreak, when the grass is crystallised with hoar-frost and a white mist clings, thick and cold, shrouding everything in darkness. You watch for the dawn in the east, and long for the grey horizon to be tinged with light. Then as a cold wind freezes up all the little life you have left, the sun rising slowly tips the ground with colour, the mist floats away, lingering awhile in the hollows, wreathing round the stones, and a pleasant glow begins to creep through your frozen limbs.

My pony seemed to feel the change, and started off at a canter. The monotony of the scene touched by the magic of the morning sun had vanished ; streams each in a tiny valley swirled against the stones ; the hollows they were dancing in were carpeted with flowers of brilliant colour ; the hills of ragged boulders, grey just now, were tinged with pink, the cactus trees between them holding aloft blazing flowers ; and in the distance were the dark-green gum-trees about a Boer farm, where eggs and milk and the company of mankind could be expected.

Ant-hills were everywhere—rounded, mud-coloured heaps, hard as rocks and several feet in height—the houses of the white ant. Inside, the ant-hill is honey-combed, the chambers filled with bits of dry

grass, the ants living below their granaries. The ant-bear, the great enemy of the race, digs a hole under the hill and gets pleasant feeding out of the ants as they fall upon his tongue. The human ant-bear picks out a heap for an oven, it burns well, and a hollow at the top holds the baking-pan. Wild bees have a fancy for these ant-hills, turning out the ants and filling their granaries with honey ; so the white ant has a bad time of it ; yet he prospers, and ant-hills are as plentiful as ever.

I was making for Lake Chrissie, the largest of the group of salt lakes in the far east ; broad, inland seas, the home of countless water-birds, happy to find so much water in so waterless a land.

For several days I had been riding over a plateau 4,000 feet above the sea, the nights bitterly cold ; the wind never ceasing, boisterous, and loaded with dust during the days ; the scene a rolling grass plain backed up by quaintly shaped hills, the clumps of blue gums left behind, even a solitary waggon wanting ; a dreary country to ride through. But on this spring morning the ground was all down hill—a pleasant change after a fortnight on the flat. I was on the edge of the great basin in which the Salt Lakes lay.

Monotonous as the ride had been, there was a feeling of freedom in riding across the *veldt*, quite charming ; there were no hedges or churlish labourers to stop me ; go where I would it was God's earth, as free to me as to the antelope.

There is a thick white mist very like cotton-wool that clings about South African valleys in early morning, waiting for the sun to dissolve it ; and this cotton-wool mist was wreathing itself round the ant-heaps on that November morning. Sometimes a juniper bush was in the way, and would ravel out its skirts in gauzy fringe ; or a rock sticking up for no particular purpose except to let the soft stuff frame it in fleecy fretwork ; at odd intervals it would take a fancy to open out and disclose a herd of "spring-bok," or a "pauw" busy amongst the hyacinths ; the buck darting away into the nearest mist-land, the bird craning his neck, uncertain if I were friend or foe.

I had ridden through this mist for some miles, when, as if by magic, it rolled away. Below was a broad valley and two patches of silvery light in the hollow, nearly a mile apart, fringed with bright turf and waving rushes. It was my first glimpse of the Salt Lakes.

Riding on, the silver patches grew into lakes, on which were birds floating ; mere dots of black, only the dots would rise, cutting across and splashing down between other dots which made way for them.

For three months I had seen nothing bigger than a village duck-

pond, so the sight was novel and very charming, and I rode on slowly, in order to miss nothing of the enchantment.

All round the water was a thick growth of rushes inside which the birds sailed about quite fearlessly. There were geese in untold numbers; fleets of ducks and widgeon paddled near the shore; and herons and quaint, long-legged birds fringed the banks, waiting for their breakfast to turn up.

Meanwhile the sun had been getting higher.

Now sunrise in South Africa is a peculiarity of the country. In South Africa the sun is always in a hurry. In early morning you shiver with the frost, and are glad to welcome the blaze of his rounded majesty over the hills. For the first half-hour he is perfect; the side of your body farthest from him may feel like an icicle, but that next to him will be done to a turn; in ten minutes more he will begin to overdo it, and will go on overdoing it till you are altogether overdone.

Time was of value to a man who was up to his tricks, so I cantered across the valley, quitting its pleasant scene for the plains which everywhere spread themselves. Small piles of bones, white and glistening, marked where a buck had been shot; their skins sell for a few pence, yet the Boers are shooting them down so rapidly that in some years hence the race will be extinct.

A few miles farther I came upon another valley, also holding a lake in its hollow, altogether different from the first. Here was a fringe of rocks, black and jagged, sticking out in points against which the waves splashed. The lake was about two miles long, divided by a bridge of rocks, level with the water and eaten into countless holes, telling of the old giants who had been blowing rock-bubbles long ago in this neighbourhood, when the bubbles bursting, had hardened, and filled with water.

On the side farthest from me was a rank of tall white birds, four deep, something like storks, but which turned out to be flamingoes. In every pool were ducks, paddling in pairs; waders stalked in the shallows; the centre given up to black and white geese. But of all the birds there the flamingoes were the strangest. Their legs were so thin and so straight, their necks so absurdly unequal to their clumsy heads, the scraps of red plumage so marked a contrast to their snow-white feathers, their solemnity ridiculous. Though there must have been a hundred of them, I could not detect a movement in a single flamingo. Every bird was devoured with curiosity about myself. Every eye was watching me; I don't believe one of them winked. Then, all at once, the flock rose like a great white cloud—now white, and now pink again,

The contrast between the lake and the *veldt* around it was very striking. Here all was life and motion; the water-birds darting ceaselessly, leaving wakes like silver lines that broadened and died out; the geese sailing far out of reach, calmly observant; the flamingoes overhead manœuvring against the sky; on the beach at my feet the sand-pipers running races after the worms.

A dozen steps up the bank and I looked over a sea of grass across which the waggon-track wound away to the sky-line; and it was over this dreary waste that I now turned reluctantly. There were more heaps of bones, and a few bucks scattered widely. A fat hare jumping up under my pony's feet was startling. Here and there lay an ox, dead long ago, its framework, dried to a mummy, attractive to the vultures—dirty brown birds, who craned their necks and sidled away from their feast as I rode past; sights which a traveller in South Africa knows too well. So I rode for many miles, the turf gemmed with flowers, a light yellow star in clusters more common than the rest.

In front had been growing up a line, darker than the everlasting *veldt*, which I knew to be the bank of the next lake. The turf was soppy with bright-green patches. In one of them a couple of grey geese eyed me solemnly; a pair of Kaffir cranes not far off, the feathery plumage of their wings, soft dove-colour, drooping behind them like a tail. When I was under the ridge I dismounted, knee-haltering my pony, and, creeping behind a clump of rushes, stole up to get my first glimpse of the Great Salt Lake.

In my excitement I scarcely breathed. Quite close to me, below the rushes, I saw a sheet of silver, reflecting the clouds, dotted with wild-fowl; the divers in pairs, the geese and ducks in fleets, and just under where I lay two flamingoes and three geese pluming themselves, unconscious of the intruder behind the rushes. The silver reflecting them doubled the number of the birds, the ripple adding life and motion to the group. The flamingoes were snowy white, their wings and heads dabbed with pink; the geese, comfortable black and white fellows, larger than the familiar Michaelmas bird. Everywhere the air was filled with the cries of other water-birds, a constant chattering, contented or quarrelsome, hurrying after a scrap of food, disappointed when it escaped them, happy when it was captured. Then down the wind came the whirr of many wings as the newcomers splashed into the lake.

The water stretched as far as I could see for about four miles, ending in a line of boulders, piled loosely one upon the other, and dotted with brushwood, forming a promontory stretching nearly

across the lake, which had got to be named after it, "Island Lake Pan"—"Salt Pan" is the local term for a salt lake. I was loth to disturb the peaceful home I was looking into, but time was flying, the lake was long, and to miss exploring it was out of the question. So I jumped up. The faces of those birds were comical; they were so astonished, they could not believe their own eyes; if ever birds were taken aback, it was the five below me. The flamingoes were the most ludicrous; their little eyes twinkled, and stared, and blinked again; if they had owned pocket-handkerchiefs they would have taken them out and wiped away the wonder that was in them. As it was they gathered their wits together, and spreading their wings flapped away followed by the geese, quacking indignantly.

The shore was sand, white, and broken on the far side into miniature capes; round each a colony of ducks, some waddling, some swimming, the rest standing while they put a finishing touch to their toilettes, every one of them quacking incessantly.

Scattered along the beach were many weather-worn bones, the skulls of the hippopotami that once made the lake their home; and a little farther inland amongst the rushes were the hiding-places, roughly built of turf, from which they had been shot; their favourite haunt a large circular pool upon the far side of the promontory towards which I was walking.

Half-way between it and the head of the lake a colony of water-fowl was conspicuous, attracted by a stream which wandered through a green patch to the water, and going on towards them I nearly stepped into a hole, larger than a soup-plate, perhaps two feet deep. It had been lately made, the water still running into it. A few feet farther towards the lake was another just like it, and again another. There was nothing to account for the holes, but I could not help examining them curiously. The mud and oozing water told nothing, and I looked up for some one who could help me. Facing the lake, I saw three dots floating on the water which slowly sank out of sight, then bobbed up again just in the same place. The dots were very like three burnt corks out for a holiday, yet it dawned upon me that they were the eyes and nose of a hippopotamus. The dots were quite still now, and I could fancy that I saw the eyes of the monster enjoying my inability to do more than stare at him. For a good half-hour while I watched them I don't think they changed their position one inch, they just looked or swam me out, and as it was getting dusk I had to leave them.

A Boer told me afterwards that one old hippopotamus is left, spending his time between Island Lake Pan and Lake Chrissie; his

habit being to wander from one to the other at night, frightening, not unnaturally, the travellers he may chance to meet.

There is a charm in camp life in South Africa ; the air is cool and fresh, the *veldt* you have picked out for the night is dotted with flowers; the sky is cloudless, and the stars peep out quite early, the wind, which all day long has been tearing across the plains, has gone down, and the little table under the lee of your waggon promises dinner to the best of appetites ; just beyond the camp-fire sparkles, the only sound the oxen chewing their evening meal. You are your own master, and alone.

True, you have to do without a great deal that you used to think indispensable, the necessities of outdoor life bringing home to a man that hot, well-cooked food is better than many delicate dishes, a discovery which has made the "Kaffir pot" an institution in South Africa. It is a clumsy, cast-iron concern, akin to the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, but it will stand knocking about over the roughest roads in the waggon, has little choice about the fire that warms it, will hold a great deal no matter what its size or shape, and when heated keeps hot a long time. The ducks and hippopotamus were well enough, but never was anything more welcome than this same clumsy "Kaffir pot" and my lumbering waggon brought up for the night, which I picked up after a good hour's ride.

Next morning, for a change, the track was undulating ; here and there rocks stuck out of the turf ; on either side were hollows, the beds of dried-up lakes ; indeed, local tradition has it that the lakes themselves are drying up, but then tradition dates from yesterday in South Africa. Pools were plentiful—I counted five from one hill—generally round, circled with rushes, and quite devoid of life. The swells in the *veldt* were interminable, one after another was climbed with a certainty that Lake Chrissie would be in sight from the top ; the top reached and an expanse of green was all that met the eye. Perhaps it was the lie of the land, a little bit down the hill and the lake would appear. But the little bit became a long bit, and the long bit went up the next swell, and still there was no lake. Yet it was only ten miles from Island Lake Pan to Lake Chrissie, just an hour's canter. Try ten miles' ride in England, in some part of it where there are no hedges, no trees, no cottages, where the mud shows no sign of wheels, where the horizon is always a long, unbroken line, and you will form an idea of the monotony of ten miles on the *veldt*.

But even that must come to an end, and so at last a bright streak of water on the left told me that my ride was done. A little below, in a hollow, lay Lake Chrissie, the greatest of all the salt lakes,

gleaming in the sunlight, framed in sandy beaches, quiet and beautiful, a perfect picture in its solitude, one which I had set my heart upon to see. Alas ! for human nature, my eyes wandered over that still water to rest upon a dirty grey house in a clump of gum-trees at the head of the lake. It was only a wayside store where bad brandy and stale tinned meats, like those in the shop windows of the slums of any seaport town, can be bought, yet just then it came upon me like a glimpse of Paradise beside which the lake and its seven miles of silver water sank into insignificance. Antelope and geese are excellent company, but they can't speak ; here, at any rate, behind the stale tins and bad brandy would be a fellow-creature who can talk.

A South African store, in suiting itself to the wants of its customers, has obtained an individuality peculiar to itself. Its contents never vary. There will be a row of "Kaffir-pots" at the door, several boxes of nails just inside, half a dozen chains painted very black stretched in front of the counter, in a corner are some soldiers' red coats, from the roof hang cheap saddles and bridles, behind the counter the indispensable glass case stands up, gay with bonnets, prehistoric in fashion, flanked on one side by Scotch sugar-plums, on the other by bottles full of *dropfels*, patent medicines believed in by the Boers, while on the counter is a heap of beads, tied up in hanks, such as children thread, most attractive to the Kaffir maiden ; tins of Morton's jams, Swiss milk and sardines, with the never-wanting black bottle of Hollands gin, called out here "square face," some tumblers holding about a wine-glassful, owing to their thickness and superfluity of bottom, and a jug of dirty water. Colonials make for this bottle previous to business, half-filling a glass, adding just as little water as they can, and drink off the mixture with much conviviality. Its price of one shilling is as fixed as Median laws.

Hitching my bridle to the rail which is always in front of a Boer house, I went inside. Behind the counter were three young men in shirt-sleeves busy in attending to a Boer farmer, his wife, and three daughters. The first was very dirty and half drunk ; his wife, got up in black satin, crinoline, and bonnet of many hues, was elderly and watchful ; the daughters, strapping girls, with very pink faces swathed in white bandages to preserve their complexions, and wearing white sun-bonnets like those of haymakers at home.

Of course much hand-shaking followed, the old Boer repeating the operation with an eye to prospective "square face," his *vrau* solemnly doing likewise, the girls stretching out their arms at full length in a terrible hurry for their turn, and when it was over backing at once into their corner.

My nationality as a "doompt Ingleeshmaan" did not prevent the venerable Dutchman from starting a "deal," and asking for a glass of "square face." The "deal" settled and the "square face" drunk, he became noisy, and seemed inclined to stop where he was for the night. But the old woman told me they had a twenty-mile *trek* before they got home, and so at last hauled him off.

Outside the store was the head of Lake Chrissie, lost in sandy shallows, the water stretching away for seven miles, shaped like a half-moon; on the left hand a beach of hard, white sand, excellent cantering ground. High banks shut out the country round, the lake was my company. Well out in the centre the water-fowl paddled fearlessly; now and then a flight of geese would join them with a whirr and much splashing. The farther end of the lake was circular and singularly devoid of life. Altogether Lake Chrissie hardly came up to my expectations. I felt a little bit disappointed, the ride had been so long, the goal appeared so small, and I rode up the bank which enclosed my disappointment. The change was magical. Instead of the dreary *veldt* the country was broken into undulations crossing each other like network, the surface blackened by herds of buck. Everywhere patches of darker colour against the green, dotted with specks of white, told of their rendezvous. Each family had a patch to itself; the "spring-bok" apart from the "bless-bok"; the "reed-bok" more scattered; the tiny "oriby" in between; farther away a line of bigger beasts with shaggy heads, and feet incessantly pawing up the turf, the prize coveted by South African sportsmen, the "blue wildebeest," the "gnu" of our childhood. I counted twenty separate herds, and there must have been many more in the hollows which I could not see. I was less than a quarter of a mile from the nearest antelope, but they took no notice of me.

After gazing at the scene till my eyes grew dim, I turned away towards the lake, the shadows creeping across the water warning me that it was time to be off. Camp was at the store, a good eight miles' ride in a country where darkness falls quickly and the traveller misses the pleasant evening twilight.

As I rode along the beach the rush of wings overhead was continuous, the geese in long lines making for a point where they seemed to alight. This place was in a hollow, separated from the lake by sand-hills, so my approach was not observed by its visitors. The geese were so eager to reach it that they never swerved, although many of them flew very close to me. Every bird was a black and white goose, like those I had seen in the morning, and gave an occasional quack of satisfaction on sighting his roosting-place.

It was so close to me that I could not forbear from dismounting, and creeping behind the sand-hills got up to within fifty yards of the birds, a clump of rushes allowing me to see all that was going on without being seen myself. I was looking down on a long, swampy valley, perhaps half a mile in length, a pool of water winding through the middle, its line broken with clumps of rushes, the banks crowded with birds; standing, not in groups, but in one solid rank, many deep, like soldiers halted, every goose chattering, waddling, or polishing his feathers for the night. The assembly counted many thousands, and continually a fresh string would swoop down amid noisy greetings. In the gathering darkness the birds looked like rows of pigmies rather than solid geese and ganders. That marsh must have been the bedroom of every goose at the salt lakes.

It seemed a pity to disturb them in their happy home; I could have shot those nearest me with ease, but the larder was well stocked, and I had not the heart to intrude where I was not wanted. To this day I never meet roast goose without thinking of my moderation with his brethren at the salt lakes.

The ride to camp was long and a bit dreary; the night noises, always strange and weird, were multiplied in the stillness; some birds flapped across in an uncanny way; the antelope drinking at the lake flitted away more like ghosts than honest buck; the stars shone like steel points—the lake, catching their glitter, reflecting it endlessly; its dark-grey water my only guide. Night grew on apace; often I thought I saw the camp-fire ahead, but it was only a glowworm. The way seemed so long and never-ending that I began to think I should have to camp out with my saddle for a pillow, poetical enough in print, but a dreary business when you have tried it before and know how cold and damp it is. But the pony was a good one and stepped out heartily, till in front, oh, so far away! blazed out a spark, redder than the stars, a spark which the tedious lake did not reflect, a spark that grew bigger, making the pony prick his ears and quicken his pace, till it grew brighter, and the sand softer, and the pony more lumbering; then, all at once, as if by magic, the darkness melted back in a circle round the camp-fire, from which rang out cheerful voices. The next minute I was out of the saddle, surrounded by the three young men, in shirt-sleeves, from the store, who seemed to say that dinner was ready. It was a pleasant ending to one of many pleasant days which I spent at the South African Salt Lakes.

MYTHS OF THE STARS, LIGHT, AND TIME.

STELLAR FIGURES IN ECCLESIASTICAL SCULPTURE— POPULAR RHYMES.

WHATEVER traveller may have sat among the crowded tombs of the once famous abbey of Clonmacnoise, a quiet spot above the sedgy Shannon, some few miles below Athlone, has probably spent some time in puzzling over the ancient sculptures of the "Cross of the Scriptures." Besides the scriptural subjects represented in its compartments, which give it this name, some other curious figures may be clearly made out—a hand within a nimbus or ring ; heads within a sort of cable or snake-like setting ; and a non-descript figure, above, a woman, below, a bellows, or something like it. There is also a cat, seemingly playing music ; and this same subject is found not many miles away as a public-house sign.

Although there is no tradition, new or old, to explain these figures, they have certain analogies. The legendary monster of Leitir-Dalláin, born of an unnatural union, was very much like one of the images on the stone cross, "a human head upon it, the make of a smith's bellows the rest." On the cross at Durrow, in the same county, is a dog or other animal within a circle ; at Glendalough, a dog within a triangle (cf. Cerberus), and other curious figures ; at Templedouglas, in Donegal, a unicorn-like creature on a large arm and hand ; at Cashel, a Sagittarius aiming at a lion, and a bull. A hand, three-fingered, generally within a nimbus, occurs on various French cathedrals and abbeys, *e.g.* Saintes.¹ The leaden *bullae* of Victor II. show such a hand issuing from a cloud and giving a key to Saint Peter.

As we find the whole zodiac sculptured, in a celebrated piece, on the porch of the cathedral of Amiens, and again on the portal of at least one old English church, there seems good reason to understand the archer, lion, and bull at Cashel as Sagittarius, Leo, and Taurus. It seems to have been a tradition of the ecclesiastical masons to beautify the terrestrial temples with celestial images.

¹ Maury, *Légendes Picuses du Moyen-Age*, 114 n.

The dog, hand, and piping cat should belong to the same class ; for it is, in the first place, unlikely that the last of these was sculptured as a joke on Saint Ciarán's cross ; secondly, such matters, in ancient art, legend, or popular rhyme, are found generally to date from very old times : we meet tradition everywhere, and little invention.

The cat and fiddle, cat and pipes, occur in English children's rhymes :—

. . . the cat and the fiddle ;
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed . . .
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

We could show that such rhymes are often old mythological and astronomical relics connected with the husbandman's year. Such is the rhyme on Gilly Garter (*jarretière*), the garter lost in rain and afterwards ground up as corn ; that on Dicky Dilver, or Delver (the husbandman), and his wife of silver, thrown by the miller (like the grain-god Tammuz) "in the river"; and that about the one-eyed gunner killing all the birds (days?) of the summer. Such is Burns's verse, adapted from an old harvest song :—

There were three kings into the east,
Three kings baith great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

These three kings are the three stars of Orion's Belt, "les Trois Roys," and the 'Three Mowers of the French and German farmers, the "Wäinämöinen's Scythe" of the Finns.¹

The piping or fiddling cat or cow is apparently one animal with the spinning sow or cow of popular tales. Now this *truie qui file* is again sculptured on the cathedral porches of Chartres and Saint-Pol-de-Leon ; it occurred as a tavern sign and street name at Lyons and Dijon ; and a mountebank was burned at Paris for exhibiting a living magical spinning sow there in 1466—an animal answering to the learned pig and sow of knowledge of English fairs, and of popular tradition.² We will show below that the spinning or playing animal must be an old conception of the seven stars, Ursa Major. The music played or web spun is time, the seven stars being connected, as we shall find in many instances, with the week.

The "cow" in our rhyme and "little dog" suggest Ovid's description of Taurus (Fast. iv. 717):—

Vacca sit an taurus, non est cognoscere promptum ;

¹ Castren, *Finnische Mythologie*, 320. Grimm.

² Monnier, *Traditions Populaires Comparées*, 506, 507.

and Canicula, the dog-star. Taurus and Ursa Major seem to be confounded sometimes in mythological legend.

The "dish" is in all probability the Dervish's Dish, or Broken Dish (the Northern Crown); and the "spoon" again Ursa Major, now called the Dipper,¹ or ladle, in the United States.

LIVING NAMES OF ORION'S BELT.

1. Viewed severally these three stars are in Ireland *The Three Wandering Brothers* (Westmeath). The Greenlanders and some Red Indian tribes have a like conception; or *The Three Children in the Boiler o' Lead*—"God put them up there to guide the sailors." This boiler of lead figures in versions of the ancient tale *The Three Children of Uisnech*, and in *The Black Thief*. Or *The Sailors' Stars*, and the *Leading Stars*. Boys in Yorkshire call them the *Sailors' Board*.

2. The figure is a measuring rod, rod of rule, and ruler. The *King's Rod* (Slat-a'-righ, Tyrone); the *Merchant's Rod* (Slat-a'-cheannaidhe, Mayo, Donegal, etc.); or the *Pedlar's Rod*, the *Tailor's Yardwand*, the *Weaver's Yard*, the *Yard*, the *Rule of Three* (Westmeath, etc.)

In Leitrim we find the old name, *The Lady's Ell*, implying the conception (*a*) of an elbow, forearm (*b*) of a measure, like the merchant's or tailor's wand. The foregoing names have been collected from living oral tradition.

*CELTIC LEGENDS WITH STELLAR BASES—ORION'S BELT
A HAND, &c.*

"The Lady's Ell" is *Rígh-Mná-Nuadat*, the forearm of Nuada's wife, renowned in very ancient tradition, especially in connexion with the fabled breaking out of the River Boyne. The husband of the lady Bóind (whence Boyne) is Nuada Necht or Nechtán (*i.e.* the bright or white),² otherwise Nuada Silverhand (*Arget-lámh*). At "the Age of the World 3310" the Four Masters duly chronicle the cutting off of this Nuada's hand, and the fitting in its place of a hand of silver.

The silver hand or silver "arm"³ of Nuada, "shining hand" of

¹ Webster, *s. v.* Some of the popular rhymes referred to above seem to be a sort of riddles.

² The word is glossed "clean," "snow-white."

³ O'Curry, *Fate of Children of Tuirenn*, 158.

his son, Ettar-lámh,¹ and wondrous "elbow" of his lady, seem all the same thing. It should be Orion's Belt, which old people in Leitrim call the "Lady's Ell," and the natives of New Zealand the "Elbow of Maui."²

We shall find many examples in this paper of composite myths; and the "hand" is found often in mythology generally, and doubtless in the Nuada legends also, as an image of the week and its days.

The hand was an old Irish national symbol. From the O'Neills, on whose seals it occurs, it passed as an heraldic charge to English baronets (created first on the forfeitures in Ulster), and it is found on church glass, &c., with three fingers, as in the coat of the Astons.

This national hand is accounted for by a tale of three brothers sailing towards Ireland. He that touched the new island first was to have the rule over it; and Fergus, cutting off his hand, threw that ashore. The analogies of this story make it pretty certain that the "three wandering brothers" are the Belt, and the three-fingered "hand" the same. The popular tale arises from the coördination of these contradictory conceptions in one series.

The name of the Irish goddess, the Mórrígan, may very well mean, not "great queen," but "great arm" (*righ*). Hera Hypercheiria, a rude divinity whose ancient wooden image was shown at Sparta, was associated with a flood of the Eurotas, as Bóind and her arm (*righ*)³ with the breaking out of the Boyne. Hypercheiria, which is not satisfactorily explained, may mean "the great-handed," just as *hyperskeles* means "great-legged."

The national heroes, Lug Long-hand (*lámh-fada*), and Corbmac Long-elbow (*ulfada*); O'Neill's province, the clans of the long-elbow (*Ulad*); and the ancient royal race, the Dál-Righada (long-arm), must owe these names to related myths. Again, Lug is, by different accounts, "son of three hounds" (*mac trí con*), or son of the Three White (or bright) Brothers, the Findemna. This is a Celtic version of the generation of Orion by three fathers, and the determinants of the triplication feature seem to be the three stars of Orion's Belt.

HAND CONCEPTION CONTINUED—TRIPLICATE NATIONAL SYMBOLS—THREE DE DANANN, &c.

The old division of Ireland into "Conn's Half" (the north) and "Mog-Nuadat's Half" (the south) appears to be connected with

¹ *Étrocht*, "shining" (Windisch).

² Taylor, 363.

³ *Righ* (more anciently *rig*) means both "king" and "forearm," "arm," or "wrist."

astronomical fancies. The northern "wolf," *Conn*, is, as we show elsewhere, one myth with the wolf *Lycaon*, *i.e.* the northern Bear, *Ursa Major*. *Mog-Nuadat*, *Mog-Duinn*, *Mog-Láimhe*, mean, and are well known to mean, "Servant of Nuada" Silverhand, "Servant of the Fist," "Servant of the Hand." The "hand" we suggest is Orion's Belt, and it is not improbable that such fancies come down from days when the island was in the hands of those Druids of whom Cæsar writes, "Many things beside do they dispute regarding the stars and their movements, the size of the world and its countries, nature, and the power of the immortal gods" (vi. 14). Saint Patrick's hand (a famous relic) and his triple well, localized in various places, must be compared with these pagan myths of Orion's Belt; and Saint Fursey's Ruler, a guide to navigators, in a legend cited below, with the "Rule of Three," the commonest Anglo-Irish name for this figure. This and other conceptions, an ell, a yard, three barleycorns, would suggest that a fanciful constant of number, measure, and time was sought by primitive men in the skies.

Celtic legend is full of triplications. A bull (*Taurus*) and three cranes, the *Tarvos Trigaranus*, is found as an ancient Gallic myth on the sculptures found under Notre Dame in 1711. Ireland has its three-fingered hand and shamrock; Wales, three feathers or leeks (with an alleged modern origin); the Isle of Mann, a triquetra, the "three legs of Mann." The shield with the old French three lilies descended to Clovis from the sky.

There are hand and finger myths to which the foregoing explanations will not apply. Persephone was hand-born (*χειρογονία*). Isis feeds her child with her finger. Hercules was himself a finger, Herakles *Daktulos*, and lost one by the Nemæan lion.

The Hercules of popular tradition is Tom Thumb, Siegfrit-Hickathrift, True Thomas. As Tom Hickathrift "never yet (had) broke his word,"¹ Siegfrit (Hearne's *Hycophric*) or Sigurd is, we think, the "sure" or true hero (*sicker, segur*). The Homeric True Thomas—multiform, like him—is Proteus or Phorcys, the True Old Man of the Sea, counting up, in the fourth book of the *Odyssey* (412), his wonderful sea-cattle, Helios's oxen, on his five fingers.

The non-stellar hand-myths are treated in the following division of our subject.

¹ Hickathrift's wain turned upside down is the starry Wain. "Before midnight the waggon is said to be going out, when the pole inclines upwards; and after midnight it goes home, and then the pole inclines downwards" (Kuhn and Schwartz, No. 222).

THE HAND AS A CONCEPTION OF THE WEEK OR YEAR.

The hand, luminous hand, or foot, appears in connexion with one of the most important of mythological constants, hitherto little noticed by mythologists. This is the days of the week or year.

Hesiod (*Theog.* i. 148-151) sings how in the beginning there sprang from Earth and Heaven three hundred-handed giants, the Titans, Cottus, Briareus, and Gyas—the year and its three divisions. The Titans or “graspers” are (we suggest) the days (and nights), and Titan was a later name for the god of day.

Thetis, to whose aid Briareus was summoned (*Il.* i. 402), is the mother of the days. She destroyed all her many children, however, in burning them to try if they were immortal, except the short-lived Achilles. The burning or eating of the children by Thetis, Cronus, and Moloch is the roasting of the “sun’s oxen” (*Odys.* xii. 364) or days.

Mr. Lang appears to regard Achilles as an historical or a romantic hero, at least as no myth.¹ But Achilles’s short life (*Il.* i. 505) and fleetness of foot (πόδας ὠκὺς) relate, like the brief career of the Irish Cú-Chulaind and Froech, to the short-lived day or time. The black and white bulls offered yearly on his Thessalian tomb suggest myths of day, night, and time. The many children of his mother, Thetis, correspond closely to the daughters of Phorcys, the cattle of Proteus (the changing god of the seasons), the oxen of the sun. Now all these seem to be nothing but ancient and simple conceptions of that wonderful swarm, the days of the year.

Achilleus’s army of “ants,” the Myrmidones, are the army of “badgers” of King Labrad and Frau Harke, the *seven* wonderful “pigs” that the Light hero, Find, kills and recalls to life; and the troop of “rats” or “mice” that follow the day-god, Apollon Smintheus.

If the reader doubts that all the above unexplained animals are the days of the year, he may find the days in an unmistakable form in the following myth. It is found among the Soubbas, of the modern Mesopotamia,² and clearly shows us that, as in the Dactyles and Thumbling myths, the days were sometimes conceived of as forming the fingers of the “hand” of the week or year. The first creatures, the Soubbas say, who came out of the hand of the Deity (Alaha) were Moro-Eddarboutho and his 360 subjects. These last, as the number itself shows, are the days of the old year.

¹ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, xvii. 136 b.

² Siouffi, *Religion des Soubbas* (Paris, 1880), p. 35.

The "hand" or foot is found personified in Blackfoot of Argos (Melampus); the Irish Blackhand (Dá-dubh, or Dubhdae); Good-hand (Dagdae); and the German "Doctor Hand" (Faust). The enchanter Manandán (a lengthened form equivalent to Mongán and Fintán, and meaning "My-little-Find") is again son of Greathand (Aldóid). The wonderful oxen of Melampus¹; the magic revivescant swine (and horses) of Dá-dubh, Dagdae, and Manandán, the scholars of Doctor Faustus, are all the days.

Master Faustus, very good man,
Whipped his scholars now and than;
When he whipped them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France . . .
With a black bonnet and a white snout,²
Stand ye there, for ye are out.
My Lord Provo', my Lord Provo',
Where shall this poor fellow go? etc.

In other Scotch rhymes we meet Bloody Tom, in English rhymes Cruel Tom, carrying off the children one by one, and the devouring Robin-the-bobbin. Bloody Tom is Thumbling, the shortest day, *S. Thomas*. Bloody Jack, the Shrewsbury Bluebeard,³ is either the longest day (Nativity of the Baptist, June 24) or December 27 (S. John the Evangelist). The wives of Barbe-rouge, in a Breton version of Bluebeard, are seven in number—the days of the week. The magician in black and white is thus pied in allusion to light and darkness. In the related myth of Circe, which we explain below, the piebald trait is found in the moly, "a magic herb with a black root and white blossom,"⁴ and in the white ram and black ewe (x. 572).

The "hand" or "foot" in many cases is the week or year. The ancient week seems sometimes to have consisted (as in Persia and Scandinavia) of five, sometimes of nine days, as well as of seven. The hero of this family is the thumb, personified in the English children's rhyme addressed to the fingers, "Dance, Thumbkin, dance," etc.⁵ The Lord Provost and his fatal sentence, or the magician

¹ Apollodorus, i. 12-13.

² So "Woolley Forster's" cow is "black and white about the mou" (Chambers). Faust's piebald cow and the piebald Apis and Minotaur seem conceptions of the animal figuring in all myths of day and night and time—Ursa Major, the seven stars.

³ Radulphus de Diceto. Barham has a well-known burlesque version. Robin-the-bobbin is connected in Anglo-Welsh rhymes with S. Stephen's Day (December 26). Compare Bloody Thursday (the Holy Innocents, December 28).

⁴ Liddell and Scott, *s. v.*

⁵ *Nursery Rhymes*, Camden edit., p. 204.

claiming the last scholar (day) to leave, but getting only his shadow (night), allude to the death of the days. Bo-peep's sheep leaving their "tails" behind are again either the days or the stars; and the sheep of the Cyclops, and those of Panurge.¹

For the revivescient pigs or goats we meet a single wonderful goat, cow, or the like, slain and resuscitated. In every case this seems to be *Ursa Major*.

We have pointed out above that the "ants" led by Achilles are a myth of the days,—a like train with Hermes and his ghosts (often confounded, as *Matres*, *Nymphs*, *White Women*, or even *Dreams*, with the days), and that occurring in many myths of a wonderful tune

As charming as that piper played
Who all the Hammel rats betrayed
To dance Morisco to his sound,
Without regarding feet or ground,
Till they were in the Weser drowned.
Then six score Hammel children led
Into a hill that opened,
To dance unto his pipe below,
What tune or where, no mortals know.

Instead of ants (*Achilleus* myth), swine (*Circe*), children (*Cronus*, *Crom*, *Moloch*, *Pied Piper*), badgers (*Labrad Lorc*, *Frau Harke*), oxen (of *Helios*), the days of the year occasionally occur as birds, and it is as birds that they are slaughtered by *Cú-Chulaind*. As birds, again, may be personified the hours of the day, or days of the month, in the child's rhyme or riddle about four-and-twenty black-birds (or magpies) baked in a pie. "When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,"—as the birds do at daybreak.² The fact has stimulated mythopoeic fancy in Melanesia, where *Qat*, a hero of the light, the course of the months and year, brings on the daybreak by introducing birds which announce it by their song.

THE WHITE MERCHANT—BRENDÁN.

There are several famous navigators in Celtic legend, *Manandán* (=Find), the *White Merchant* (*Ceannaidhe Fionn*), *Partolanus*,

¹ Borrowed from Folengo. Rabelais himself remarks the above analogy ("en pareille forme que les moutons de Polyphemus le borgne Cyclope"). It is very necessary to guard against exclusive interpretations of myths. Besides the light and darkness—the peep of day—and perhaps the hiding *Echo*, Bo-peep suggests such star-names as "Peepity-peep" and *Sadna storra* (*tubulcorum stella*), the evening star. It had this name, Grimm says (ii. 723), "because the swains drove their herd home when it appeared."

² Dr. Tylor has suggested such an explanation, only half seriously, however, and extending it to details.

Saint Brendán, Prince Madoc (or the Dog? ¹), Labrad the Mariner (who is also a dog hero), and Brecán, who has given name to Corryvreckan.

The legend of Saint Brendán begins exactly as the inedited tale of the Ceannaidhe Fionn begins, with the recital of wonderful adventures, and three denials of their truth by one of the company, followed by further voyages undertaken to prove them true. The Sindibad story has also analogies with this. Even so careless a writer as Cæsar Otway suggests (with reason, as we think) that Saint Brendán's three ships and the three swans (or daughters) of Ler are identical.² So Colonel Moor, in the midst of much wild speculation, perceives a true relation between the tricolor or trifoliate lotus of the Indian Thumbling and the shamrock, associated with Brendán and the Irish Thumbling, Find.³ S. Brendán's famous "goats" suggest the 360 "swine" of Odysseus. The Belt, "Merchant's Rod," or "S. Peter's Staff" recalls both the beggarman's staff of Odysseus and the *fflon wen*, or white staff, of the Welsh Odysseus, Einion son of Gwalchmai.⁴

Odysseus appeared in *merchant's* garb before King Lycomedes. Einion's white staff is called a *pilgrim's* staff, and it is owned by the White Man. We might trace the recurrence of these conceptions in romantic legend,—the White Pilgrim, White Merchant (already mentioned), the White Tyrant, the White Fisherman, the Red Fisherman, the Ancient Mariner, Charon, the Wandering Jew, Goodman Misery.

These are, of course, figures differing in many traits; but all seem, in one way or another, to be myths of *Time* and the eternal march of the daily light. Even the star myths have often such a relation. The hunter Orion may be compared with Time as a hunter in Straparola's riddle;⁵ Orion old and blind seems a myth of the darkening year; his unexplained name suggests the course of the seasons (*ὥραι*); and his Belt figures in time myths.⁶ The blinding of Orion is the blinding of another time-devouring giant, the Cyclops.

THE THREE MOTHERS.

The Three Mothers, to whom the western legionaries paid such

¹ Compare Pughe, *s. v. madatæg*. Matóc is the older form.

² *Erris and Tyraroley*, 101 n.

³ *Oriental Fœgments*. The identity of Find and his magical thumb with Vishnu or Brahma, floating on the pipala leaf and sucking creation or time out of his thumb, was observed by M. Liebrecht (*Gerv. von Tilbury*, 156). Find or Brendán floats on a flag, sometimes on a leaf. The Red Indian Eve came out of the man's thumb.

⁴ Iolo MSS, 176.

⁵ French edition, I. 169.

⁶ Compare the three fingers of Ormuzd.

honour, are the Three Fates; and are again the French fairy godmothers, "*nos Bonnes Mères les Fées*." Now these are often *past, present, and future time*. So the Good People are, now the souls of dead people, now, as we could show by the plentiful evidence, the dead *days* (as White Women or the like). When these dead or immortal White Women carry living people with them,¹ or substitute one of themselves for a living person, it seems to be a myth of the stealing away of the living or present days by time.

That here again primitive imagination knew how to coördinate myths of the seven days, or three periods of time or the year, with such starry figures as the seven stars of the Wain, or the three of the Belt, is shown by the following example. The three gift-bringing Fates answer to the dove sisters, Oeno, Spermo, and Elais, who changed what they pleased into wine, corn, and oil. The well of their brother Andros during the Nones of January tasted like wine. Now the Nones of January are the 5th of January, the eve of the festival of the Three Kings (which probably has succeeded to pagan celebrations); and on the night before this festival, according to popular belief in Ireland and elsewhere, the water is changed into wine. The three sisters thus answer to the Three Kings; and these are associated yet with the Belt (*les Trois Roys*).

THE SPHINX—HER RIDDLE—VIRGILIAN RIDDLE.

Though much has been written on the triform monster, the Sphinx, and her relations, the Chimæra, Cerberus, Hecate, etc., it will not be denied that no satisfactory explanation has been propounded.² Yet antiquity seems to have handed down to us the explanation in two forms. One is the Sphinx's own riddle, which, as most readers know, relates to the three ages of man's life. The triform winged devouring creature is swift devouring Time itself, past, present, and future.

The Sphinx is especially an Egyptian monster. Now what explanation does Macrobius give of the Sphinxes or Cerberi of Alexandria? "To the image (of Serapis) they add that of a three-headed animal, which in the middle and largest head represents a lion; on the right rises the head of a fawning dog; the left-hand neck ends in the head of a ravenous wolf." To these were added

¹ Compare the *Iliad*, ii. 302, where the "Fates of death" carry off men as they go.

² Thus Bacon explained the Sphinx to be Science. Sir George Cox makes her the storm-cloud (*Mythology*, I. 222).

the folds of a dragon. "By the lion's head is represented the present time ; . . . the past time is signified by the head of a wolf ; . . . the image of a fawning hound represents the event of the flattering future."¹ Such an explanation is of the highest value, for it shows that the meaning of the strange symbol was yet known by Egyptian priests in Macrobius's time (the beginning of the fifth century).

The Indian triad (Trimurti) belongs to our class ; and has already been explained as signifying "the three periods of human life."² If space permitted the inquiry we should find like explanations for the old Gallic three-headed divinity ; for Geryon ; and probably for the mysterious Three De Danann of the ancient Irish. The Sphinx may from another side be a monster shutting up the waters—as the mythical dragons are, now time, darkness and storm monsters, now water serpents.³

Damoetas, in Virgil's third Eclogue (104-105), sets the following riddle :—

Dic quibus in terris—et eris mihi magnus Apollo—
Tris pateat caeli spatium non amplius ulnas.

No very satisfactory answer has been found for this, which, looking to Vergilius's name⁴ and origin, may really be an old Celtic riddle. The "three ells" in the sky may be compared with several names for Orion's Belt, in which we find a measure of length, sometimes an ell, and sometimes triplicated (from the number three of the stars) : "Mau's Elbow" (New Zealand), the "Lady's Ell" (Westmeath), "the Yard," *i.e.* three feet (Westmeath), "Three-make-a-fathom" (Madagascar). The "hand" fancy is triplicated in the three-handed Hecate.

NAMES OF THE THREE KINGS—ANAGRAMS—LES TROIS
MOUSQUETAIRES.

The names of the Dactyles were a safeguard against things feared. In the middle ages the legendary names of the Three Kings were potent in many ways, *e.g.* as a charm against the falling sickness.

¹ *Saturnalia*, i. 20.

² "Das ganze Bild stellt die drei Lebensalter des Menschen dar." Rhode, *Mythologie der Hindus*, I. 311.

³ The Russian dragon retains his primitive character. Till the hero (a male Cendrillon or Thumbling) killed him, "there was never any day, but always night." On his death "immediately there was bright light throughout the whole land" (Ralston, 67, 68). The Irish time monsters get new life with the beginning of a new week.

⁴ Zeuss, *Grammatica Celtica*, 86, 766.

The Dutchmen of the Cape swear by the Three Kings of Cologne, elevating the middle finger of the right hand. This suggests the three-fingered hand, Orion's Belt; and we are reminded of the coördination of images in the beginning of the old Alsatian song, recently reprinted by M. Weckerlin, "*Es führt drey König Gottes Hand.*"

In two curious cases the names of the Kings, which are very various, have been disguised in anagrams.

1. The common charm (it sets and keeps people dancing, as elsewhere the names of the Three Kings were potent against fatigue of travel) SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS. With this nonsense (which reads alike back and forwards, and must be written with blood, a quill, etc., from three different animals) compare the names *Ator*, *Sator*, and *Paratoras* or *Penatoras*, for the Three Kings.

2. Dumas seems to have borrowed the names of his three heroes, "Athos," "Porthos," and "Aramis," either directly from Dupuis (*Origine de Tous les Cultes*, iii. 163), who gives the names *Athos*, *Paratoras*, *Saraim* (Aramis), or from some French popular tradition. Although the former is the more likely source, yet we find in Ireland the popular tale of the Three Wise Brothers, servants of Solomon, who suggest the stars called after the Three Wise Kings.

MÉLUSINE.

Our conclusions on this famous myth, the subject of a recent work by M. Desaivre,¹ would be shortly as follow:—

1. In the Icelandic version the name is *Melucina*.² An older French form is *Merlusine*.³ These suggest Mater Lucina as the original form.

2. The triplications in the romance, three sister witches, three eyes of her son, or the like, must be compared with the three mother goddesses, the Romano-Gallic Fates, the "three Lucinae" of inscriptions, with the triform Hecate (=Lucina), and many Time myths where a triplication occurs. The determinant of this triple conception may very well be the three-starred Belt of Orion.

3. Mélusine's son "Urien" or "Uriens" we shall find to be Orion. His face, we read, was "full short and large in travers, on ey was rede, another grey dyvers."⁴ This description suggests the

¹ M. Desaivre's conclusions are indicated by the title of his interesting book, *Le Mythe de la Mère Lusine, &c.* (Saint-Maixent, 1883).

² *Partenay*, ed. Skeat, p. v.

³ Keightley cites this (*F. M.* 481).

⁴ *Partenay*, ed. Skeat, 46.

Cyclops or Trimmatos (Three-eyes),¹ a time-giant, like Orion himself. Alanus de Insulis explains Orion's name as "Orion quasi Urion," etc.

4. Mélusine's change to serpent shape on a Saturday is the same thing as the dragon claiming, in a Breton popular tale, a victim every Saturday.² It is a myth of the death of the week. Mother Lucina may further be compared with "Holy Mother Friday," "Holy Mother Wednesday,"³ "Jack Thursday,"⁴ "Man Friday," "Chance Sunday," "Saint Monday"—all, we could, we believe, show, personified days.

There may have been a local Gallic fay to whom Mother Lucina succeeded—like Maelán, who lives in a river rock near Newmarket (Cork), "Moll Downey," in an eddy at Malahide, and Lúbán at more places than one on the west coast.

OLD WELSH STAR LEGENDS.

The explanation of the *Arthur*, or *Artus*, or *Arth* myth is contained in the name, in which we can see nothing but *Arktos* (the Bear), *Arcturus*, and the probably cognate or borrowed Celtic word *art* ("a bear"). It was not forgotten in Wales itself, for Southey quotes the explanation from Owen, "Arthur is the Great Bear, as the name actually implies" (Pref. to *History of Arthur*, p. 3). This true solution was found also by the author of the article *Antiquities of Nursery Literature*, in the *Quarterly Review* (Vol. xxi. No. 41, p. 93); and by Nork in his *Mythology of Popular Tales* (p. 70); though it seems to have escaped the Welsh scholars of our day.

The bear and ragged staff of the ancient house of Warwick suggest two starry figures, the northern Bear and the "staff" of Saint Peter and many others,—Orion's Belt. Here too we have a link in the chain which "binds the sturdy Bear" (as Drayton says) to Arthur. A writer in the *Folk-lore Journal*, 1885, cites the tradition "*that Arth, the first Earl of Warwick, adopted the bear as a rebus on his name*" (p. 87). Nor would it be a very hopeless task to identify the multiform animal with the Dun Cow of other old Warwick legends.⁵

¹ Compare the representation of the broad-faced and three-eyed Cyclops in the Greek bronze head in the British Museum, engraved by the latest translators of the *Odyssey*.

² Cambry, *Finistère en 1794 et 1795*, I. 173.

³ Ralston, *R.F.T.* 200 sqq.

⁴ *Hans Donnerstag*, Müllenhoff, p. 578.

⁵ Compare the Lancashire Dun Horse; and the dun sow (Phaea) of Cromycon, mother of the Caledonian Boar. Dupuis rightly sees in this last an other form of the celestial Bear.

Arthur in the shape of a bear, or a boar, or a raven, and his enchanted sleep in Avallon, answer to Conán, an Irish Thumbling, in the mountain in Sligo called "Corann's Swine" (Céis Corainn); the seven-year sleep of the raven god Odin in the Kyffhäuser; and the Seven Sleepers in their cave. It is an ancient and universal myth of the seven stars of the Great Bear, coördinated with myths of the seven days of the week and time. The raven Arthur and raven Odin are the "Night Raven" (Nachtrabe), as German hinds now call a small dim star near ζ in the Wain. Otherwise this same star is Jack Thumbkin (Hans Dümkt), the Never-resting Driver (Ewige Fuhrmann), or Wild Huntsman.¹ It does not follow from this that Thumbling is merely a star myth. "Tom Thumb" is a time myth, the smallest "finger," or "thumb," in the hand of the week (which in some countries had five days), and he is sometimes the shortest day in the year (St. Thomas, December 21).

The old writers (e.g. Alanus de Insulis) on the Arthurian legend wrote both Orion and Urien, and Arthur's son "*Urien*" seems to be Orion. We find three sons, of which Urien is one, the "Three White (or bright) Lords," or "Three Blessed Kings" of the island of Britain—who, like Urien's magic "staff," the *Ffon vraith*, and his "three ravens," point to the three stars of "Orion's Belt," "Saint Peter's Staff," "les Trois Roys." We do not discuss here the question of a possible historical Arthur, or Artorius.

Arianrhod, another Welsh unexplained² name, designates the Northern Crown. Now one of the old names of this constellation, which figures in star stories, was Ariadne's Crown.³ *Arian-rhod* (Ariadne's Round) is a mere distortion of this classical name; perhaps through the French *Ariane*, as "Lleon the giant" is the zodiacal Leo. This is a scorching sign, and of Lleon Iolo writes, "in his time a scorching heat occurred" (36, 412).

The Belt would seem to have been called "The Fiddler's Elbow," and the "Three Fiddlers," or "Three Tailors." It may be that *King Cole* and his "fiddlers three," or the *three kings Cole* (Lewis, *British History*, 1729), have something to do with this.

Lastly, we have old native star legend, barbarously mixed up with classical and Christian traits, in the following account of himself given by *Taliessin*, the little Gwyn, Find, or Oisín. Oisín again ("the

¹ See the works of MM. Kuhn and Schwartz, Müllenhoff and Thorpe, and M. Gaston Paris, *Le Petit Poucet et la Grande Ourse*, where all these names will be found, with important stellar legends.

² Rhys *Lectures*, 426.

³ Compare *Cruizer*, vol. iv.

Fawn") is an Irish Pan. Now Pan is the son of Callisto, and Callisto is a known myth of the Great Bear.

My original country
Is the region of the summer stars . . .
I know the names of the stars
Of the North and the South ;
I have been on the Galaxy . . .
I was in Llys Don (the Welsh name for Cassiopeia) . .
I have been for three periods
In the court of Arianrhod (Corona Borealis) . . .
I have been with my Lord
In the manger of the Ass (star of Bethlehem).
I strengthened Moses
Through the waters of Jordan ("Moses's Rod," "Aaron's Staff," is the Belt).
I have been in the firmament.¹

DAVID FITZGERALD.

¹ Published by Stephens, *Literature of the Cymry*, in the *Mabinogion*, and elsewhere.

SCIENCE NOTES.

JOHN ISAAC HAWKINS AND BRAIN-GROWTH.

ON reading the published accounts of the history of the uses of iridium in the *Journal of the Society of Arts, &c.*, I find that many names are mentioned, but one is omitted, although that one is the most deserving of remembrance. The first who applied iridium to practical use, who learned how to solder it to gold and platinum, how to slit it into double nibs when thus soldered to the body of gold and platinum pens, was John Isaac Hawkins. I knew him well more than forty years ago, bought one of his platinum pens with iridium nibs (then sold at a guinea each), and used it for many years without any sensible wear, but finally lost it.

He was a wonderfully prolific inventor, was a martyr to inventive genius; ever at work upon new inventions, some of which founded the fortunes of others, but none of them yielded much to himself. His share was comparative poverty, amply compensated by that intense enjoyment of life only known to the enthusiast, and which mere money cannot purchase.

We are indebted to him for our everpointed pencil cases, the first of the manifold writers and letter-copying apparatus, besides other minor utilities that are now accepted as matters of course.

When I knew him he was secretary of "The Anthropological Society"—not the present society bearing that name, but the original society, which met at the Hunterian Museum in Windmill Street, while the building still remained as Hunter left it. It is now a French café and restaurant, the "Café de l'Etoile."

I was "in at the death" of this society, remained to the last, when our meetings usually consisted of the honorary three officers—Dr. John Epps president, J. I. Hawkins secretary, and myself curator; "a trinity in unity and unity in trinity," as Dr. Epps used to describe the assembly.

One of the objects of the society was to study the growth of the brain. We had already ascertained that the head continues growing long after the growth of the body ceases, but how? Is the direction

of growth determined by the pursuits and culture of the owner? In order to answer this question each member on entering the society brought with him a cast of his head, and a statement of his business pursuits and general mode of life. Seven or ten years afterwards another cast was to have been taken, another confession recorded, and the casts carefully compared. This to be repeated at further intervals.

Hawkins was enthusiastic in this as in many other heresies. He was a Swedenborgian, and a great deal besides. He not only presented the cast of his own head and a full and characteristic autobiography to the society, but on the death of his wife presented her cast with similar particulars, and a curious account of his courtship.

It is much to be regretted that the society died. By this time very interesting data would have been supplied had its members been numerous and the above object fully carried out. I can prove remarkable growth of the head of one of its members.

GEOLOGICAL COMMON THINGS.

ONE of the defects of most geological museums, regarded as educational collections, is that the specimens are too good; far too perfect to represent what the student is likely to find if he goes afield. This is sometimes disheartening, and may be even deceptive.

Take for example the iron-ores displayed in the Museum of Economic Geology in Jermyn Street. A student having practical or "economic" objects in view, and going there to study, would obtain from the general average of the specimens exhibited quite a false idea of the general average character of the existing and practically worked ironstones.

I do not advocate the abolition of the display of exceptionally fine specimens, but that somewhere side by side with them there should be exhibited some rough average working samples of what is actually tipped into the throats of our blast furnaces.

The like with other minerals and with fossils.

I made this suggestion long ago when teaching metallurgical chemistry to Birmingham artisans, and am reminded of it now by Dr. Taylor's book on "Our Common British Fossils, and where to find them," which is intended to help the beginner by explaining what he may actually find, rather than what he may possibly find if

he is preternaturally fortunate. Not only public museums, but even private collections and books, may deceive and dishearten the unsophisticated beginner, who has not been behind the scenes and learned how the successful collector collects.

It is quite natural to associate the particular specimens thus collected with the hammer of the collector, but this often is a delusion. Given a rich quarry, a railway cutting or other promising operation, the collector goes there, picks out an intelligent workman, tells him what to look for as the blasting or picking proceeds, and offers payment for such finds. In many cases, or I may say most cases, there are quarrymen and navvies who already understand the business, are on the look out and able to make a shrewd estimate of the market value of what they find. One of these in the course of a given time finds more than an average dozen of scientific collectors.

Dr. Taylor (page 37) describes the claret-coloured rocks of Bray Head celebrated as the locality in which the *Oldhamia*, the oldest unquestionable British fossil (its name has no etymological reference to this antiquity, but is derived from that of Professor Oldham), "may be gathered in abundance."

As an example of such "abundance" I may mention the fact that I was one of a party of about one hundred and fifty who, at the Dublin Meeting of the British Association, made a geological excursion to Bray Head. In spite of the numerous hammers and several heaps of débris from recent blasting, only two or three specimens were obtained, and these but doubtful markings, very different from the museum specimens and book pictures.

VARLEY'S THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

EARTHQUAKES have been rather abundant of late, some of them not far distant from us. Those who base all their cosmical and geological conceptions on the very nebulous nebular hypothesis, and take it for granted, as a matter of course, that all the universe is cooling down to a state of quiescent death, explain the phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes, and other subterranean activities to spasmodic outbreaks of the residual slowly fading vitality of this moribund world.

This being, for a season, the prevailing theory, it is not surprising that a rival theory, which attributes earthquake phenomena to any eternally renewable activity, should be neglected.

About 15 years ago Mr. Varley, the eminent *practical* electrician,

observed some remarkable coincidences between the travelling of positive electrical disturbances through the transatlantic cables (in the construction and working of which he was concerned), and the occurrence of earthquake shocks in the North of England.

These and other observations led him to suppose that *some* earthquake shocks are due to subterranean lightning, a rather startling, and at first thought a somewhat paradoxical, hypothesis. This first impression is strengthened by the nauseating prevalence of the silly practice of blindly attributing to electricity everything that is at all mysterious, a practice that prevails in direct proportion to the ignorance of the whole subject.

Varley's speculations are totally different from this sort of idle prattling in mere words. He shows that the outer crust of the earth is saturated to variable depths with water, and consequently forms a shell or coating—like the tinfoil of a Leyden jar—which is a conductor to electricity of high tension. Mr. Varley assumes that between this and the inner fused material of the earth there exists a layer of dry non-conducting rock, corresponding to the glass of the Leyden jar.

Fused rock being a conductor the analogy to the original Leyden jar is completed; there is the inner conductor, the outer conducting film, and the intervening non-conductor. I say the "original" Leyden jar, as this was filled with water up to the level of the outer tinfoil, the water doing the work of the inner coating of tinfoil of the modern form of apparatus.

What happens when a Leyden jar receives an overcharge, either on its inner or outer coating? Simply a "disruptive discharge" violently and noisily proceeding through the intervening glass.

The cables under Mr. Varley's observation indicated the charge received by the outer coating of the terrestrial apparatus, and assuming this to be of sufficient intensity, it must somewhere, at a region of least resistance, break violently through the dry solid stratum, which it would do the more easily seeing that this is by no means so resistant as glass.

I may add that the experience of coal and other mining verifies Mr. Varley's theoretical assumption of the existence of a dry and solid substratum; below a certain depth the water-bearing strata are passed and the workings become dry and dusty.

My first experience of earthquakes was in the autumn of 1842, when making a pedestrian trip in the Highlands, in company with two fellow-students from Edinburgh. On arriving at Crieff from Comrie we found the people greatly alarmed at a shock they had felt

about half an hour before, though we had not observed it. Somewhat later, when rounding Loch Tay on our way to Loch Rannoch, we were startled, not by the trembling of the earth, which we expected and had been studiously seeking to observe, but by an unexpected roar of subterranean thunder, which appeared to commence almost under our feet and to die away under the distant mountains. There was no agitation of the waters of the lake, no shock that we could perceive, though we learned afterwards that a slight shock had been felt by people indoors.

The disproportion of the noise to the tremor in this instance is better explained by Varley's theory than by any that are more prevalent.

If I remember rightly, Mr. Varley did not insist upon applying his theory to the explanation of all earthquakes. It certainly is not applicable to those which accompany volcanic eruptions. The explanation of these is simple enough ; but not so the frequent tremors that have no traceable connection with volcanic action.

The fact that this class of earthquake is so much more frequent in tropical and subtropical regions, where atmospheric electrical storms are so much more violent, favours Mr. Varley's theory. The most active and the greatest volcanic focus of Europe is Iceland, but it is not by any means correspondingly subject to earthquakes.

DARWINIAN BEEF.

THE primary facts upon which Darwin based his argument on the possibilities of natural selection were those presented by the known results of artificial selection ; these coming fully within the grasp of human experience. Among those who were the most sincerely alarmed by the imagined subversive consequences of the Darwinian heresy were our comfortable country squires. Like the perpetually quoted M. Jourdain and his prose, these bucolic representatives of untainted British conservatism were then, and had been for some time past, the most efficient and persistent of Darwin's supporters ; they were devoting their best efforts to demonstrate the fundamental principle of Darwin's heresy, the mutability of species by means of selective breeding.

All the cattle shows, poultry shows, dog shows, horse shows, root shows, seed shows, prize vegetables and flower shows, were and are a series of popular and triumphant Darwinian demonstrations, mainly supported most innocently and unconsciously by those who regarded Darwin as ambassador-plenipotentiary of the devil.

By the commercial evolution of any variation among domestic animals and cultivated plants that the caprice of the market may demand they have proved how utterly baseless is the old dogma of the persistency of specific characters.

The report of Dr. Sprague on "marbled beef" assures us that cattle-breeders can manufacture this novelty if the public will purchase it, and speaks of rearranging the distribution of fat and lean as freely as a manufacturer of wall papers, or a calico printer, may rearrange his blocks to bring out new patterns for the forthcoming season. As the *Times* remarks: "The stock-yard has become a sculptor's studio, in which living matter is moulded according to the artist's discretion."

Instead of placing the fat of our prize cattle in huge unmanageable lumps as heretofore, we are to have it regularly interlarded with the muscular fibres and fascicules, forming marbled, riband-patterned, streaky beef; and this is to be effected by scientific feeding, and the survival of the fittest: by faithful and vigorous application of Darwinian principles.

The *Times* tells us that "the most splendid marbling is as fleeting as beauty in general, and will not survive discomforts," that the marbled cattle must not be subjected to the hardships of a sea voyage, and, therefore, we must do our marbling at home. This conclusion, however, is liable to serious modification now that the problem of importing slaughtered meat in prime condition has been practically solved.

THE CONSTITUTION OF CLOUDS.

"*VESICULAR VAPOUR*" is a term that still remains in scientific treatises. It expresses the assumption that clouds and the white cloudy matter artificially produced when steam is ejected into the air are composed of minute vesicles like soap bubbles.

Tyndall ("Heat considered as a Mode of Motion") says: "Clouds float in the air, and hence the surmise that they are composed of vesicles or bladders of water, thus forming *shells* instead of spheres. Eminent travellers say they have seen these bubbles, and their statements are entitled to all respect."

If I remember rightly it was De Saussure or De Luc who described such vesicles, seen on a mountain top, having dimensions comparable to mustard seeds. Both of these observers were satisfied of their existence, and to De Saussure we are indebted for the above-quoted name.

In "Nature" of March 12 is an illustrated description of the

"Cloud-glow apparatus" of Prof. J. Kiessling. Among other results obtained by his method of observing suspended atmospheric matter was a demonstration that the particles of so-called vesicular vapour are not altered in dimensions by rarefaction of the medium in which they are suspended, which would be the case were they vesicular. He tests this by observing the diffraction phenomena that depend on the size of particles. These were not changed with the rarefaction.

A more direct demonstration was made by M. J. Plateau about fourteen years ago. By means of a tube drawn to a very fine point he obtained actual vesicles or hollow water bubbles, of less than a millimetre in diameter, and he passed these to the free under-surface of water in a tube.

In every experiment the water skin of the bubbles united with the water in the tube, and the enclosed air rose to the surface. When a large number of such bubbles was thus introduced they formed a cloudiness in the water as they gradually rose to the surface.

On submitting the so-called vesicular vapour to the same test, M. Plateau found that it was *all* condensed, and added to the bulk of water in the tube without producing any such cloud of air particles as should have been there had the cloud-matter been constituted as De Saussure stated.

There still, however, remains the possibility that under some circumstances (say at great elevations, with cold and rarefied surroundings) a particle of condensed water, subjected to free solar radiations, might, by internal absorption of heat and external cooling by contact and evaporation, become filled with aqueous vapour derived from itself, and thus expanded into a bubble.

Professor Kiessling's experiment omits the action of energetic radiation, which is the probable cause of the vesicular structure, if such exists. With the apparatus at his command in the Royal Institution, Dr. Tyndall might put this question to the test.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

SURVIVAL OF PAGANISM IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.

THE extent to which Christian ceremonial and popular custom are influenced by Pagan practice is one of the most interesting subjects with which the historian or the student of folk-lore is concerned. That the Church adopted so many of the pagan institutions as had struck deep into the people and were capable of receiving an ecclesiastical veneer, and that the public with the connivance rather than the consent of the Church preserved other practices of their primitive faith, are matters now conceded. Among other things, however, that have disappeared in consequence of the friction brought with increased facilities of travel are old customs, and a man must now go far afield to find any but the most modified traces of pagan worship. It is interesting, accordingly, to find in "The Cyclades" of Mr. J. Theodore Bent,¹ whose name is not unfamiliar in these pages, an account of the superstitious practices that still linger in the islands of the Ægean. Here the graceful faith in the Nereid still survives, and when a man catches cold sleeping under a tree, he spreads beneath it, to conciliate the Nymph, a clean white cloth, with new-made bread, honey, wine, &c., not forgetting a pot of incense. Elias the prophet has, Mr. Bent shows, some of the attributes of "Ἥλιος, the sun deity. St. Anarguris receives worship of a kind previously accorded to Pan; St. Dionysius is the successor of Dionysos or Bacchus; and St. Nicholas the lineal descendant of Poseidon or Neptune.

DEATH OF KING HAROLD.

FEW things are more remarkable than the reluctance of a section of the public to believe in the death of characters of exceptional eminence. Through centuries the idea prevailed that King Arthur, assuming him for the nonce to have been a real character, would return and redress the wrongs which his Round Table had left

¹ Longmans & Co.

unrighted. Similar delusions have prevailed with regard to numerous other characters. Even in the present sceptical age beliefs of the kind are cherished, and years hence, it may safely be prophesied, reports that General Gordon is alive and held in durance will be circulated. Among those concerning whom humours of the kind have prevailed is Harold, who is said to have survived the battle of Hastings, and died years subsequently as a hermit in the full odour of sanctity. The "*Vita Haroldi*"—from which, as well as from the writings of Brompton, Knyghton, and Ælred of Rievaulx, and Geraldus Cambrensis, the report obtains a semblance of historical accuracy—has been for the first time fully and satisfactorily printed by Mr. Walter de Gray Birch, of the British Museum. The original and unique MS. is, it may be said, in the Museum. No more inclined than Sir Thomas Hardy, the late Deputy-Keeper of the Records, is Mr. Birch to attach historical importance to this curious production, which, indeed, he calls the "*Romance of the Life of Harold, King of England.*" It is none the less, with the exception of the method of the King's escape, a very plausible document. According to the unknown scribe, who is supposed to have written about a hundred and fifty years after the Battle of Hastings, Harold, when the fight was over, was found by a Saracen (!) woman, who carried him to Winchester and healed him of his wounds. Perceiving that God opposed the prosecution of worldly designs, Harold, after a pilgrimage to various shrines, assumed the name of Christian, hid his face with a cloth, and, after living in different places on the borders of Wales, died as a hermit in Chester. The body interred at Waltham was, it is said, that of a stranger mistaken for Harold by the messenger, a woman despatched by the clerks at Waltham. Leaving as a matter never definitely to be settled this curious controversy, I will add that this "*Vita Haroldi*," the effect of which is to rob Waltham Abbey of the claim to be the burial-place of Harold, was assumably composed and certainly transcribed in the Abbey itself, and remained for a couple of centuries in the scriptorium or library of that institution. What motive for the invention of such a legend can have existed is not easy to tell.

SUNDAY LECTURES FOR THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.

AN experiment in connection with Sunday lecturing, which has for two years been conducted in Newcastle, has some features which distinguish it from other attempts to deal with the phenomenal gloom of an English Sunday. In the first place, it is purely voluntary,

in the sense that no person has a financial interest in its success. Its meetings are, again, held in a theatre—the Tyne theatre—a building capable of holding 3,000 individuals. It aims, lastly, at enforcing no special class of view, but deals with all questions concerning social well-being, and with all modern intellectual life and progress. Dr. Wm. Carpenter is the president, the list of vice-presidents including such well-known names as Professors Tyndall, Bain, Huxley, and Max Müller, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. John Morley. The lectures given during the past year have been by Mr. Frederick Harrison, Dr. Andrew Wilson, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, and other well-known writers. Not easy is it to over-value the advantages of institutions of this class. With the hard-headed Northern operatives an experiment such as this is certain to prove successful. Is it not possible to do something of the kind in the South? I do not mean in London, where, of course, institutions not wholly dissimilar may be found, but in some of our large country towns, the population of which stands greatly in need of enlightenment.

THE BOOK-HUNTER.

I WELCOME with pleasure an accessible and, in a sense, a popular edition of the *Book-Hunter* of Burton.¹ During almost a quarter of a century this has been one of the scarcest of modern books. Many years ago the first edition had disappeared entirely from circulation. So scarce did it become, that when a new so-called *édition de luxe* was printed, it was sold off at once to discontented applicants for the earlier work. With the publication of the reprint now put forward, the *Book-Hunter* comes into general circulation. It is the pleasantest piece of gossip about books and book-buyers that has yet been written in England. Unlike the classic "*Bibliomania*" of Dibdin, it is not essentially a book for collectors. It does not describe rarities, and it deals comparatively little with prices. About collectors and collections it prattles, however, in "most engaging fashion," and it deserves to be read by every book-lover. One thing that will specially amuse the reader who takes it up for the first time is the number of familiar stories and witticisms it contains concerning the origin of which he has probably been curious. He may indeed feel like the lady who, hearing "*Hamlet*" acted for the first time, complained that it was full of quotations. The humour of the anecdotes is not seldom of the sly kind that to certain classes of

¹ W. Blackwood & Sons.

readers is the most delightful. Thus there is a capital story of an auctioneer, unused to such goods, selling off some valuable fragments of Early English poetry. Astonished at first at the prices fetched, the auctioneer entered at length into the spirit of the thing, became excited, and grew impatient if a high price was not realised. At length over a certain lot he addressed the public rebukefully : "Going so low as thirty shillings, gentlemen," he said, "this curious book—so low as thirty shillings—and *quite imperfect*."

INDIAN TROOPS IN ENGLAND.

I AM glad to see that a plan identical with one I was among the first to recommend is now finding general advocacy. That is, the bringing over to next year's Indian and Colonial Exhibition of a further contingent of picked men from our various Indian regiments. The effect these men have upon their fellows when, under the influence of new and surprising experiences—and with it may be a touch of romance always accorded to the traveller, and anything rather than repulsive to the Indian mind—they spread the report of England's strength and magnificence—is potent in strengthening in the hearer the conviction that we are a dominant race. In view of possible complications on our borders, such a scheme is likely to be of highest advantage. It will, indeed, impress the Indian mind more than a successful campaign in Afghanistan. The only objection to the proposal, the practical wisdom and the importance of which none can doubt, comes from Anglo-Indian officials, who fear that the troops in England, under the influence of the interest they are likely to inspire in the fair sex, would lose a little of their respect for English women. Such an apprehension should not be allowed to interfere in the slightest degree with an arrangement the importance of which I hold it difficult to over-estimate.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNWELCOME SUITOR.

ALL day it had been oppressively hot—heavy, dreamy, August weather. In the early evening, however, a light breeze had sprung up, and Olivia Ashmead had stepped out to enjoy its refreshment in the small garden attached to Squire Awdry's London house. A tall holly hedge, behind the bronze railings, screened the garden from the curious gaze of loiterers along the road that ran outside. Seats were disposed about in various directions, but there was one which stood in a specially secluded nook—a garden-bench with an awning over it. To this Miss Ashmead at once made her way, and when she reached it, dropped thereupon, glad of the support for her trembling limbs.

For Olivia was trembling. Not, however, from physical weakness, albeit that she looked pale and worn and jaded. And that she should have looked so was not much to be wondered at! What she had gone through, of late, had been almost sufficient to have broken down a constitution less excellent than her own. "In all my life, I do declare, I never seen anyone, my lady (beg pardon, miss, but use is second nature)—no, I never seen *no* one devote herself so to another—was it father, or mother, or sister, or husband—like as you have done to this sweet young lady, who, as they tell me below stairs, isn't the least bit of relation to you!" was the testimony Nurse Allen had borne to the efforts of her coadjutor. "And, what's more, I never seen no one so handy over nursin' as hadn't been trained to it. If the young lady's honourable husband ain't grateful, why he don't deserve as she should have pulled through like this—

though I didn't ought to say such a thing, perhaps, and her sleeping, poor dear, as peaceful as a new-born lamb."

But the "honourable husband" *had* proved grateful—grateful enough to have satisfied Mrs. Allen's disinterested enthusiasm. Only a few moments ago, Douglas had been pouring forth his gratitude in her ear, and it was his manner of doing so that had upset poor Olivia's equanimity, and sent her out into the garden with shaking knees and an over-burdened heart. He had caught her as she came forth from her own room, dressed already for the evening—though it still wanted more than an hour from dinner time—and he had drawn her into a small sitting-room, or boudoir, which formed part of his wife's suite of apartments. There, with tears in his eyes, and an effusion almost abject, Douglas had loaded her with thanks and benedictions. He had held her hands in both his own; he had kissed them again and again; he had looked at her more admiringly and tenderly than he had ever done before, even when he had stood to her in the position of an affianced lover. And yet the love, the tenderness, the agitation had not, Olivia knew, been really for her! Excepting as an instrument in restoring to him his adored wife, what, she now asked herself, with a pang of unwonted bitterness and injustice, was *she* to the young man?

Nothing! though she had loved him so ardently, so long, so faithfully. Nothing! though she would have sacrificed all she possessed to save him from sorrow or pain; though she would well nigh have given her life to serve him.

His love, his impassioned devotion was all for her—his wife. *Was* she his wife? . . . Who—*what* was she? No innocent girl, at all events, as Douglas thought, but a woman with a history. A woman with a dark, unwholesome secret in her life. A woman as unworthy of his love, as she (Olivia) felt, in her heart, that she was the reverse.

A few scalding drops welled up to her eyes, and overflowed upon her cheeks. But Olivia presently wiped them away. She was not the sort of person whose emotions find an easy vent in tears. Nevertheless, those she had shed had brought her relief. Breathing more freely, she looked around on the pretty garden, with its choice shrubs and blooming summer flowers. A fountain, playing at a little distance, sent forth a pleasant, refreshing sound; the gentle breeze, which just stirred the fringe of the awning over her head, was laden with the perfume of roses. Butterflies flitted by on idle wings, and the shadow of a large deadora lay softly on the grass at her feet.

Despite the dull roar of the Great City, as it fell upon her ear with a subdued, not altogether unmusical reverberation, like the roll of a big drum, the spot seemed secluded and peaceful. A sense of calmness and serenity began to steal over her. As the beauty and fragrance penetrated to her senses, Olivia's mind recovered a higher tone. In this sweet balmy air there was purity and strength. She had left behind her, in the sick chamber, a stifling moral atmosphere, injurious to breathe, productive of evil thoughts, of dark suspicions, of impatient misery. Here, perhaps, she might see things more clearly—might get some light as to what course it would be her duty to take in order to dispel, or to confirm, those wretched suspicions, those harrowing doubts. To harbour them, without seeking to dispel or confirm them, would, Olivia felt, be impossible, and, as concerned Douglas's interests, wrong. . . . "Was this Douglas?" A man's step was crushing the gravel of a path that approached her seat. Olivia stooped her head to look from under the awning. No, it was not Douglas, but Mr. Estcourt. Olivia's first impulse at sight of this gentleman was to flee; but to carry out that impulse was impossible, for in another moment Mr. Estcourt had placed himself in front of her.

"Don't rise, Miss Ashmead! Pray, don't go away!" he begged. "I have been watching for an opportunity of speaking with you alone for a long time (Olivia was quite aware of this fact), but you always run off in such a hurry. Please give me a few moments now! May I sit by you?"

Olivia made way in silence, and allowed him to take a seat on the bench. Whatever he wished to say, she had hastily reflected, it would better to let him say it at once.

"Let me thank you first," he began, speaking with nervous rapidity. "Let me thank you once more for your extraordinary kindness, your wonderful goodness to my Claudia. You have earned, my dear Miss Ashmead, her life-long gratitude, and my—my——"

"Oh! as for that," interposed Olivia, with somewhat brusque impatience, "what I have done was not done entirely for *Claudia's* sake."

"Ah! do you mean—— Is it possible that I—— that I may hope that——"

"What I mean," again interrupted his companion, flushing crimson with annoyance, "is that my interest in my Cousin Douglas's wife has been principally for his sake."

"Yes, yes, of course—of course you didn't mean——" Mr.

Estcourt stammered and hesitated pitifully: "But I hope, dear Miss Ashmead, that, at least, you don't dislike me?"

"If I did it would be rather difficult to tell you so to your face, would it not, Mr. Estcourt?"

"But you smile now. That's encouraging! Miss Ashmead, do I seem very old to you?"

"I believe I know your age, Mr. Estcourt," she answered stiffly, banishing the encouraging smile on the instant.

"I don't look so old as I am though, do I? And if I could only get my mind set at rest, I should look ever so much younger." He put his hand up to his head as he spoke. "Miss Ashmead"—with a sudden spurt of courage—"I want you to marry me."

"Do you indeed? How extremely flattering!"

"I should be so very, very much obliged to you, if you would," he went on, apparently unconscious of her sarcasm; "I admire you immensely, you know."

"I know that you have been at the pains to try to make me think so. But admiration, Mr. Estcourt, is scarcely all that is needed as a preparation for marriage."

"But there is more than that. My feelings, I assure you, my dear young friend, are all that . . . that they ought to be."

"Well, we may waive the question—it is of no consequence. I cannot marry you, Mr. Estcourt."

"Do you mean it? Oh! do you *really* mean it?" There was a look of such blank dismay on his countenance, that Olivia felt puzzled.

"I can't understand you, Mr. Estcourt," she said; "I know you do not love me, so that, even if our ages were suitable, and there were no other objections, it would be impossible to think of it. But, as it is, I cannot make out why you should wish to marry me?"

"It is because there is no other way out of the wood!" he answered, wildly. "No other refuge, no other hope! Oh, do take pity on me? If you only knew, I think you would, you are so kind. . . . I haven't gone about things properly, I am afraid; but I assure you, I should be tremendously proud of you, if you were my wife—and the settlements—the settlements would be all right—I'm a rich man, you know?"

"Mr. Estcourt," demanded Olivia, in an entirely changed tone, "are you quite well? It has sometimes struck me"—she laid her hand kindly on his arm—"that you—" she hesitated a moment in her turn—"Claudia says that you used not to be so nervous, that you are much altered?"

"Ah! she has noticed it, has she? and you, too? Yes, I *am* altered. I sometimes think—don't tell anyone, I implore you—I sometimes think—no, I won't say it. You can save me if you like. You *must* save me! I shall keep on asking you, and asking you till you do."

Olivia rose. "I am going in at once, Mr. Estcourt; and I may as well tell you that I mean to return home to-morrow. Claudia is now quite out of danger, and her perfect recovery is only a question of time. I shall mention to Captain Awdry the fear that has struck me in regard to your health, and I shall also ask him, before I leave, to guard me from the molestation you threaten me with—that is, unless you will retract the threat yourself, and promise never again to allude to this subject?"

"I will, I will upon my honour as a gentleman!" he eagerly exclaimed. "Don't say anything to Awdry, don't, I beseech you? I didn't mean *him* to know until everything was settled, because I felt sure he would oppose it, though it was my only hope, my only hope!" His head dropped dejectedly upon his bosom, and in this attitude Miss Ashmead left him.

The next morning Olivia made an opportunity for confiding to Douglas Awdry the rather peculiar assumption that she had based on Mr. Estcourt's odd manner and behaviour—which assumption the young man received with very natural reluctance and doubt, although it afterwards proved to be correct. In the afternoon she left London for Clavermere, carrying with her, in her trunk, a magnificent bracelet, set with emeralds and diamonds, of which Douglas had begged her acceptance, as a faint token of his gratitude for her more than sisterly devotion to his wife throughout her trying illness. And, in her heart, as a result of that devotion, Olivia carried a secret, the burden of which was, she felt, too heavy to be borne.

Three days after her return home, Miss Ashmead posted a letter to her brother-in-law, Robert Hilton, in Canada. The letter, very carefully and cautiously worded, contained a commission which she begged Robert to execute for her in the neighbourhood of Montreal, which city, she was aware, he was in the habit of visiting once every month for business purposes. The result of that commission was to be communicated in a private letter to herself, and no allusion to it, Olivia had entreated, was to be breathed to her sister Edith.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT?

MELLOW October had come, and one week of it had gone before Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Awdry returned finally to Clavermere. They had, it is true, visited the Chase for a couple of days upon Claudia's recovery from her illness, but that had only been to make preparations for an absence from England of several weeks. Those weeks had been spent in happy lotus-eating, contented loitering by the shores of the Swiss and Italian lakes, to the immense benefit of Mrs. Douglas's health. Living indeed almost constantly in the open air, having cast aside with her convalescence the vague, but overwhelming dread which had laid hold upon her through that brief vision of Madame Vandeleur in Hyde Park, and enjoying the constant companionship of her loving husband, without any distracting political interests or benevolent schemes to divert his attention from herself, Claudia had had a very good time of it. Her health had become not only rehabilitated, but, as it seemed to Douglas, established upon a firmer foundation than heretofore. She had more colour in her cheeks; she had gained considerably in weight; and though her proportions were still slender, her husband had several times of late avowed, with a playful affectation of horror, that she threatened to become an enormously stout woman.

There did not, however, appear much sign of such a prediction finding fulfilment, as Claudia, a few days after her return home, knelt on the hearth-rug playing with her baby. She was occupying her favourite apartment, the summer drawing-room. A bright fire burned in the grate, lighting up her girlish figure (it was afternoon and growing a little dusk), shining on her fair face, and burnishing her chestnut hair.

She had ordered the nurse to leave Master Eustace in her charge until she rang for her return, and she was enjoying a delightful hour with her living plaything—the little treasure for whom her maternal fondness had been increased by separation. Reclining on a velvet cushion, and crowing with satisfaction as he pulled the downy feathers out of his mother's fan, the Grand Turk was, at present, as "good as gold," and Claudia hoped that he might remain so a little longer, for she wanted to keep him with her until his father came in to see how bonny he looked in that negligent attitude, with his dear little bare legs sprawling in the firelight.

Yesterday Douglas had "run up" to London to see Mr. Estcourt—so he had explained to his wife—though he had forborne to add that

he had been summoned there by a very urgent letter. Claudia, however, was expecting him back this afternoon, and whilst she still knelt on the hearthrug playing with her child, she heard the wheels of the carriage returning from the station, whither it had been sent to meet him. She did not rise nor move, excepting to turn a smiling face towards the door. Thus, when Douglas entered, his vision was greeted by a pretty, sweet, domestic picture, destined to remain for ever stereotyped upon his recollection, and to cause him, in view of events now close at hand, hours of acutest anguish. But, in happy ignorance of any impending crisis in his life—suspecting nothing of the blow which shift Fortune—"that goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless stone"—was already lifting her hand to deal him—the young man approached his wife.

"My darling!" he murmured, in a tone of infinite tenderness, stooping to embrace her, and then turning to kiss the baby, who, objecting to his papa's moustache, mentioned the fact in his own way, but was pacified on being allowed to return to the alternate lubrication and destruction of his fan.

"You are tired, Douglas?" said his wife, as he sank on a chair close at hand, with a very audible sigh, "I'll ring for a cup of tea. It will refresh you before you go to dress."

"No, no; don't ring. I have something to say to you—some rather bad news to give you, dear Claudia."

"What about?" She was kneeling by his side, and Douglas had taken her hand in his. "Is it my father? Is he ill, Douglas?"

"He is not at all well, dearest. But his illness is not of a very common nature," returned her husband. "It is to be feared—indeed, two eminent physicians have pronounced it to be the case—that he is suffering from softening of the brain."

"Oh, Douglas, how horrible! But he will get better?"

"My poor child, I don't like to tell you, but I am afraid—(you must try to bear it as well as you can, darling)—I am afraid there is very little hope of that. One thing that makes his case the more serious is that the disease has been coming on very slowly and gradually. He is *here*, Claudia—I have brought him down with me; but——"

"Oh, Douglas, where is he? Poor Papa! Let me go to him?"

"Not yet, love. I have something more to say first," he rejoined, tightening his clasp of her hand. "I must tell you, because it is necessary that you should know it, what has brought on this affliction."

"Yes, tell me?" she pressed, exhibiting much less agitation than her husband had anticipated.

"The cause of the mischief is this, Claudia. Your father has failed in business."

"Failed in business? Impossible! Why, Douglas, he is exceedingly rich."

"He has not been rich for a great many years, dear. At the time of our marriage he was a poor man, and he knew it! He deceived me, Claudia. . . . If he were not your father, and if I did not think it possible that, even then, he might not have been altogether responsible for his behaviour, I should say some very hard things. He promised me £20,000 as your dower, knowing, all the time, that he possessed hardly as many hundreds! But, you know, dearest, that I did not marry you for money—so that part of the affair does not greatly signify."

"But I don't understand?" faltered Claudia, when he paused. "How *could* he have been poor, Douglas, with his great warehouse, and dock-yard and that place in London?"

"My dear, it has all been carried on under false conditions for a long time. I cannot explain everything to you just now. Your father lost money heavily through speculations—very wild ones, it seems to me. He has been expecting the smash to come for ever so long; but it was only last week that he was declared bankrupt."

"Oh, Douglas, are you very angry? I am so sorry!" Claudia tried to draw away her hand; but her husband held it fast.

"I am not angry with *you*, my dear wife," he replied, kissing her, "but I am certainly disappointed in Mr. Estcourt. He is not the man I took him to be. . . . But we won't talk about that. There is just another thing I want to say. I have not only received nothing from him of the sum he agreed to hand over on your behalf, but I have actually lent your father at various times since our marriage, money to the amount of £6,000, which he borrowed from me under the plea of temporary embarrassment—withholding in what, but for his unfortunate condition of mind, I should describe as a flagrantly dishonest way, any true explanation of his position."

"Oh, Douglas!" ejaculated his wife, bursting into tears of surprise and vexation: "I feel so grieved—so ashamed!"

"My darling, I knew you would be distressed. Your own nature is so honourable, and I would have spared you this pain if I could. But I am compelled to tell you everything, because, dear, I want to clear off your father's liabilities. They are not very heavy, but they will take all the ready money I can at all spare, and I must ask you, love, to let me have, for the time being, at any rate, that five thousand pounds which you have in the Canadian Bank,"

There was no reply. These simple words had come upon Claudia like a startling thunder-clap on a smiling summer's-day—or the sudden bursting of a bomb-shell at her feet. Her heart throbbed violently, there was a sense of suffocation in her throat, and the room seemed to be turning round with her. Although he was so near, Douglas's voice, when he spoke again, appeared to come from a long distance.

"You don't object to lend me the money, do you, Claudia?"

"What money?" she managed at length to gasp. "I don't know what you mean. Let me get up, Douglas, the fire is too hot!" She rose and seated herself on a low chair—drawing it first into the shadow—close by the mantelpiece.

The baby still lay crowing and kicking contentedly on his pillow, in the warmth of the leaping blazes, innocently unconscious of any change about him—any new shaping of events by that destiny which held his own future, as well as that of others, in its hands.

"My dear Claudia, you *must* know to what money I allude? The five thousand which your Uncle John left you in his will. So far as I know, you have not even drawn any interest from it since our marriage. I have often thought of speaking to you on the subject, but, somehow or other, it has always been at times when we were not together, and afterwards the thing slipped my memory."

And all this time, Claudia had believed that her husband had never even heard of that bequest! Without knowing it, she had been walking on the brink of a dark gulf of danger! She shuddered now, as her eyes were opened to look down into it.

"I am waiting, my wife, for your reply to my request." There was a slight but subtle alteration in Douglas's tone, and he was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, to gaze into her darkening corner.

"I have no money in Canada, Douglas," she blurted forth, in desperation. "Nor anywhere else, either."

"How?" he ejaculated. "Your father gave me to understand—Besides, I saw the documents to prove it. I made arrangements that the legacy should remain your own after marriage. Claudia, for God's sake explain yourself. If you want this money for any special purpose, say so. I can raise what is required elsewhere, of course. I only thought that, as that was lying idle—My dear girl, be candid. Surely, surely, you can trust your husband. And *surely*, *surely*, you are not trying to deceive me?"

"No, indeed I am not. Oh, Douglas, I haven't got that money I really haven't."

"Then, what have you done with it?" he demanded sternly.

A dead silence followed the question. Still bending forward to gaze at her, Douglas saw that his wife was trembling violently, and that she held her clasped hands pressed against her heart.

"What does it mean? What *can* it mean?" murmured the young man under his breath. All at once an idea struck him. "Claudia, have you given the money to your father?" he questioned.

The suggestion appeared to open a way of escape before her, and Claudia seized upon it. She did not speak, for the power of articulation seemed to have left her, but she nodded assent.

"When?" the queries came in sharp, austere accents. "Lately?"

A negative shake of the head answered.

"When then? Before your marriage?"

~ This time Claudia nodded again.

"Ha! He deceived me about *that*, also, then? And *you*, Claudia—I don't understand—why did you not tell me this before? How could you believe, as you have always professed to do, that your father was so wealthy when he had robbed you of your little fortune? For heaven's sake, clear up this mystery, Claudia. I must know the whole circumstances of the case."

"So you shall, Douglas, to-morrow. Only wait till to-morrow," urged Claudia, finding voice at last. "I will tell you everything to-morrow. And don't speak, please, to papa about—about it to-night. He—I will get him to tell you himself."

"Whatever there is to tell, I must know it before I sleep," rejoined her husband firmly. "Oh, Claudia, what does this mean, this dark cloud that has risen up between you and me?—There is someone at the door—Come in!"

"If you please, sir, Mr. Sloane wishes to speak with you for a few moments."

Mr. Sloane was the young squire's bailiff, an honest man, whose zeal and discretion in carrying out his plans and reformatations on behalf of his tenantry had won his employer's cordial liking and esteem.

"Where have you shown him?" he asked the servant.

"He is still in the hall, sir," replied the man. "Mr. Estcourt was in the library, and Mr. Sloane seemed only to want to say a word to you, so——"

"Oh, Douglas, send papa in here to me, please!" interposed his wife.

"I will bring him to you at once," was Douglas's rejoinder.

"Shall I ring for nurse? I am afraid the poor little fellow has hurt himself with that fan."

He suited the action to his words, and as Claudia caught up the crying infant, quitted the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DISCONCERTED.

A MINUTE or two later Mr. Estcourt entered, closely followed by a servant, who had come in to light the apartment. Claudia watched the young footman with deep impatience, as he went about performing this task in what appeared to her an unusually dilatory manner. In the sweep of more personal anxieties, Claudia had forgotten for the moment all about that dire calamity wherewith her father was threatened; and nothing in his appearance, as she bestowed upon him a hasty salute, had served to remind her of it. Her whole thoughts and emotions, in fact, were concentrated upon one dominant desire—that of getting Mr. Estcourt alone for a brief space before her husband returned. She could have shaken that good-looking John Thomas for stepping about the room with such a soft cat-like tread, and lowering the blinds with that unnecessary gentleness and deliberation; and she could have shaken her father afterwards, when the nurse came in and he refused to give up the baby, whom he had taken in his arms and was dandling about in a very masculine and unhandy fashion.

"Oh, papa, *do* let Helsham have him!" she exclaimed at length, positively stamping her foot with vexation. "He has been here so long; and he wants food. Take him away, Helsham, at once."

"Now, papa, sit down—sit here—please," she went on eagerly, the moment they were alone together, motioning Mr. Estcourt to the chair Douglas had been occupying, and which stood with its back to the conservatory formerly described as opening out of this apartment. "I want to say something to you."

"Yes, yes, my dear." Mr. Estcourt settled himself in the chair with a sigh of comfort. "What a pretty room this is! And what a nice warm fire!" he stretched out his hands towards the blaze.

"O, papa, never mind the fire! listen to me," pleaded his daughter. "I want to speak to you before Douglas comes in. You

know that money, the £5,000 that Uncle John left me? Well, I want you to say that you have had that money, that I gave it you. Papa, you *must* say it."

"But I haven't had it," he returned, looking at her in dull wonder. Then, his face slowly lighted up. "Ah! that's a good idea, I never thought of it before. Claudia, lend me that money, I can retrieve my position with it. I know of a splendid speculation, a sure way of making a fortune. Do lend it me, my girl; you shall have it back a thousandfold. You will, will you not?"

"Papa, listen, pray, pray listen! I haven't got the money, I have *lost it*. Douglas does not know how, and I cannot tell him how. Papa, you must help me, you must save me! Don't you love me, father, dear?"

"Lost it? The five thousand?" A look of stupid bewilderment settled upon Mr. Estcourt's countenance. "Did you buy shares in the Silver Star Mine, Claudia?"

"Papa, papa, how stupid—oh, how stupid and unkind you are!" cried Claudia, in petulant irritation. "Do try to pay attention to what I am saying to you. I do not wish my husband to know how I have lost the money, and so I want you to pretend that I gave it to you. It cannot make any difference to you——"

"But it would make a difference to me, a mighty difference, by Jove, if I had it! I could save myself from ruin. No, I *am* ruined; but I could get everything back again, more than everything! Claudia, I am a penniless beggar. Are you sure you can't lend me any money?"

Claudia clenched her hands in the effort to control her impatient anguish of mind. "You shall have a home with us, dear papa," she began. "You shall never miss a single comfort, only——"

"Only, that's not what I want," he broke in, "I—I like to feel independent, naturally, at my age. And Awdry and I, you see, we don't exactly hit it. It would be far better, far better for us all, Claudia, if you would lend me the money."

"Oh, what shall I do?" She wrung her hands in despair, remembering now what she had been told as to her father's condition. It was plain, indeed, that his brain was touched. He had actually forgotten what she had said a minute ago! But she must make another effort to achieve her purpose. "Papa dear, try to understand," she said, kneeling by his side and speaking very slowly and gently. "I have told Douglas already that I gave you my uncle's legacy before our marriage, and unless you want to kill me with shame and sorrow, to bring *me* to ruin, as well as yourself, you must

support me in what I have said. You must tell him that I did give it you."

"But I never had it. I'm *sure* I never had, Claudia!"

"Good gracious, papa, you will drive me mad. Of course, I know you did not have it, but——"

"*Of course you know he did not have it!*"

Whose voice was that? Claudia did not recognise its strange and husky tones, neither, for half an instant, as she turned round with a startled cry, did she recognise the speaker. At the end of that half instant, however, she saw that it was her husband who stood there, ghastly pale, by the conservatory door. How long had he been in the room? How could he have come in without her hearing him?

"Douglas!" She gasped his name with a piteous, deprecating air.

But the young man did not at once stir. Holding his hat in his hand, he remained as if transfixed to the spot, staring at her with a stony, stricken air.

"What is it, Claudia?" demanded Mr. Estcourt in the vacant, puzzled manner that was becoming habitual to him. "Why, Awdry"—he had turned as he spoke to look behind him—"I didn't know you were in the room. I didn't see you come in."

"So I presume. But there was no mystery, sir, about my entrance," rejoined Awdry—his eyes still upon his wife. "I had gone outside with my steward, and I came in this way through the greenhouses. The matting I suppose deadened the sound of my footsteps; and so—though I did not mean to eavesdrop—I came upon a scene and overheard a conversation which I can easily believe was not intended for my ears."

"Douglas!" Claudia cried again; and at this repetition of his name her husband stepped forward and laid his hand upon a table.

"Get up!" he commanded sternly, but without helping her to rise. "Come here!"

Claudia obeyed. Ah! how changed was this way of addressing her—this way of treating her, on the part of her hitherto adoring husband! Her knees shook so that they would hardly carry her towards him.

"Turn this way, with your face to the light. Now look at me!" Douglas had laid a hand on each of her shoulders. "Look straight into my eyes!"

She essayed to do so. But the intense, searching gaze that met her own was more than she could bear. At the end of a second her

eyes fell, a crimson flood suffused her face and neck, and, to cover her confusion, she burst into a little hysterical laugh.

"Oh, Douglas, how absurd! Let me go," she said, shrinking away from him. But he did not relax the grasp of her shoulders.

"Is this my wife? This cowering, guilty-looking creature?" he groaned under his breath. "Claudia, Claudia, for pity's sake relieve my anguish! You have told me a lie—a miserable, black, wilful, lie. You would have had your father join in the deception. But oh, show me that there is nothing worse behind. You cannot be all false with that fair, sweet face. I cannot be altogether deceived in you."

"No, no. Indeed you are not, Douglas!" she broke in eagerly.

"Then tell me exactly what you have done with that £5,000. Explain to me what you meant by saying—by talking about 'shame and sorrow' and 'ruin' in connection with anything you can have done. Claudia, what *could* you—what *could* you have meant by that?"

"I did not mean anything by it," she protested. "O, Douglas! You are hurting me. Your hands are like iron! Please let me sit down."

He loosened his fingers, and she sank into the nearest chair.

"You cannot tell me, then? You will not explain?" he asked with another change in his voice.

"Yes, I will. I will tell you everything to-morrow, all you want to know."

"*To-morrow?* Yes, when you have had time to concoct a story. That will not do, madam." The tone was so ringing and harsh with pain and withering contempt, that Claudia shuddered, and Mr. Estcourt rose from his chair, tottering like an old man and holding out his hands in feeble remonstrance.

"Dear me! Dear me! What is it all about, Awdry? What has she done? I don't understand."

"I am glad you don't," returned his son-in-law. "Be kind enough not to interfere, Mr. Estcourt. I will give you three minutes' grace, Claudia, to begin your confession spontaneously—to make a clean breast of it. At the end of that time I shall have something to say." He took out his watch and held it in his hand.

"Oh! how you frighten me, Douglas. How can I tell you anything whilst you look like that?" cried his wife, in whose alarm there was no pretence. "How dreadfully unkind you are to treat me so!"

"If your conscience is free from wrong you can have no fear of

me, your husband," he answered, his lips quivering as he glanced at her pretty young face, which had grown as white or whiter than his own.

Then, not trusting himself to look again, he bent his eyes on his watch, and so remained until the three minutes had expired. They had passed in silence.

"Now, listen." He put his watch into his pocket, and took a step nearer to her. "Listen to me, Claudia. Until you have written me out a full, true, and detailed explanation of this affair—this wretched secret, whatever it may be—I am no longer your husband, nor are you my wife. Unless you give me that account by to-morrow, I shall leave home, and I shall not return before I receive it. And, mind, there will be no possibility of deceiving me in the matter. I shall sift the truth of whatever you may tell me to the bottom. Having discovered that you are capable of falsehood, I can no longer rely upon your bare assertion."

With these words he seized his hat, and before Claudia's paralysed tongue could frame a syllable in reply he had left the room.

Then a burst of tears came to the relief of her over-strained nature, and she wept with hysterical violence. Poor Mr. Estcourt, weeping himself in bewildered distress, strove to comfort her; but Claudia repulsed him roughly.

"It's your fault, papa!" she exclaimed with angry vehemence, reverting to her old habit of shuffling the blame of her misdeeds from her own shoulders. "It's your fault. You should have done what I asked you. It was horribly selfish of you when it could have done you no harm to listen to me. And now, I don't know what I shall do. Douglas is so peculiar—so strait-laced in his notions. Oh! what shall I do? What can I do?"

Thus alternately bemoaning herself and accusing her father of being the cause of all her troubles, Claudia wore off the first edge of her alarm; and regaining some measure of confidence in herself, and in her influence over her husband, as well as in what she was pleased to think of as her wonted good luck, she began to pluck up a little courage and to hope that things might not turn out so badly as she had feared. Danger had menaced her so long, and at times so closely, and yet had she not always escaped? Perhaps she might escape again. Perhaps she might think of some explanation—some story so plausible that Douglas might believe without seeking to verify it as he had threatened to do.

The gong sounded for dinner as she reached this stage in her reflections; and taking her father's arm, Mrs. Douglas Awdry repaired

to the dining-room, resolved to assume in her husband's presence an air of injured innocence and outraged dignity, which she trusted would not be without its just effect upon his mind. That he who had hitherto bestowed upon her such doting affection, such admiring, trusting, even reverent love, could be permanently alienated by what had occurred was surely impossible. Only she must manage—she *must* manage that nothing worse should happen.

On entering the dining-room she glanced round anxiously, but Douglas was not there. The butler drew out her chair, and endeavouring to look unconscious of aught amiss, although he plainly scented trouble in the air, observed quietly,

“Master bade me tell you, madam, that he had gone out, and that he should not return to dinner.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

A TRAGIC ENDING.

HUSBAND and wife did not meet again before luncheon on the following day. Yet neither of them had left the house throughout the morning. Douglas, who had passed the night entirely without sleep, had waited in the library in the hope that Claudia would bring or send him that written communication he had demanded of her. Claudia, for her part, had spent the long, restless hours in her own private sitting-room, listening, with mingled fear and hope, for her husband's approaching footstep. She had concocted a story relative to the loss of her five thousand pounds; but she had not dared to commit it to paper, as he had bidden her, for she was sensible that there were weak points in it—that, if examined too closely, it might not be found to hold water. Neither had she dared to seek Douglas out with that tale. (For the life of her she could think of no better one.) If, however, he would but come to her—and by so doing prove his anxiety for reconciliation—then, Claudia had felt all might be well. Then, she would venture to tell him her story; she would interlard it with protestations of affection; and his love would put it out of his power to carp at, or criticise, her statements. So she had tried to hope and persuade herself. But at the bottom of her heart, alas, Claudia had all along been conscious of a sickening presentiment of evil, which, as the tardy moments dragged themselves away without bringing her husband to her, had so increased in force that it had refused to be stifled.

Once, indeed, she had thought Douglas was coming, and her heart had leaped into her mouth. But the man's footstep had turned out to be only that of Mr. Estcourt. His entrance had so disappointed her, that Claudia had been on the point of greeting her father with a welcome the reverse of filial. Something, however, in his appearance had arrested the unkind words on her tongue. Never, until this moment, had his daughter realised how great was the change which had come over the once flourishing Quebec merchant. In former days there had been a dignity about his carriage and demeanour, now entirely vanished. His expression and his conversation had betokened intelligence; his disposition had been amiable, his manners gentlemanly and prepossessing. Now his gait had become slouching, his movements fidgety, his speech wandering and uncertain, his spirits variable—one moment unaccountably elated, the next correspondingly depressed. Moreover, within the last year, and, as it now struck Claudia, more particularly within the last month or two, her father had grown to look years older. In the full daylight also, she now noticed, as she had failed to do last evening, that streaks of grey showed plentifully in his hair, and that he looked altogether shrunken and enfeebled.

Even in the midst of her own pressing disquietudes, a movement of compassion took possession of her, and Claudia returned to the stricken man, this morning, some of the tenderness which he had formerly lavished so freely upon her.

Douglas, too—when the three met at the luncheon-table—showed his father-in-law particular attention and consideration. He had a sense of having been somewhat unjust towards the poor man—of having neglected to make sufficient allowance in his judgments respecting his conduct, for that brain disorder which might have been coming on longer even than the physicians now suspected. One thing, at any rate, had been made clear to him on the previous evening, through the conversation he had overheard—*i.e.*, that as regarded the mysterious, and, according to Claudia's own showing, culpable disposal of her legacy, Mr. Estcourt had had neither share nor knowledge.

Luncheon over, the young squire detained his wife for a brief conversation. "Have you prepared that paper for me, Claudia?" he asked.

"No, dear; but why should you wish me to write? Come with me into another room, Douglas, and let me tell you everything?"

"I have already given you my decision on that subject," he replied—speaking all the more stiffly because he found it hard to resist her

pleading tone. "I require the statement in writing. When you have got it ready, you will please send it after me to London. I leave this afternoon by the five o'clock express."

"Oh, Douglas! Do you want to break my heart? You *can't* mean to go away and leave me like this?" she cried.

A spasm of pain crossed the young man's face. "How do you suppose *my* heart feels, Claudia?" he said. "I shall return directly I receive your explanation. And, in any case," he added, looking back on her with a softened glance, as he turned to quit the room, "in any case, I should have to go up to town for a few days, in order to arrange Mr. Estcourt's affairs, of which I have now assumed the responsibility."

"But you will not leave without seeing me again? Without saying good-bye?" she called after him. The misery in her voice was so unequivocal, that Douglas replied by a dissentient shake of the head.

No, he would not leave her without a word of farewell. How he loved her still, that beautiful young wife of his, despite the terrible blow which his faith in her had received! If he could only have awakened to find that scene of last evening a dream, Douglas felt that he would willingly have sacrificed half his possessions—nay, the whole of them!

He was walking now across the park. It had occurred to him to go and call upon Olivia Ashmead, and to beg her to be as much with Claudia as she could during his absence. His object in this, he had not very clearly defined, even to himself; but he had a vague idea that his wife might be brought to confide her trouble (her folly, or sin, as the case might be) to Olivia, and he had the strongest reliance on the benefit which Olivia's influence and advice would, in that case, afford her.

On reaching Mrs. Ashmead's house, he was shown into the morning-room, where he found that lady alone, engaged in sealing a note which she had just written.

"I hope Olivia is at home, aunt?" he inquired, shaking hands (at times Douglas still addressed her by this term of relationship, to which she had no title).

"Why, did not Claudia tell you? Rose sent for her rather suddenly; her baby is not very well. Olivia went to Longenvale yesterday morning. I wonder Claudia did not mention it."

"I am sorry she is away just now," observed Douglas.

"And so am I, because—— Douglas, do you see—this note is for you? I was on the point of sending it to ask you to come here.

I don't know exactly what I ought to do—but something a little peculiar has happened."

"Yes? Is it anything I can help you about?" he inquired.

"O, it does not concern myself," rejoined Mrs. Ashmead. "The fact is it concerns you—you and Claudia."

"Yes?" he again interrogated.

"It is difficult to tell what to do." Mrs. Ashmead drew a letter from her pocket as she spoke. "I have been so greatly surprised. But, of course, you must have known all about it. Only it seems so strange, so *very* strange, that you should have kept it from us, Douglas."

"My dear Mrs. Ashmead, you are talking in riddles!" protested the young man, struggling against the undefined apprehension which her words were awakening within him. "Be kind enough to speak plainly."

"Well, of course, I mean to tell you what we have heard," resumed his companion. "I was sending for you on purpose. It is in this letter." She turned over the one in her hand. "The letter is from Robert Hilton—Edith's husband, you know—and it is addressed to Olivia. I shouldn't have opened it if Olivia had been at home, but Robert has never written to her before, and naturally, you see, I was afraid, when I saw the direction, that something might be wrong with Edith. But it wasn't that, and, though I don't know whether Olivia would say I am doing right or not, I think you ought to know."

"If it is anything that concerns my wife or myself, I am *sure* I ought to know," put in Douglas, trying to keep calm.

"O, as for that, you *must* know—if it is true, that is. But I think it hardly can be.—Douglas, haven't you always told us that your wife was a Miss Estcourt?"

"Certainly, I have," he answered, opening his eyes wide.

"She was not a widow, then, was she?"

Douglas burst out laughing. "A widow? Claudia! I should think not!"

"Ah, it must have been some other Claudia Estcourt, then, of course. I thought it was impossible that you should have deceived us! Robert Hilton has found a mare's nest. I'm glad I've told you, though, for my own satisfaction."

"You have not told me anything yet, aunt."

"No? Well, it is not of much consequence, since it is not our Claudia. But it seems that Robert Hilton has found in the register-book of a church somewhere near Montreal—and, by the way—it is

the most curious thing in the world, but it appears, from the letter, that it was *Olivia* who asked him to look through it ! How can that be accounted for, I wonder ? ”

“ Go on ! Pray go on ! ”

Mrs. Ashmead was busy drawing the letter from its envelope, so that she did not notice the sudden change in her interlocutor's expression.

“ It was in an old registry—four or five years ago—and that of itself, Douglas, proves that it couldn't by any possibility have been your wife, since she would then have been a mere child. It seems quite silly, really, to talk about it. Humph, here it is ! Robert has copied out, date and all, the record of a marriage between a Miss Claudia Estcourt, and a Hubert Henry Stenhouse, which took place at a village called St. Antoine. But the curious thing is—why, upon earth, *Olivia*. Oh ! Douglas, what is the matter ? You look so strange ! Could it after all—— ”

“ Will you kindly allow me, Mrs. Ashmead, to read that letter ? ” begged Douglas, stretching out his hand for it.

“ Certainly. Yes, read it for yourself,” she assented. “ But I sincerely hope that I have not done any mischief ? ”

He did not reply, for already his eyes were riveted upon the letter. Mrs. Ashmead watched him read it through once, twice, three times. Then the young man rose, cast a blank look around the room, as though recalling to himself where he was, and advancing, with a forced and ghastly smile, held out his hand to say, “ Good-bye.”

“ Don't go yet, Douglas,” entreated Mrs. Ashmead. “ Let me get you a glass of wine ? Something is wrong, I can see ! Tell me what it is. Do let me get you some wine ? ”

“ I have nothing to tell, aunt. No, thank you, no wine ! ”

He broke from her abruptly, and before Mrs. Ashmead could recover presence of mind for further speech, was gone.

“ And he has taken the letter with him ! Dear, dear, something, without doubt, is wrong ! I wish I hadn't opened the letter. I wish *Olivia* was at home,” murmured Mrs. Ashmead, sinking back into her chair, with a sense of bewildered uneasiness.

Meanwhile, Douglas Awdry was striding back towards his home. Behind his back, in his clenched right fist, he carried the letter, which had, as he felt, dealt the death-blow to all his hopes of earthly happiness. His ashy white face looked terrible in its expression of wild despair and indignant rage. A carriage passed him in the avenue, containing his sister-in-law, Mrs. Awdry, who had been

making a brief call upon Claudia. The two Mrs. Awdrys had never been very friendly with each other, but, notwithstanding her explosion of resentment on account of his hasty marriage, his brother's widow had long ago received Douglas back into her favour. There were few people who could know the new Squire without both liking and respecting him.

But, as she passed him this afternoon, Douglas did not even glance at the carriage, and, quite startled by his aspect, Mrs. Awdry put her head through the window and watched him till he was out of sight, wondering what could be amiss, and resolving within herself to make some excuse to call again at the Chase to-morrow, and find it out.

Before entering the room where he knew that his wife sat alone (Mr. Estcourt having, as he had just learned, gone out for a ride), Douglas paused to take himself under better control. He could not, however, get back either his usual colour or his usual mien. But, for a while, Claudia did not notice her husband's appearance. She was crying bitterly, and, on perceiving that it was he, she went on, in the hope that her demonstrative grief would touch Douglas's heart.

Without a syllable of comment or remonstrance, the latter drew a chair opposite to her, and waited. By-and-by, however, the utter silence, the strange, motionless patience of her companion began to affect Claudia curiously. An ominous shudder passed over her frame, a chill dread struck through her breast, she dried her eyes and looked up.

"Have you finished? Can you attend now to something I have to say to you?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, Douglas, what is it?" ejaculated his wife. "Nothing new?"

A cynical smile curled his lip. "Well, yes, it is certainly new to me," he answered. "I have just learnt something about an event which took place on August the 4th, 18—. Does that date recall to your mind any circumstance of moment in your own history?"

"Douglas! Douglas!" Claudia fell at his feet and tried to clasp his knees. Firmly, but gently, however, Douglas put her away.

"I do not want a scene, please. The time for anything of this sort is passed. Be good enough to resume your seat. You do not deny, then, that on that date I have mentioned you were married in the English church at St. Antoine?"

She did not deny it, for she saw that to do so would be worse than useless. She only groaned, clasping her hands, and rocking to and fro in piteous misery. But no compassion, no shadow of

relenting showed itself in the countenance of the man who, up to last evening, had never looked at her, or spoken to her, but with the tenderest affection.

"You came to me with a lie in your hand," he resumed, in the same calm, repressed voice. "You married me under a false name. Am I to understand that he who had the privilege of forestalling me as your husband, was that fellow about whom you told me the long circumstantial tale on the day of our engagement? But, perhaps, that tale was altogether a fabrication?"

"No, it was not. Indeed, it was not! Every word of it was true, Douglas—excepting that I did not tell you we had been married. I had meant to do so. I had promised Ella Thorne that I would tell you everything. But when it came to the point, I couldn't—couldn't tell you that. I loved you so, Douglas—and I was afraid you would not wish to marry me if I did."

"You were probably correct in that supposition," he rejoined—the quivering of his sensitive nostrils alone betraying the intensity of his passionate emotion and the strength of the restraint he was putting upon himself. "But it is too late to obviate that mistake now. Had I known that you were marrying me under a false name, our marriage would not have been legal; but I did not know it, and therefore I presume you are my wife in the eyes of the law. I think I need not doubt that the other man was dead before you married me?"

"Oh, Douglas, how fearful of you to talk so! How cruel you are! Of course, he was dead. Ella Thorne knows all about his death. You can write to her, if you like. He was killed by a bear, at a place called—Oh, I forget the name—somewhere up in the backwoods. The people he had been living with there came and told me about it. . . . Oh! how can you ask—how *can* you ask if he was dead?"

"I do not, as I said, really doubt that—although it is possible that I may take steps to assure myself fully upon the point. But your faults do not lie in the direction of boldness, and I feel sufficiently satisfied that you would not venture upon committing bigamy."

There was a short silence. Claudia opened her lips once or twice to speak. She wanted to ask her husband how he had made the fatal discovery. She wanted to say something—anything—that would melt that stony remorseless look out of his face. But the words would not come at her bidding.

"By the way," recommenced Douglas, referring to the crumpled letter in his hand. "Did you not tell me that the name of the hero

of your tale—that vagrant adventurer, as I have always considered him, was *Stephens* ? ”

Claudia faltered an affirmative.

“ And what was the object of *that* falsehood, I wonder ? The name of the person whom you married was Hubert Henry Stenhouse.”

“ Oh, no, it wasn’t ! Indeed, indeed, it was *not*, Douglas ! ” affirmed Claudia, with such plain conviction that her husband was moved to credence.

“ Possibly, then, Hilton may have read the name incorrectly,” he admitted. “ But it does not signify one way or the other to me. Will you tell me now, how Miss Ashmead came to know or suspect anything about this wretched secret ? ”

“ Miss Ashmead ? ” burst forth Claudia. “ Oh, is it *she* who has done all this harm ? I’ll never, never forgive her. I’ll never speak to her again ! ”

“ The loss will be yours, not hers. Olivia Ashmead is a good woman.”

“ Oh ! Douglas, have you lost all your love for me ? ” Again the unhappy wife sank on her knees. “ Do, *do*, have pity on me ! Tell me that you still love me ! I will do anything in the world to atone for the past. Forgive me, Douglas ? Oh ! forgive me ? Say that you love me still ? ”

It was only with difficulty that he prevented himself from spurning her. In his high-minded integrity, with his own scrupulous sense of honour and truth, Douglas Awdry was perhaps a little self-righteous. Decidedly he was capable of hardness and severity, of judging with but little mercy, and condemning with uncompromising rigour.

“ No, I do *not* love you still,” he replied, “ I have never loved *you*. The Claudia I loved was—” for a moment his voice broke—“ was a creature of my own imagination—a sweet, true woman. You . . . But reproaches are useless. One last question. Do I know *all* ? The worst that there is to know ? Ah ! the five thousand ? But I think I can guess now, as to how that has gone ! It was used, no doubt, for bribing those who were aware of your clandestine marriage to keep the secret from me, or anyone else who was concerned to know of it. Is that conjecture correct ? ”

There was one moment of irresolution ; then the ingrained habit of deceit triumphed.

“ Yes, Douglas, it is. Hubert Stephens had told those people who came to inform me of his death that I was his wife ; and I — I gave them the money on condition they promised never to mention what they knew.”

"It was a heavy bribe ; but I suppose you hardly understood the value of money.—Now, is there anything more ?"

"No, indeed, *indeed* there is not !" This time the reply came without hesitation. "Oh, Douglas, what do you intend to do ? Remember how young I was—only seventeen. And recollect that he had saved my life. Besides—Oh ! haven't I been punished enough ? Think how I abhorred him, and how I loved you, and how he kept me from marrying you for so long !"

"Would to God he had kept you from it altogether !"

"Douglas, how abominably cruel you are ! If you behave to me like this, you will make me hate you ! How can we go on living together when you speak to me so ?"

"I do not intend that we should go on living together."

"What ! do you mean to divorce me ?" Claudia's lips turned blue, and, for a second or two, she appeared upon the point of fainting. But her excitement, which was rapidly taking the form of vindictive wrath, prevented the collapse.

"Unfortunately, I fear I cannot do that," he rejoined, in the same irritating, dispassionate tone (the calmness not of apathy, but of white-heat). "The law takes no cognisance of such falseness as yours. Lying and deceit go for nothing, so long as there is not faithlessness of another sort—little, if any, worse in my eyes. But, though I cannot cease to be your husband in name, no earthly power can force me to be more than that. From to-day we part, never, with my will, to meet again so long as either of us shall live."

"You wicked man ! Oh, you wicked, hard-hearted man !" cried the unfortunate woman, almost beside herself. "You cannot be the Douglas I have thought so good ! What will people say if you leave me here alone ?"

Douglas winced. "I have not thought of what people will say, and we need not trouble ourselves to discuss that question. As for leaving you *here*, I cannot do that, since it will be my duty to reside, at least occasionally, on this estate myself. I must ask you, therefore, to remove with your father, as soon as you conveniently can, to our place in Devonshire—Mallow Lodge—which, as you know, is a beautifully situated and most comfortable house."

"It will kill me—I'm sure it will ! But I suppose that is what you would like !" exclaimed Claudia, in impotent rage.

"I shall allow you a liberal income," pursued Douglas, paying no heed to these ebullitions. "And Mr. Estcourt is welcome to make his home with you. As for poor little Eustace ——"

"Baby ? My baby !" Claudia sprang from her sofa in an agony

of terror and desperation. "My baby ? I shall have him, of course ! You cannot dream—you dare not *hint* at such a thing as taking him from me ?"

Douglas considered, gnawing the while at his under lip.

"He shall remain with you until he is three years of age," he presently observed. "After that time I shall make a different arrangement. My son must be brought up to become an honest and truthful man."

"You shall never have him, never ! You have broken my heart ; you will drive me mad ! When my poor child knows how you have treated his mother, he will hate you !"

"I think that is all," resumed Douglas, rising. "I will communicate with you through my lawyer as to your yearly allowance, and at any time that you may require to address me, you will kindly do so through Mr. Kendal also. I shall just have time to catch my train. Farewell !"

A wail of mingled anguish, rage, and despair followed the young man as he left the room, with his white, set face, and stricken, tortured heart. Thus ended this brief, domestic tragedy ! The husband and wife who, up till yesterday, had loved each other with such devotion, were separated for ever !

(To be continued.)

GENESIS.

A STONE lying on the beach does not show any tendency to grow bigger, or to divide up into two smaller pebbles, each of which, after growing up to the size of the original stone, again subdivides into similar pairs *ad infinitum*. A piece of dead matter of any sort does not exhibit any predilection for the production of other like bits of matter out of its own inert substance. But a living plant or animal does tend to reproduce its like, either by actual fission of its own body, or by production of smaller bodies (call them germs if you will), which unite with like germs produced by kindred organisms, to form a new and distinct individual—a seed or egg. This peculiarity of living beings is perhaps at bottom the most striking characteristic of all life ; and it is therefore well to ask ourselves definitely the essential question, “Why do plants and animals reproduce at all?”

Put in this form, the problem is to some extent a new one. Already Mr. Herbert Spencer has asked and answered the questions, “When does gamogenesis occur?” and “Why does gamogenesis occur?”—in other words, why does there exist such a thing as the distinction of sexes? But perhaps nobody has ever yet definitely posited the prior question, “Why does genesis itself in any form occur?”—in other words, why is there such a thing as reproduction at all? Quite recently, however, a minute and rigorous critic, Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, has called upon evolutionary biologists to begin their exposition by dealing with this preliminary difficulty. It may seem to many evolutionists that such a demand is a fair and reasonable one ; and some attempt to answer the question at issue ought surely by this time to be made. An answer, indeed, is all the more desirable because the matter is fundamental : upon the right comprehension of the physical necessity or *à priori* certitude of genesis in its simplest form, hang all the later and dependent propositions of biological science.

The answer to be tentatively given here is simply this : genesis is a necessary result of the physical and chemical properties of

chlorophyll. Now chlorophyll, as everybody knows, and as its name proclaims, is merely the green colouring matter of leaves ; and it may seem strange to many, even among those familiar with scientific modes of thought, to be told that genesis, a feature common to animal and vegetal life alike, is the result of a purely vegetal principle.¹ But it will be seen in the sequel that this vegetal principle really lies at the very foundation of all life, and that without it life in any form would be simply impossible. It is unfortunate that the majority of progressive scientific biologists have interested themselves rather in zoology than in botany, and that the fundamental importance of the plant in the biological scheme has thus been often overlooked, or at least only grudgingly and implicitly acknowledged. It might fairly be said, however, that the true "physical basis of life" is not, strictly speaking, protoplasm in general (as Professor Huxley has put it), but is rather that particular modification of protoplasm which we know as chlorophyll.

In order thoroughly to comprehend the nature of chlorophyll, and its relation to the general phenomena of plant and animal life, let us begin by considering briefly wherein organisms generally differ most from the inorganic bodies about them. It has often been said that organic chemistry is the chemistry of the carbon-compounds : it would perhaps be truer, cosmically speaking, to say that it is the chemistry of energetic compounds. The mass of the materials forming the earth's surface—rocks, clays, water, and so forth—are in a state of chemical stability : for the most part, their chemical affinities are fully saturated ; they are combinations of elements in the firmest and closest union ; they possess little or no potential energy ; to use the somewhat crude but unavoidable slang of modern physics, no "work" can be got out of them. In contradistinction to these inert and generally motionless bodies, organic beings have this point in common, that they are all highly energetic : they contain large quantities of energy, sometimes potential or latent, sometimes kinetic or active. Many of them, which we call animals, may be seen as visibly moving masses on the earth's surface ; and these possess also internal organic movements, such as circulation, respiration, and so forth, besides being storehouses of molecular motion or heat to a marked degree. Others, known for the most part as plants, do not usually move in the mass ; but they likewise possess internal organic movements of growth and circulation, and they sometimes even display considerable visible activity, as in the sensitive plant, or in

¹ To appease the exacting scientific critic, it may be added that chlorophyll is found in a very few small animals.

the opening and shutting of flowers. All organisms alike, however, can be *burnt*, and thus exhibit their possession of potential energy to a very high extent : for combustion really means combination with oxygen, accompanied by the liberation of previously potential energy in an active form as heat and light. Almost all the fuels employed by man for heating and lighting are of organic origin ; either animal, as tallow, whale-oil, lard ; or vegetal, as wood, coal, wax, petroleum.

If the surface of the earth were left wholly to itself, without receiving light and heat from the sun, it would consist entirely of the stable chemical compounds—water (in the form of ice), stone, clay, and so forth. There would be no life, no movement, no change, or wind, or current upon its face. Its chemistry and its physics would all, so to speak, be statical. But the rays of the sun, falling on these inert and compound bodies, set up in them certain visible and invisible movements. The sunlight makes the ice for the most part into water ; it causes the winds which agitate the sea ; it produces the evaporation that results in rain, and consequently in the motion of brooks and rivers. But besides these larger and purely physical effects, it produces certain more intimate and chemical effects, which we know as the phenomena of vegetal and animal life. The raw material of its operations consists of the water on the surface and the carbonic acid (let us retain familiar names) in the air. These are both tolerably stable and fully saturated compounds. But the rays of the sun, falling upon them, in the presence of the green parts of plants, dissociate to some extent the hydrogen and the carbon from the oxygen with which they were combined, and store them up in relatively free and energetic forms. The bodies which result from these operations are no longer stable and inert ; they have imbibed the kinetic energy of the sunlight, and have made it potential ; they have stored it up, so to speak, in their own substance. Instead of free working energy on the one hand, and a compound whose elements are locked up in the closest embrace on the other, we have now two sets of free elements, the hydrogen or the carbon on the one hand, and the oxygen on the other, whose freedom or separation represents the energy that was absorbed in the act of dissociation. A piece of wood, a lump of coal, an oily nut or seed, each consists in the main of a visible mass of such hydro-carbons, possessing potential energy in virtue of their separation from the oxygen around them, and ready to yield it up again in the kinetic form, as heat and light, whenever we induce their reunion with oxygen by simply applying a match or a piece of tinder.

Familiar as these facts sound to the scientific ear, it is yet

necessary to recapitulate them here from this special point of view, in order to place the reader at the requisite standpoint for understanding the theory of genesis about to be propounded. Regarded in this light, then, a plant is essentially an accumulator and storer of energy; that is to say, a plant which is functionally a plant is such; for we shall see hereafter that some few plants are, from the practical or physical point of view, functionally animals. The business of the plant in the cosmical economy is to receive the rays of the sun in its green portions; to let them dissolve for it the union subsisting between oxygen and carbon in the carbonic acid of the air; to turn loose the liberated oxygen into the atmosphere; and to store up the free carbon and hydrogen in relatively loose unions as hydro-carbons (or rather carbo-hydrates) in its own tissues. These hydro-carbons are then visible masses of matter possessing potential energy, which they may yield up in performing other functions of the plant itself; or in feeding an animal; or as being burnt as fuel in a human stove. In any case, they will combine at last with the oxygen they once cast off, and in so doing will yield up just as much kinetic energy as they absorbed from the sunlight in their first production.

The function of an animal, on the other hand (as well as of quasi-animal plants like the fungi), is exactly the reverse. The animal is an expender, not an accumulator, of energy. It takes the potentially energetic materials laid by in the tissues of the plant, either directly if it is a herbivore, or indirectly, if it is a carnivore devouring herbivores; and it recombines these materials with oxygen in its own body, thereby obtaining warmth and motion. It is, if we may be metaphorical, a sort of natural steam-engine, slowly burning up vegetable products within its living furnace, and getting out of them the kinetic energy which it expends in the movements of its parts or of its limbs. It is clear, therefore, that plants are prior to animals in the order of nature. Given a world of solid rock, water, and carbonic acid, beaten upon by solar rays, and an animal if placed there would die out; put a plant there, and it would live and propagate. The world must be peopled with plants before animals can begin to exist. And from this we can readily see the primordial importance of chlorophyll.

For without chlorophyll there would be no life. The solar rays, falling upon carbonic acid and water alone, do not set up any chemical action at all in them. On the other hand, falling upon these bodies in the presence of chlorophyll, they set up the chemical dissociations which result in the production of more relatively free hydro-carbons, which are the raw materials of all other organic

compounds. Chlorophyll, it is true, is not in itself a simple hydrocarbon ; it is a protoplasmic body of highly complex structure, whose chemistry, even as now imperfectly understood, is too complicated to be gone into here. But it differs from all other organic bodies in this, that it, and it alone, can, under the influence of sunlight, produce new organisable matter. It is a physical property of chlorophyll, when sunlight falls upon it, that it dissociates carbon from oxygen, and builds it up with the hydrogen of water into hydrocarbons. These hydrocarbons can again be employed to manufacture fresh chlorophyll and other protoplasmic bodies, by the addition of nitrogen and some other elements. We may therefore say that chlorophyll possesses the unique power, under the influence of sunlight, of laying by fresh material which is capable of being transformed into itself. In other words, it *assimilates*. This power makes it really the fundamental basis of all life, and gives it its essential importance in the biological theory of genesis.

For, given a stone or a drop of water, that stone or that drop does not tend to make new stones and new drops develop around it. True, it may become the nucleus for crystallisation in the one case, or the centre of condensation in the other, as actually happens with growing crystals or with gathering clouds ; but these instances are not really analogous, as they seem fallaciously to be, to that of the chlorophyll grain. For in the one set of phenomena, the crystal and the water really pre-exist as such in the surrounding medium ; they are only deposited anew in a fresh situation ; but in the other set of phenomena, the new material exists at first as carbonic acid and water ; its oxygen is rejected ; its carbon and hydrogen are separated ; and it is then worked up with other elements from elsewhere into the form of more protoplasm, which in the sunlight once more develops more chlorophyll. In short, it is the peculiar property of chlorophyll, under sunlight, ultimately to develop more of itself. And it develops more of itself essentially by absorbing the kinetic energy of the sunlight and rendering it potential in the resulting chemical bodies.

Here, then, we have the property which forms the basis or radical idea of genesis ; here we have a body which does not remain stationary in quantity, but which increases by assimilating fresh material to itself from without. Given this physical property, and the rudest type of genesis by fission is already practically attained. For you start, to put it roughly, with a drop of protoplasm containing chlorophyll-bodies. These chlorophyll-bodies, under the influence of sunlight, produce hydrocarbons, which again are worked up within the

drop into more protoplasm and more chlorophyll-bodies. When the drop is twice as big as it was originally its cohesion is overcome, and it separates into two drops. Each such drop then goes on assimilating more material, and again subdividing into two more drops. And so you have set up a continuous dichotomous type of genesis by fission, which is actually realised almost in this form among the very lowest order of plants (Thallophytes), such as the Chroococcaceæ, whose mode of reproduction will be found fully described in any work on physiological botany. Of course, this rough sketch is strictly diagrammatic in character; it omits all details and fixes itself only on the central facts of the process; and it assumes that fission will take place in the mass when it attains a certain size; but it will serve at least to show that genesis in its simplest and most fundamental form contains no mysteries or hyper-physical element—that it is strictly analogous to all other ordinary physical phenomena elsewhere. The only new factor really imported into the complex chemistry of life, in this its most primitive form, is the factor of absorbed potential energy (which, of course, is common enough in many artificial chemical products).

Where the first grain of chlorophyll came from we do not know. How it was originally produced we cannot tell. Perhaps some combination of circumstances in the crust of a cooling planet, now unattainable, may somehow have given it birth. Perhaps, if we wish to call in the supernatural (and we have a good opportunity for doing so, here on the unknown borderland), it may have been specially endowed with its existing properties by the fiat of a Creator; though, to be sure, the fiat does not seem one whit more necessary or less necessary for those particular properties than for all the other properties of matter in general. Perhaps, and for aught we know to the contrary this is as good a guess as the others, it may have dropped down upon us, as Sir William Thomson suggests, from a prior world; though how it got there would be just an equal mystery, itself demanding a similar solution. Perhaps even, it may go on being spontaneously produced by the action of sunlight on inorganic matter at the present day. But, however this may be—and the question is really no more important than the question as to the origin of any other chemical compound whatsoever—we do know now that the real original living thing must have been a mass of protoplasm containing chlorophyll. It could not have been an animal, for an animal means a destroyer or user-up of materials already produced by the chlorophyll of plants. It could not have been a fungus of any sort, or a saprophyte, for those are plants indeed in structural relationship, but essentially animals in actual function; their life, like the life of the animal, consists entirely

in using up the energetic materials already stored up by other plants. One might as well suppose that the earliest living creature was a lion, which lives by eating pre-existent herbivorous animals, which again live by eating pre-existent green plants. All animals and all fungi or quasi-fungi presuppose the existence of vegetal life, and especially of chlorophyll. It was chlorophyll that laid up the energetic materials on which they subsist. Carbonic acid and water will not do by themselves; they are the waste products. Sunlight falling upon these will not do by itself; it is the instrument merely. But these three, together with chlorophyll, will produce the raw material of life; and the vegetal cell will work it up into protoplasmic bodies within its own substance. And herein lies the fatal flaw of all such investigations into "spontaneous generation" as Dr. Bastian's. Even if it could be shown that living organisms sprang up spontaneously at the present day in decoctions of turnip or in beef-tea (which has never been shown), we should be no nearer the beginnings of life than ever. For the organisms said to be so produced are all such as Bacteria, small rod-like creatures of the fungous sort, containing no chlorophyll, and living on the turnip-soup or the beef-tea exactly as we do. If in a world containing oceans of ready-made beef-tea a number of Bacteria were produced, they would promptly begin to swim about in it, reproduce their kind in enormous quantities, eat it all up, and then die out for ever. But what we want is an organism which, set down in a world containing no beef-tea, but filled in its stead with water and carbonic acid, will increase and multiply and replenish the earth. And no organism that we know of could do this, unless it contained chlorophyll; whereas, if it contained chlorophyll, it must, by virtue of its physical properties, continue to do so as long as sunlight, water, and carbonic acid (with a little nitrogen, &c.) were duly supplied to it.

Waiving the question, then, as to how the earliest grain of chlorophyll began to be, we see that if one such chlorophyll grain be once granted, with its physical properties such as they are known to be, genesis in its most primitive form follows as a matter of course. Now, the very simplest type of Thallophytes are known as the Protophytes (it is unfortunate that our inquiry leads us mostly into the very dregs of vegetal life, whose mere names nobody knows; but it cannot be helped), and these Protophytes, or some of them, exhibit to us a system of genesis almost in this ideally simple form. In the very earliest of these tiny organisms, such as some Chroococcaceæ, Oscillatorieæ, and others, each plant consists of a single cell, that is to say, of a small mass of protoplasm, containing chlorophyll-bodies,

and surrounded by a more or less jelly-like wall. This wall is "secreted" by the protoplasm from its own substance; in other words, each cell is first produced as a mass of protoplasm only, and then proceeds to cover itself with an outside film, much as porridge does in a basin as it grows cold. Not, of course, that the one action is exactly equivalent to the other; but both are presumably due alike to simply physical causes. At a certain point of growth, when the cell or plant has stored up a given quantity of material like itself, under the influence of sunlight, it divides in two, each part being naturally exactly similar. The two halves of the divided mother-cell next increase until they attain its size, and then they divide again. And so on *ad infinitum*. Here it is clear that genesis really consists in the production by one cell of two cells exactly like itself; and the principle of heredity is thus seen in its origin to be simply identity of substance and structure.

If the new cells float freely about in their medium, each one may be regarded as a separate organism; but if they cling together in rows like beads in a necklace, they form the first sort of compound organism, such as some waving hair-like algæ; and if they cling together on all sides, they form a primitive leaf or frond.

Many plants which rise higher in the scale than these, nevertheless often recur to the same primitive form of genesis by simple fission of a single cell. For example, the well-known red snow plant is now considered to be, most probably, a mere abortive stage in the development of some higher alga; but it very well illustrates the nature of this primitive genetic type. A single small mass of protoplasm, containing chlorophyll-bodies, falls on the surface of newly fallen snow, under the sunlight. The bit of protoplasm is itself, in all probability, derived from a higher plant, with a different mode of reproduction; but here it has none of the favourable conditions for its own normal development, while it has all those required for this simplest plane of vegetal life. It has water, carbonic acid, sunlight. Accordingly, it begins at once to integrate fresh matter from without under the solar influence; and as it does so, it breaks up again and again into small bodies, each of which in turn becomes the mother of others, until the whole surface of the snow is covered with a perfect sheet of tiny red plantlets.

We thus see the *à priori* necessity for the existence of reproduction in all bodies containing chlorophyll. But we do not yet see the necessity for reproduction in bodies which do not contain it. In order to do so, we must have recourse to the principle of natural selection.

Clearly, this principle follows of necessity from the general properties of chlorophyll. For, given chlorophyll, and therefore given reproduction in its simplest form, variation and survival of the fittest are necessary consequences. Unless we suppose all the chlorophyll containing organisms to be circumstanced exactly alike (which is practically impossible), we must allow that greater or less differences will arise between them, through the action of their unlike environment, exactly as happens with stones or other inorganic bodies. But since chlorophyll tends to build up more chlorophyll like itself, and to split up into new bodies, it must also happen that such slightly differentiated bodies will also tend to split up into similarly differentiated bodies—in other words, to reproduce their like. Heredity of acquired traits in its simplest form thus amounts to no more than identity of constitution between the two parts of a divided and altered whole. Again, those masses of chlorophyll which are best conditioned for receiving and assimilating sunlight will reproduce the most, while those which are worst conditioned will reproduce the least or not at all. Every variation which tends towards better adaptation to the environment will thus be favoured, and will become hereditary; every adverse variation will be weeded out. It is only possible here to state this connexion very briefly: but whoever takes the trouble to work it out in his own mind will easily see that all Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection flows necessarily from the fundamental attributes of chlorophyll, *plus* the existence of variety or diversity in the inorganic environment.

This being so, it becomes clear that higher developments of heredity will soon be rendered possible. For if any chlorophyll containing organism is so situated that it happens to split up, say, into several small spores or eggs, instead of into two similar bodies, and if these spores or eggs happen to show any slight betterness of adaptation in any way, it is obvious that they will reproduce more often and more securely than other organisms, or, to use the familiar phrase, they will survive in the struggle for existence. As a matter of fact, we know that we can trace many such higher developments. Starting from organisms which merely split up into two, we go on to organisms in which a single mother-cell divides into several cells, and to others in which the cells so produced possess certain definite organs, enabling them the more easily to fix themselves in suitable situations. In fact, among the bodies containing chlorophyll, we can pass upward from the very simplest types, in which reproduction is performed by mere division, to those very developed types in

which reproduction takes place by means of a highly complex seed, such as that of a pea or a hazel-nut.

Most of these gradations can be sufficiently accounted for by the principle of natural selection alone—that is to say by the reproduction of the most adapted variations : but there is one other principle, or rather one variety of this principle, which must be briefly touched upon here, in order to render comprehensible its application to the case of the more familiar animals. This is the origin of sex—a question to which I hope hereafter to recur at greater detail in this Magazine, but which I cannot wholly pass over here, though it can only now be treated in the briefest manner. It is certain that all organisms and all cells tend, after a longer or shorter period, to lose their plastic or reproductive power. They seem to settle down into a less active and more quiescent state, after which they do not so readily undergo any change or produce any fresh units. But some organic cells, when they have reached this state, pass through a process known as rejuvenescence which enables them to begin over again their cycle of existence. For example, in certain algæ, reproduction takes place in the following manner : After the plant has produced a number of cells, arranged one after another in long hair-like rows, its growing power or vigour seems to be used up, and it reaches a period of considerable quiescence. Then, in some of these cells, the protoplasm and chlorophyll-bodies at last contract, and protrude through an opening in the cell-wall. Next, they pass the opening and quit the cell altogether, forming what is known as a swarm-cell, without any cell-wall, which floats freely in the water. After a short time, this swarm-cell fixes itself at rest, what was before its side now becoming its root (to use a popular term) ; and it then begins to grow vigorously into a fresh plant, first secreting a fresh cell-wall, and then producing new cells under the influence of sunlight acting on its chlorophyll. In this case, we have a very advanced type of asexual reproduction, almost foreshadowing sexuality : for here the change of attitude, and the casting off of the slough or cell-wall, seems to give the protoplasm and chlorophyll new life, by permitting them to assume a plasticity which they had temporarily lost in the act of definite organisation.

True sexuality essentially differs from this in one fact : the organism has here acquired so fixed and statical a habit that plasticity can only be restored (as Mr. Herbert Spencer points out) by interaction with another organism. For example, certain algæ reproduce by what is known as conjugation : that is to say, when the long hair-like filaments which form the plant have reached their

period of maturity, they happen to approach one another in the water, and a union takes place by the outgrowth of a passage between two of their opposite cells. The protoplasm and chlorophyll of one cell collect, and pass over through the passage thus formed in the cell-wall into the other. Then a sort of stir or ferment is set up by this infusion of fresh blood, and the previously quiescent cell-contents break up into a number of small spores, from each of which a new individual is produced.

Such a case shows us sexuality in its very simplest mode, for here the two cells which unite to form the spores do not visibly differ from one another—there is no differentiation of reproductive cells into male and female. In certain higher algæ, however, we get such a bisexual differentiation. Smaller cells known as antheridia inject their contents into larger cells known as oogonia, and set up in them the reproductive process. The pollen-grains and ovules of flowering plants show us the differentiation in its highest vegetal form. Infinite as are the gradations by which we reach these upper levels of plant life, it will yet be obvious to anyone familiar with evolutionary modes of thought, that they can all be logically deduced from the known primitive properties of chlorophyll, *plus* natural selection acting upon varieties produced by differences of environment.

But how are we to account for genesis and heredity in animals, where chlorophyll is not present? To answer this final question, we must consider in what manner the first animal probably came to exist. In many cases, the reproductive spores cast off by plants possess organs of motion. They swim about freely in water by means of little vibratile hairs, which they have, of course, acquired by the natural selection of favourable variations. In some instances such spores come to rest finally, and grow out, by multiplication of cells, into fixed and sessile plants; in other instances, they continue motile throughout their whole existence, but show their essentially vegetal nature by their possession of active chlorophyll. In their young state, however, these plants do not fundamentally differ from animals. They possess a certain fixed store of potential energy, which they use up in the movements of their vibratile hairs; and so long as they continue in this state they inhale oxygen from the water, give out carbonic acid, and are in fact functionally animals. But sooner or later they take to a truly vegetal life, by assimilating hydrocarbons from the surrounding medium, under the influence of sunlight; and so doing, they prove their right to be considered as genuine plants.

Now, suppose some such locomotive spores, freely floating about

in the water, happen by some chance (such as being cast in a dark place) not to use their chlorophyll or to develop fresh chlorophyll, what will occur? Under certain circumstances, under most circumstances indeed, they will simply die. But if one of them happens to come into contact with another, the two might conceivably coalesce. This coalescence would increase the total quantity of energy-yielding material possessed by the joint body, and the length of time for which it could go on moving without the necessity for fresh sunlight would be correspondingly increased. If, again, it came into contact with still other similar germs, or with germs of a different description, the movement might continue indefinitely. We have only to suppose this coalescence rendered habitual, and we have at once the simplest type of animal.

At first, the coalescence thus postulated might almost be mutual: just as in the earliest form of reproduction by splitting, it is impossible to say which is parent and which is offspring, because both are halves of a similar whole, so in the earliest form of feeding it is almost impossible to say which is devourer and which devoured, because both combine to form a single whole. In time, however, variation aided by natural selection produces distinct types, of which some clearly feed upon others. In the simplest forms, the feeding takes the shape of a mere enveloping of the food-morsel by the protoplasm of the devourer; digestion and assimilation are carried on by all parts of the homogeneous jelly-like primitive animal. With higher animals, however, under stress of natural selection, there arises a differentiation of parts: there are integuments, and these integuments assume the character of outer and inner; there is a digestive sac or cavity, there is a mouth, there is a vent, there are subsidiary organs of secretion, assimilation, and circulation, there is a complex locomotive apparatus. But in every case all the energy expended by the animal comes directly or indirectly from the starches and other fuels or food-stuffs laid up beforehand by the chlorophyll of the plant.

That such is actually the origin of animal organisms, we do not of course know with certainty. But that they may most probably have arisen in some such way is rendered highly credible by the analogous case of fungi. It is now certain that fungi are not a separate class of plants, but that they are members of very distinct classes and families, resembling one another only in their quasi-animal mode of life. In fact there is no group of the lowest order of plants—the *Thallophytes*—among which fungi do not occur. Now, these fungi are really plants which have lost the habit of producing chlorophyll, and have acquired instead the habit of assimilating and using up energetic

materials laid up by other (chlorophyll-containing) plants. It is obvious that life may be carried on by such means, and however life may be carried on, something is sure to carry it on, because variation is sure to hit sooner or later in its blind groping upon some accident which tells in that (as in every) direction. The occurrence of fungi in every group of Thallophytes clearly shows that the habit of living by expending energy acquired elsewhere, instead of by accumulating energy at first hand, has been assumed by certain plant germs, not once only, but many thousand times over. Parasitism is a trick that occurs again and again in the history of evolution. Moreover, what has thus happened often to fungi may have happened often to the germs or spores which developed ultimately into animals as well; for there is really no valid line to be drawn between a floating fungus and an animal. A mushroom, indeed, and most moulds, are immediately judged to be vegetal by their fixed and rooted position (though many animals are equally rooted); but the distinction between such small locomotive or floating fungi as *Bacterium*, *Vibrio*, or yeast, and the simpler animals is a very artificial one.

Why, then, does genesis occur in such animal or quasi-animal forms? Take a yeast cell, placed in a proper solution—that is to say in a solution full of energy-yielding materials laid up directly or indirectly by true green plants—and the answer is obvious. The cell of which the very simple organism is composed drinks in organisable material from the surrounding liquid. As it does so, it begins to bud out by a small protuberance, which increases rapidly to the size of the mother-cell. The narrow point of union then gives way, and instead of one we have two cells. Each of these, once more, forthwith repeats the process until the whole solution is one mass of yeast cells. As each is necessarily precisely similar in constitution to its predecessors, they must all resemble their common ancestor, the first yeast cell, except in so far as they may happen to be modified by special circumstances. The cells presumably split up because they have grown by feeding beyond the size at which stability is possible for them. In short, the root principle of heredity is given by the fact that reproduction in its essence is division of a single body into two equal and similar halves whenever it reaches a certain size. The offspring resembles the parent, because the offspring is a bit of the parent, broken off from it to lead a separate life. Where genesis becomes sexual, the offspring resembles both parents, because it is a mixture of parts derived from two organisms, and necessarily developing afterwards as they developed.

Higher animals, starting with this common self-dividing habit of

all protoplasm, have gone on developing under stress of natural selection, just as higher plants have done. They have hit out (independently, it would seem) the device of sexual reproduction; they have acquired advanced organs of locomotion, and they have grown into a vast variety of specialised forms. But to the last, the essence of reproduction remains in them the same as in the yeast cell, and differs insomuch from that of the true green plants. Denuded of accessories, the two types are these: plants accumulate material for fresh protoplasm by means of their chlorophyll, under the influence of sunlight; and this manufactured protoplasm becomes the germ of new plant organisms. Animals accumulate material for fresh protoplasm by integrating into themselves the stores laid up by plants, and this stolen protoplasm becomes the germ of new animal organisms. Variation under the influence of the environment (in accordance with what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls "the instability of the homogeneous") aided by natural selection, does all the rest.

In this necessarily brief sketch I have intentionally confined myself to what is most fundamental and essential in the nature of genesis, omitting all details of mere secondary importance. Especially have I touched very lightly on those later stages in the process of reproductive evolution whose philosophy has already been fully worked out by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. My object has been simply to answer the question, "Why should there be such a thing as reproduction in plants and animals at all?"—not to answer the question, "Why should it assume such and such forms in such and such particular definite instances?" I have tried to fill up what seems to me a lacuna in the evolutionary system, and to show that if once we recognise the physical property of chlorophyll whereby it lays up materials for its own renewal under the influence of solar energy, all the rest follows with deductive certainty as a matter of course. Given a grain of chlorophyll in a planet containing water and carbon dioxide, and supplied with radiant energy, and a world of plants and animals is a necessary result. The chlorophyll so circumstanced must of its own nature be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. Differentiations must needs arise between its parts from time to time under stress of divergent circumstances. Natural selection must weed out the worse of these, and spare the better. And amongst the better must almost certainly be some which have acquired the fungoid habit, out of which the animal world is a natural evolutionary product.

GRANT ALLEN.

PETIT-SENN'S "*PENSÉES*."

JEAN ANTOINE PETIT, or—as he signed himself, adopting his mother's name as an addition—John Petit-Senn, in the delightful little book "*Bluettes et Boutades*" from which we gather a few specimens, and which should secure him an honourable niche among French writers of *Pensées*, tells us that "wit makes a book live : genius prevents its dying." If most of his contributions to the literature of French Switzerland are but little known beyond the confines of his own country, this is not because, with all the *esprit* that made them so popular, they are devoid of genius, but because the Genevan patriot poet sought subjects for his satires and moralisings in the microcosm that was so full of interest to him, but about which the great outside world knew and cared little.

Petit-Senn was a born *littérateur*. While serving a distasteful apprenticeship in a house of business at Lyons, he made his début as a poet in the "*Almanach des Muses*." In his twenty-first year (1812) he returned to Geneva, where his lively wit and frank, genial nature rendered him popular in the literary circles of the city. He soon became known through the poems, satires, epigrams, elegies, fables, and especially the songs, he published in various Swiss reviews and magazines ; and it was not long before he took a very prominent position in the literary movement of Geneva, which he retained until his death in 1870.

His first work of any length was the "*Griffonade*" (Griffon was the name of the college beadle), the wit of which was pointed by the skilful pencil of Töpffer, the charming author of the "*Nouvelles Gênévoises*" and the "*Voyage en Zigzag*." In 1826 he took part in founding the *Journal de Genève*, a newspaper which has sustained to the present day its high reputation. But it was through the *Fantasque*, which he had the courage to originate and conduct single-handed, that Petit-Senn achieved his most remarkable success. In this publication, in which he rallied the foibles of his compatriots and fellow-citizens, he showed not only a subtle knowledge of human nature, but the skill—rare in satirical writers—

of so avoiding all personalities as to make himself no enemies. Jules Janin compared the *Fantasque* to the papers of the *Spectator*. De Candolle, Rector of the University, congratulated him publicly on his success; and in a private letter the illustrious botanist tells the poet in graceful verse how in his early years he "hesitated between Apollo and Flora." Balzac speaks of the man who was able to support, unaided, such a work as the *Fantasque*, as "a literary Atlas," and calls him the Jules Janin of Geneva. Zschokke, the well-known author of "Stunden der Andacht," writes: "How can I express the pleasure and admiration with which I read those happy and truthful delineations of character in which no hidden trait of the human heart seems to escape you? A great revolution must have taken place in the intellect and taste of Geneva, where the exact sciences used to monopolise all the altars, and from whence literature seemed to have been banished with Jean-Jacques."

Besides his numerous contributions in verse and prose to Swiss publications, Petit-Senn wrote for several French journals, the *Revue de Paris*, the *Magasin Pittoresque*, the *Salut Public*, the *Artiste*, and the *Revue du Lyonnais*.

Not only did the press of France show its esteem for his writings by frequent quotations, but many of the most distinguished French authors expressed their approval and sympathy. Madame Neckar de Saussure writes: "The beauties of nature and the sweetest emotions of the human heart have found in you an harmonious interpreter." "You prove to us, sir," Victor Hugo writes in a letter to Petit-Senn, "that for taste, grace, and pleasantry of the right kind, Geneva is still quite a French town." Châteaubriand congratulates him no less gracefully.

In his later poems—among which "Perce-neige" and "Mes Cheveux Blancs" deserve special mention—the vivacity and pungency that characterised his early writings are replaced by a tenderness that is not unfrequently tinged with melancholy; indeed, the subject of death had for him—as was the case with Benjamin Constant—a peculiar, but not a morbid attraction. Still, in his intercourse with the many friends whom it was his wont to receive in his bedroom during the long period of his residence at Chêne (whither in delicate health he had withdrawn from Geneva, disappointed at the gradual subordination of literature to science), his brilliant wit remained undimmed, and the active generosity which won him the gratitude of his poorer neighbours never flagged.

Petit-Senn was buried in the little churchyard of Chêne-Bougeries, by the side of the historian Sismondi.

"*Bluettes et Boutades*"—we refrain from marring the title by translation—made its first appearance in Paris, in 1849, and has since that date been reprinted several times in both France and Switzerland. Monsieur Louis Reybaud, in a preface to the little book, writes : " There reigns in this volume a precision, a lucidity, and a happiness of expression, which remind one of the best masters. M. Joubert, in a work that has lately made its mark, had already essayed to reinstate that form of maxims which La Rochefoucauld borrowed from the collections of Greek apophthegms, and which furnish so fit a setting for thought. We shall see how admirable is M. J. Petit-Senn's success in this *genre* of writing, what depth and subtlety he displays, and with what art he leaves us to divine what he does not wish to convey in set terms. The satirist is still with us ; but the satire is that of the teacher, and the brilliant style that of a master of his craft."

" Let us respect grey hairs ; but, above all, our own."

" Love, when it visits old men, is like sunshine upon snow ; it is more dazzling than warming."

" We forget the origin of a *parvenu* if he remembers it ; we remember it if he forgets it."

" The first love that enters the heart is the last to leave the memory."

" The truth about our merit lies mid-way between what people say of it to us out of politeness and what we say of it ourselves out of modesty."

" Where the intellectual level is low, charlatans rise to distinction. They are like those rocks on the sea-shore which only look high at low water."

" Those whom experience does not render better are taught by it to seem so."

" To endeavour to move by the same discourse hearers who differ in age, sex, position and education, is to attempt to open all locks with the same key."

" The flavour of a detached thought depends upon the conciseness with which it is expressed. It is a grain of sugar that must be melted in a drop of water."

"Experience discloses all too late the snares set for the young. It is like the cold mist that shows the spider's web when the flies are no longer there to be caught."

"Depend upon it, the people who declare they are of no party are not of ours."

"To hide a fault with a lie is to replace a blot by a hole."

"Gratitude, a delicate plant sown by kindness, does not flourish in cold hearts."

"Inclined as we may be to pardon the evil that is said of us, it is better not to hear it than to have to forget it."

"Many fortunes, like rivers, have a pure source, but get foul as they increase in size."

"Certain critics, while judging an author, search for texts for their own thoughts and canvas on which to display the flowers of their style,—in a word, frames in which to instal themselves. Sometimes they will so dissect a work—laying bare the sinews, nerves and vertebræ of its author, and stripping him of his flesh—that they alone can be seen through the unlucky writer whom they have thus rendered transparent."

"Frankness speaks of those present as if they were absent ; and charity of the absent ones as if they were present."

"One meets with people who show their lack of culture by saying beautiful things so coarsely that they seem to spit pearls."

"As under a hot iron creases disappear, so does the weight of adversity press out of a man his pride and vanity."

"The anonymous calumniator changes his name which no one knows for that of coward which every one bestows upon him."

"We make too little of what we say of others, and a great deal too much of what they say of us."

"A fool in costly attire is a paltry book with gilt edges."

"Father Time shows little respect for what is done without his aid."

"Silent fools are locked drawers."

"We only see the great obstacles on the highway of life ; but it is often a little difficulty that disables us : for a wall does but check our course, while a stone trips us up."

"Public speakers who fret and fume about nothing seem to me like the ships one sees in bad engravings, with all their sails puffed out while the sea is as smooth as a mill-pond."

"The prudery that outlives a woman's youth and beauty reminds me of a scarecrow left in the field after the harvest is over."

"It often happens that a man with a host of good qualities lacks the very one that would enable him to turn them all to account."

"Livery has saved more than one master from being taken for his valet."

"It is all very well for our Mentors to tell us to walk so quietly through the world as not to awaken envy or hatred : but, alas ! what are we to do if they never sleep ?"

"The defects of an honest man are more readily discovered than the vices of a rascal."

"Some creatures there are who are too vile to feel kindnesses : their baseness cannot rise even to ingratitude ; that vice is above them."

"Among authors, the poor in money turn their clothes, and the poor in wit their thoughts."

"The modesty of certain authors consists in rising in the world as noiselessly as may be ; one might say of them that they make their way on tip-toe."

"Love pitches its tent in our heart ; but friendship builds there."

"How many public speakers seem to talk merely to show that they should be silent !"

"Those friends who are full of devotion when we stand in no need of their help are like pine trees that offer their shade in winter."

"We are always exceedingly grateful for services about to be rendered us."

"The pedant sets himself to teach us what he knows, rather than what we want to learn."

"Reason proves its greatness by plying itself with sublime questions, and its folly by pretending to solve them: its *why* soars, its *because* crawls."

"In the world of letters, the spoilt children of the present are rarely the great men of the future."

"The experience time brings is not worth the illusions it takes away."

"There are people whose sense serves them but to remedy their follies."

HENRY ATTWELL.

*FROM ARCACHON TO
BOURNEMOUTH.*

THERE are two places of shelter especially contrived by nature and man together for shielding the frail and tender chest from the stabs of east and north winds. These are Arcachon in the south of France, and Bournemouth in the south of England. Both places are accessible enough. So like are they in their friendly protection that one may be called the French Bournemouth, the other the English Arcachon. The idea is that the restoring breezes of the sea may reach and fortify the enfeebled chest after being filtered through groves of tall, straight, closely-planted pines, which "live and thrive" under difficult conditions, and in a sandy soil. This was attempted on a prodigious scale at Arcachon, not with any philanthropic view for the invalids, but for the purpose of reclaiming the vast *dunes* and useless sands and swamps over which the natives made their way mounted on high stilts. The same course was adopted at Bournemouth, and the afflicted were not slow to discover the benefit. Having visited both retreats, an account of their distinct peculiarities and advantages may be interesting. First for Arcachon :

It was just after the disastrous war of 1870—peace had been signed—when one chill morning about seven o'clock I found myself entering the French settlement which was about an hour or two's journey from Bordeaux. It was the gloomy month of November, and the unhappy land had shown all the tokens of the disastrous chastisement on it. On the churches and various buildings of Paris could still be seen the bullet marks and the ravages of conflagration, while only a short time before I had made the journey from Calais in carriages charitably loaned by the Chatham and Dover Railway, the "rolling stock" having been carried off or worn out by the victorious Germans !

The unhappy watering-place had, in the Empire days, been "run," as the Americans put it, by the Pereires, a great financial house, who had built a splendid casino, Grand Hotel, and a large number of *châlets* and villas. For the rest, it was an insignificant village of one-storied houses stretching along a flat strip of shore, rather rickety in

structure, and compared with which the now deserted "Grand Hotel"—looking anything but grand—was a monumental structure. At the lonely and deserted little box of a station some three or four passengers were set down, and one solitary cab was waiting. One or two natives lounged about, who gazed with surprise on these "pilgrim fathers" the arriving strangers. Inland a mass of dark green betokened where the interesting pine forests fringed the place about, seeming to hint good-naturedly "Be of good courage, we shall shelter you," while an enclosed bay known as "The Basin" suggested the sea, which it was not. In these pine groves were dotted about the sheltered villas built in the style of Swiss *châlets*, about a couple of dozen in number, which, in the late palmy days, were let at huge rents. This was the season for the invalids; yet, at the moment, with the exception of two or three, every house in the place was deserted. The Grand Hotel still kept its doors open for appearance' sake, hoping for better days, and there were actually one or two persons enjoying its hospitality.

The astonishment of the agent as he was consulted as to a house was something to see: it was like the arrival of a new colonist in a backwoods' settlement. It was frankly owned that the whole town was there to choose from, and almost at once a huge villa in the outskirt, capable of lodging "a nobleman, or gentleman's family, or bachelor of position," was the first offered and selected—perhaps, because in addition to its own merits it was quaintly styled "*VILLA OF THE GOOD LA FONTAINE!*" an inscription written in letters a foot high across its face. And there, fringed in, therefore, by these dark green pine forests, I remained for the winter. The two people in the Grand Hotel soon went away, and "then there were none." A stray family came and took one of the villas in the pine groves, but soon fled, as the snows fell. It was all desolation.

Yet there was a curious sleepy charm to be found in long solitary walks along the miles and miles of paths cut through the forests. When contrasted with the thick deep snows on the ground, the foliage seemed of a dense and utter blackness, and this without ever meeting a human being save a stray woodcutter, whom I was glad to see, having known him well before in the melodramas. There was strange solitary calm in these regions which was not unpleasing, and such was the charm that I found myself day after day monotonously taking the same direction and following the same track. What if the "woodcutter," true to his instinct, had noted the unsuspecting stranger and laid his plot or ambush! It was a curious feeling to find the same impressions revived some years later when wandering through the pine groves of Bournemouth. Nearly every room in the

"good la Fontaine's" villa opened by some dozen of glass doors on a garden, and through the chinks all the bitter winds of heaven came whistling and stabbing, at every gust clattering and jingling. The only desperate resource was to have paper pasted over the chinks and thus hermetically seal up the place. A less unpleasing remedy was a daily game of battledore-and-shuttlecock in one of the huge deserted chambers. What rueful weeks followed! no one to see, no one to speak to save the landlord, a worthy portly bourgeois, who ever maintained that his country was really invincible, and that "one Frenchman was really worth ten Prussians." There was a "Cercle," it is true, in the little town, over a shop, with the usual apparatus of a French club—the green-cloth table—for gamesters nightly; and to this he insisted on introducing me with all formality, and I was welcomed by the members, I could see, with cordial anticipations that many sovereigns would be transferred to their pockets. It was a dismal *ignis fatuus* of a club, and the gaiety there was even more depressing than the real depression outside.

To invite a genuine fit of the blues, it was only necessary to walk up to the elegant Casino just over the town, built on Moorish lines by a first-rate Paris architect: which Casino, before the late "deluge" had overwhelmed music and orchestra, had been crowded with the gay ladies of the Empire and their gallants. All was now fled, and a sad solitary woman was in charge to tell of its past glories. There was a tiny theatre in a back street—the smallest, perhaps, in the world—where great Paris players had erst performed at great prices; and, wonder of all, there was an English "Temple," as it was called, or chapel, a bethel-looking little edifice, with a worthy clergyman in charge. There was no music; no "shows" ever came to cheer our desolation. There was nothing you wanted to be bought in that place. A "commissioner" made a weekly journey to Bordeaux, and took orders to buy any little thing you might require, returning in the evening.

It was a strange feeling, all through that long and weary winter, to watch the crushed and humiliated French "pulling themselves together," and striving to recover under their reverses. One day there was perfect consternation in the little settlement when it was announced that Government had put a heavy tax on the tobacco, and that every cigar was to cost, I think, two sous more. Every railway ticket, great and small, had now to pay its tax of a halfpenny or penny. But this wonderful and incompressible people was not to be daunted. I recall our landlord still repeating with a gesture as though he were charging with the bayonet, that "one Frenchman was

worth *ten* Prussians." This portly being was a source of infinite entertainment from his gesticulation and vehement assertion—a good character for comedy, with a sweet tenor voice, that contrasted oddly with his portly person. It was a great event in the household when he set forth on an expedition to Paris to wait on the Minister, with a view, no doubt, to obtain promotion of some kind, everyone in those times looking to be sub-prefect at least. On his return we had the whole story—told in dialogue and exactly reproduced; the words and gestures of the Minister, and his own far longer speeches; proving that His Excellency the Minister had either a vast stock of time on his hands, or even greater patience. So the winter went by. No guests came; the same universal desolation was maintained. An English family or two turned up, but they remained but a while, and fled, appalled. It could be endured no longer, and it was a joyful day when I, too, was enabled to fly.

Now change the scene to merry England. It seems a "far cry" to Arcachon's pine-clad sister Bournemouth, snugly sheltered on the English south coast, and perhaps one of the most healing spots known. It is strangely and mysteriously arranged by nature. It seems to have started as a professed sea-side place, with the apparatus of cliffs, &c., after the pattern of Ramsgate; but these opening into a curious and sheltered valley suggested yet a second thought, that something farther inland might be more efficacious; and the lavish growth of pines completed the complex idea. These interpose sieve-like, and soften the sea air. Nothing is more original than this green richly-wooded valley, stretching away inland from the shore, and laid out in a garden with its tall trees, shady walks, and rippling brook, misnamed "Bourne" river. At the end of this garden, and on the hill to the left, the town has settled snugly enough, and developed into a very pretty place. This pleasantly sheltered "Vale of Health" is unique and original, and its old trees still flourishing on the high and low walks on its gentle hill-side, suggests forcibly the quiet valley of little old-fashioned Spa, with its "Promenades of seven o'clock" and "of four o'clock." Here is a calm softened, not uncongenial atmosphere, if dull, with a glimpse at the end of the sea, and the pagoda-like entrance to the "new pier." In a sort of kiosk plays one of the bands—either "The Town" or "The Italian," while the cheerful promenaders walk briskly, all arrayed in the melancholy badge of the place—the respirator.

The singular character of the place is the abundance of ground, which allows every house, on hill or level road, a good measure of

garden about it. And of the ground there is an infinite diversity. By a curious dispensation, there are virtually no poor in Bournemouth proper, or even a working class. It seems all stalls and boxes, no galleries; and it is an odd sight to see the artisan and labourer at the close of the day trudging off two or three miles' walk to Boscombe or beyond, or else, more luxuriously, mounted on a tricycle. On the swelling hills which rise on both sides of the tranquil dell, which bisects the place, are clustered thickly houses of every shape, pattern, and every tint of brick, each surrounded with its trees and bit of garden. Nature here is wonderfully lavish in its production, the laurel thriving in profusion, the firs and other dark-toned trees growing in shadowy abundance. The curious formation of the ground, the place being situated in what is known in the district as a "chine" or gorge, which, after entering from the sea, bends away to the right, offers a peculiar shelter from the winds. At the same time there are loud complaints that the general and generous shelter supplied by the pines is being seriously impaired by that noxious being "the speculative builder." The mischief is being vehemently denied, but anyone surveying the matter impartially will own to the large extent of the "clearings." The place is over-built to a degree that is inconceivable, though one rarely sees the inhabitants, who dwell in the vast collections of mansions, the popular idea being that they are invalids who may not venture to appear in the open air. Shelter enough is found along the roads in the pine forests, where are the stately mansion in which the King and Queen of Sweden resided for a winter and were restored to health. It is remembered with pleasure that his Majesty attended some local meeting and in warm language boasted himself a citizen of Bournemouth, and acknowledged with intense gratitude the obligations of himself and of his queen.

Of the goodness of the air, indeed, and of its gracious healing powers there can be no question. It therefore abounds in what are called "sanatoriums" and "hydros;" that curious modern development of the boarding-house, or mongrel combination of hospital and hotel. The life at these places is a singular one; and when the house is large and spacious, with a vast number of rooms, as at The Hall, Bushey (a millionaire's country seat converted to this use), the effect is piquant for a time. I fancy it is a boon and a blessing for the poor invalid, who finds company and good-natured people (whereof the world has plenty) who will talk to him and cheer him. Besides, he can enjoy a certain state and comfort, can grumble at the manager, &c., and gets really better value for his money than he would elsewhere.

In this umbrageous retreat there is a calm tranquillity; you can attune your soul to a pleasant lethargy, reposing your intellectual self on the worthy and often good personages who figure in this sort of stage. There are here grand galleries, corridors, and spacious apartments, so there is not that unpleasant *herding* with your fellows, owing to lack of room, which too often makes one of the tortures of life, to certain minds at least. There is just completed at our settlement a truly ambitious structure of this kind known as the Mont Doré, which, after unusual vicissitudes, is now on the eve of being opened. It rises out of the valley pleasantly and invitingly, not without an imposing air of state, and is sheltered all round with a fresh and heavy cloak of planting and verdure. The spot, we are told, was selected after examination of the claims of the most suitable spots in England. Let us hope, not with the same result as that which attended the stone used in the Houses of Parliament, selected with the same scrupulous care and experiment. As an odd proof of the salubrity of its air we may point to the fifty doctors who are said to live and thrive here; and, finally, it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that the foremost and most *recherché* tradesman of the place, bears the name of Fudge. Thus much for the "hydros," or "hydropathic establishments," with their Turkish and other baths, resident doctor, &c.

No place is so "bechurched" as this, or has so many religious sections. Every shade and tint of Christianity is fairly represented. Here is the beautiful church of St. Peter's, the most successful of modern works, the best of the accomplished Street, whose graceful spire, from whatever point of view, always attracts and pleases; and in a beautiful retired road, umbrageous to a degree, is nearly completed another edifice, the Bennett Memorial Church, also remarkable for its true architectural spirit. Close by is the pretty Catholic church, with its angelus tower and bell. There is here a flourishing and zealous congregation.

There are some interesting residents who lend pleasant and refined flavour to this retreat. Foremost among them is the veteran Sir Henry Taylor, whose famous play has obtained a reputation which no blank verse performance of these later times is ever thought likely to reach. This success is so extraordinary and exceptional, considering the difficulty suggested by the foreign subject, that it speaks wonders for the ability of the writer. There are lines in this piece which have become part of the common quotable stock, such as "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." His pleasant retreat has seen a tide of clever and accomplished visitors; for such a

man has naturally a large circle of admirers and friends. Within the last few weeks he has again excited public attention by telling the story of his long life : and this talent of writing has descended to his family.

Another accomplished man lives within easy hail of Bournemouth, and he too has recently told the story of his life and adventures, viz. Lord Malmesbury, whose amusing and vivacious diary was the genuine success of the past season. A more lively and sparkling chronicle could not be conceived. None the worse for an occasional indiscretion, these two books, on the whole, have helped to prove that old age is becoming an art, and that youth of mind and spirit may be cultivated. It would be strange if, by some odd reversal, dulness and feebleness were transferred to our early years.

Here, too, near Christchurch, is the eminent member of the extinct Fourth party, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff ; with the son of the poet Shelley, at Boscombe Manor ; while, until a few weeks ago, there flourished at his beautiful place, Lindisfarne, in Gerbas Road, whither he used to fly for shelter from London east winds—the intellectual head of the Tories—the sagacious Earl Cairns. A short time before, the “fell serjent” had interfered and carried away that good writer and excellent pious woman Lady Georgina Fullerton.

Once stranded in a little Welsh town, and sorely off for distraction, I discovered one of those strange beings who have a mania for forming museums—so they call them—in which the main attractions are some bones of a whale, a few old flags “saved from the wreck of the *Mary Anne*” off the coast in the “famous storm of 185—” ; a piece of stone that might be a “fragment of a font,” or anything ; preparations in glass bottles ; and old newspapers framed. But what was most piquant was the garden, in which were literally *planted* the figureheads of various vessels, wrecks—or more probably, purchased from the shipbreaker for a trifle. The *Royal George* and the *Mary Anne* herself, duly bent back to the proper curve, and fittingly coloured, stared stiffly at the visitor as he advanced, with the drollest effect. The impression left was worth the whole “museum” put together ; and I remember imparting this new delight to Mr. Charles Dickens, who was so tickled with the notion that he was nigh turning it into a Christmas story.

Well, it was with some pleasure that, wandering up our High Street, the eye was caught by something that suggested this old association—a little wooden gate labelled, with steps up a little garden ; the path contrived to meander so as to give an air of space, while two noseless figures—shall we call ’em statues?—stood grace-

fully, and half disguised in the shrubbery. Beyond was the house, with a rustic porch. It was "the Fine Art Museum." This collection is not unentertaining, and holds a prodigious number of engravings by Cruickshank, Bartolozzi, and others. Its worthy proprietor may be congratulated on his well-meaning enthusiasm.

Perhaps one of the most original and effective of public gardens in England has been completed here. One of the "chines," that opens from the sea and winds up to the Boscombe road, offered natural and piquant advantages. On each side of this deep sand valley are the most curious contrasts from the yellow of the sand and the deep green of the furze. In this strange gorge the walk is laid out, leaving a rather wild impression, and winds on till it opens into the usual grass grounds, with rustic bridges, summer-houses, lawn-tennis grounds, and the rest. But, in truth, Bournemouth as a town is singularly well favoured. Everything is good and sound, and developed with an amount of taste rarely found, or rather, what is invariably absent, in corporations. In strange contrast is a dismal place, meant to develop inspiring feelings, yclept the Summer and Winter Gardens. Here, indeed, is a wholesome spot to retire to, as to a desert, to review one's past life and prepare for the next. Sad, indeed, is the deserted glass building, devised to accommodate promenading crowds, while jocund music discoursed from the orchestra. A ruined and dilapidated rink, with a shanty adjoining where some ancient skates were kept in store, seemed to allure to brighter worlds. Inexpressibly gloomy were those days when "the Italian Band" announced they would play, in their blue and silver uniforms, when rarely a dozen gloomy persons strayed in, tried all the chairs, looked on and listened with a dazed, vacant stare, and then hurried away.

We have our large Town Hall and our "little Town Hall," generally occupied by religious meetings, as when some praying amateur comes round. Once, indeed, the famous Oscar was announced, and we wakened up in great expectation, but at the last moment a long strip of paper, pasted across the posters, announced the word "Postponed." "He cometh not, she said," and so said we all. This clever man would have infused some life. There is, however, a pretty theatre and opera-house, filled to overflowing when there is anything really good. At Christmas-tide our amateurs from the Pines and other places go into rehearsal and give a play, performed respectably enough. At this season, however, the real attraction is the well-known Boscombe Manor performance, at Sir Percy Shelley's, where is to be seen what is certainly the prettiest,

most spacious, and best-appointed private theatre in England. Here, within these hospitable walls, is found the most agreeable entertainment ; the pieces are carefully rehearsed and admirably "staged," and are interpreted by such well-trained players as Sir Charles Young, Capt. Gooch, C. Ponsonby, and others. Such evenings as these are pleasant to recall. So that I can imagine the old Bournemouthian getting on the whole attached to the place, and, finding it soothes his chest, dreams on here for many a year, though the prodigious number of respirators met with takes a little time to grow accustomed to.

Our settlement is famous for having more clergy and doctors than any place in England. As the old Irishwoman said in her complimentary fashion, "the place is *piisoned* with 'em." There are High Church clergy and their wealthy congregations. There are Protestant convents, and homes, and sisterhoods in abundance.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

AMONG the most delightful, wholesome, and original novelists of our own day in our own land, we must place the twin authors Besant and Rice. Death has broken the link, and Mr. Besant writes now alone.

In France is another twin pair of novelists, Erckmann and Chatrian, also delightful, wholesome, and original, the bond unbroken, differing chiefly from our English literary Damon and Pythias in the fact that these French novelists write with a deliberate political purpose; they are the novelists of Republicanism, the panegyrists of the French Revolution. They have almost invariably worked together. In their photographs they appear arm in arm. We believe that the only independent work has been "*Les Brigands des Vosges*," which was by Erckmann alone.

Their first appearance was in short stories, strongly influenced by Hoffmann and Balzac. The latter especially, as in the story "*Science et Génie*," which appeared in 1850. A chemist, Dr. Spiridion, had discovered an elixir which petrified all it touched. He confided his secret to a friend, the sculptor Michael, who, thinking that now he had the power of imposing on the world as a transcendent artist, killed Spiridion, mastered his elixir, and petrified the woman he loved and then himself.

In his "*Brigands of the Vosges*," Erckmann introduced a Dr. Matthæus, who makes studies in metempsychosis. As this romance did not attract much attention, he reintroduced Dr. Matthæus in another work, published in 1859, the first that attracted the attention of the public. It is the story of a metaphysical Don Quixote.

Then came a series of wild stories: "*Contes Fantastiques*," 1860; "*Contes de la Montagne*," 1860; "*Contes des Bords du Rhin*," 1861. These stories are full of imagination, often of a somewhat Poe ghastliness. One will suffice. A painter lives opposite a tavern that stands in very bad repute, because so many of the sojourners there have hanged themselves. He suspects an old woman called "*the bat*," and at length discovers how the suicides are brought about. She has a room opposite the guest-room in the tavern, and

she hangs a figure from a beam in her chamber ; the guest sees this, watches it swing, is filled with an irresistible desire to copy the proceeding, and hangs himself. Then the painter works upon the imagination of "the bat," in a similar manner, and drives her to suicide. Erckmann and Chatrian did not believe in the Napoleon myth. Their stories, "*Histoire d'un Conscrit*," 1864, "*Waterloo*," 1865, turned on the wars of Napoleon. "*L'Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple*," 1865, showed the political tendencies of the writers, and About was commissioned to write against them. Then came the famous "*Histoire d'un Paysan*," 1869, appearing on the eve of the great Franco-German war, and the fall of the Empire.

One of their most delightful stories, "*Friend Fritz*," has been dramatised, and makes a pleasant play. We have seen it admirably rendered at Munich. It was performed, but did not take, in London.

Many of the stories of the twin authors have been translated into English, but have not, we believe, had a large sale. A few have also been rendered into German. Some novels which appeared of late years under the separate name of Erckmann for a while led to the supposition that the union was broken, but this was not the case. These tales were by Jules Erckmann, a relative, and an admirer of Napoleon I., not by Emile the collaborator with Chatrian.

In their more recent stories, they have shown a bitter hostility to Germany, due to their both being natives of Alsace. They are both, however, of Teutonic descent; Erckmann's mother tongue was German. He did not learn French till he was twelve. Both, to the present day, speak it with a strong Alsatian pronunciation.

M. Erckmann was born on May 20th, 1822, at Pfalzburg, in Lower Alsace, and till he was nineteen years old he was in the lyceum of Professor Perrot. Then Chatrian was in the same school. He was four years younger than Erckmann, and was born at Boldestenthal, near Pfalzburg. His father had been engaged in glass works at Aberschweiler, but owing to the collapse of the business had come to great poverty. Chatrian was intended by his father to enter a glass factory ; and after he left the school, his father sent him to Belgium, where, however, he did not remain long. He returned to Pfalzburg, and, till he could find an opening, took the place of under usher in the school where he had been a pupil. Emile Erckmann was the son of a bookseller, and after he had finished his studies at Pfalzburg he went to Paris, where he studied law, and took his doctor's degree. During the vacation he returned home, and called on his old master Perrot,

"Well," said he, "how is the school going on?"

"Alas! since you left," sighed Professor Perrot, "I have had no good scholars who have taken eagerly to their work, except perhaps one, come out of the glass works. He has his wits about him, and is worth something better than blowing bottles. I'll ask him to supper, you must meet him, I like the lad."

So Erckmann met Chatrian and they sat chatting together at the professor's till midnight, when they quitted without a thought of the close union that would one day subsist between them.

Two years passed. During that time Chatrian had been in a glass shop in Belgium, and had given it up and become usher in Perrot's school. Erckmann left the university of Paris and came to Pfalzburg, where he called on Perrot. His old master was reading a manuscript when Erckmann came in.

"Look here," said he. "Do you remember meeting a lad here at your last visit? That lad is now a teacher in my school, and is bent on entering the world of letters. In spite of his father's wishes, he has turned his back on bottles and tumblers, and taken in hand equally brittle materials. Look!"

He held out a *cahier*. Erckmann took it; it was an essay on some social question, treated from a very liberal point of view. He read it then and there with interest. The opinions were his own.

Old Professor Perrot shook his head. "You young firebrands will set the world in a blaze. I don't like your doctrines—but *allez*! you are young and I am old; we see life from opposite sides."

Erckmann at once sought out Chatrian, and proposed to him to unite with him in establishing a democratic paper, the former to find the funds, both to write the articles. They started their paper, which was entitled the *Démocrate du Rhin*. It ran through eight numbers and was then suppressed by the police. Then they composed together a four-act drama, "Alsace in 1814," which was put in rehearsal. A couple of days before its production, it was vetoed by the prefect.

Next year the friends went to Paris, and wrote some articles for the *Revue de Paris*; a fortnight after, the *Revue de Paris* was stopped by the Government. Then the *Moniteur Universel* offered them the lower portions of the paper, called the "Rez de chaussée" reserved for romances, popular essays, and tales. They accepted the position and were well paid, but they were both ardent revolutionists, and their writings exhibited the tendency of their minds. The editor insisted on their writing without political

purpose, and as they refused to do this, they were obliged to withdraw from the staff. For ten years they had hard work to eke out a livelihood with their pens. Their style was not to the French taste, it was too German. Their tendency was too democratic for the editors to trust them.

At last they got into the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and their literary name was made.

This is an age of interviewing. The Americans introduced it, and it must have pleased the popular taste, for the custom of interviewing has spread through Europe. Our literary Siamese twins have been interviewed, and we will draw on the description of the men and their habitations, from a German correspondent who sought them out, and literally forced from them the secret of their method of composition.

Chatrian had obtained a situation on the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est*, before Alsace and Lorraine were separated from France; it is the line from Paris to Strasburg.

Our interviewer went direct to the terminus and inquired for Alexander Chatrian.

"M. Chatrian has just gone to breakfast," was the answer.

"Where?"

"He is at M. Duval's *Établissement de bouillon*, at the corner of the *Boulevard Sébastopol*."

Accordingly our interviewer turned his steps in that direction. The *Établissements de bouillon* are excellent institutions, where substantial and wholesome meals are to be had at a very modest charge; they are not, however, frequented by persons of the better class. Here, at a side table, sat a little man with dark curly hair and high forehead, hard at work despatching a roast fowl. His features were marked, his moustache military, his eye dark and active. Round his neck he wore a tie, *à la Byron*. With the audacity which characterises the professional interviewer, our German correspondent took a chair and placed himself at the same table. Chatrian looked sharply at him, and put down his knife and fork.

"I have intruded on your breakfast," said the interviewer, "with deliberate purpose. I have come here to see you, to describe you, to listen to you, and to print what you say. But that which I specially desire to know is—How do you and Erckmann manage your books, so that it is impossible for the keenest critic to say, this is Erckmann and that is Chatrian?"

Chatrian smiled. "When two fellow-workers are moved by a common principle, have the same social, political, moral and artistic

sentiments, they must fuse their identity. We write, not to establish our names as authors, but to popularise and spread principles which are dear to us. We two were born under the same sky, saw the same scenes, were nurtured under the same influence, taught in the same school ; we live together, talk, eat, smoke together. We have no differences."

That was all the German journalist could extract, and that was about what he knew without asking.

However, he would not be satisfied. "I am amazed," said he, "that you find time for such literary activity, while occupying an important position on the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est*."

Chatrian smiled again, and said, "My duties on the line consist in seeing that others work. I have my own office, in which I am private."

Nothing further was to be screwed out of him. At last, Chatrian stood up, lit his cigar, and with a bow took up his hat and left the *Etablissement de bouillon*.

The attempt had failed ; perhaps our interviewer had gone too abruptly to work. Chatrian had drawn the mantle closer around the mystery ; he had not cast it aside. Nothing daunted, the interviewer started off for Raincy, where the fellow-workers lived. He had told Chatrian that he would do himself the honour of calling on Erckmann. "Humph," grunted the little man ; "no good. The *bonne* will say *Monsieur est sorti*,—and you will return no wiser."

However, undeterred by the warning, the journalist started. Raincy lies a few miles to the east of Paris, on the Strasburg line. Raincy is neither a village nor a town. It was formerly a noble park that belonged to Louis Philippe. The Second Empire confiscated the estate, laid out boulevards through the midst of the romantic wilderness, and built villas and country houses along the boulevards and among the trees. A walk through the streets of Raincy shows a great variety of scene. Here we have charming gardens and labyrinthine walks among artificial shrubberies, or bits of wild park with forest trees, left untouched. Here again, fields of strawberries and potatoes, then a splendid villa with marble steps and statues and vases. At one moment we seem to be in Paris, then in the next in the depths of an untouched forest. The nearest approach to it is the *Bois de Chanzy*, outside Brussels. No omnibus, cab, tramcar, disturbs the quiet of Raincy ; men in blue blouses pass to and from their work, and private carriages handsomely equipped.

The house of the "Inseparables" lies not far from the station, on the *Boulevard du Nord*. The villa lies half buried among chestnut

trees and beech, a little Tusculum, more German in appearance than French.

Our interviewer rang the bell, whereupon dogs began to bark, and when the Alsatian *bonne* opened the door, out bounced a great black Newfoundlander, accompanied by a lively terrier, also inseparables. The visitor sent in his card, with the words inscribed on it in pencil, "Désire voir M. Erckmann pour une minute et demie," fully resolved, if accorded his minute and a half, to make it into three quarters of an hour. The *bonne* said nothing about her master's absence, as Chatrian had warned ; and she returned a minute after with a stout, middle-sized, hearty man, with short fair moustache, a bald head, and a broad moon-shaped rosy face—Emile Erckmann, with extended hand and hearty welcome.

The interviewer makes his apologies for interrupting the author—that he was interrupting him was shown by the pen stuck behind his ear—and then plainly told his object. He said that he had visited M. Chatrian, but had found him a sealed book which he could not open, and that therefore he came to M. Erckmann, in hopes of finding him more favourably and communicatively disposed.

Erckmann's grey eyes twinkled with fun.

"So, you are a German ! Ugh ! I can speak a little German myself." Of course he could ; he had not learned French till he was twelve years old, but he affected to be altogether and intensely French and anti-German.

He considered a moment, and then said, "Very well ! very well ! Authors have to undergo criticism as well as the children of their brains. Come in, come in."

Then he threw wide his iron gate and led the visitor into the garden. "Of course you must see and know everything. I keep pigeons. Here they are. Also fowls ; do you desire to know what the different kinds are ? Your German readers will be interested to know that I eat eggs. So does Chatrian. We are alike in that, as in many other things. We both eat eggs. We eat both the white and the yolk. That is interesting, is it not ? Also, we sometimes spill the yellow fluid on our clothes. That is remarkable, is it not ? When we have done that, we wipe it off again. Is that unlike other folk ? If so, make a note and print it."

Then, relaxing his bantering humour, he led his visitor to one of the pleasant shady *bosquets*, with which Raincy abounds, where was a bench, on which they seated themselves.

"Do you work out of doors ?"

Erckmann shook his head, "No. Inspiration comes to me only

at my writing-desk. To me it is impossible to describe the scenery and to people it with ideal creations, so long as I live amidst it. It is now years since I left Alsace, but home scenes rise up before me clothed in romance. Should I ever leave Raincy, I shall write a novel about it—but I could not do that now. I *could* not. My imaginative faculty will not allow me; all around is associated with the prose of everyday life.”

Then Erckmann led his visitor into the house and showed him all over it. Chatrian lived on the lower story, Erckmann on the upper floor. Below, opposite the entrance door, is the dining-room, furnished in oak in an old-fashioned style; over the door is a picture of Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the “Marseillaise,” between two statuettes, one of the Apollo Belvidere, the other the Venus of Milo. The other rooms are furnished in modern style, simply but comfortably.

On the first floor are two parlours for the reception of friends and visitors. Erckmann’s work-room is a little square office papered bright blue, and wholly unadorned. In the middle of the room a plain deal table, round, with a desk on it. The floor strewn with books and papers.

“The handwriting of Erckmann,” says the interviewer, “is the most regular I ever came across. He writes on quarto sheets, in easy lines, without corrections or blots, and with the utmost regularity between his lines—it is like a page of Armenian typography. The library of the two friends consists exclusively of historical and philosophical works. Modern fiction and poetry are unrepresented, classic literature sparsely represented in it. Erckmann told me later that it was not possible for him to combine originality of conception with the reading of other authors’ works of imagination.”

In an adjoining building is a charming billiard-room, adorned, along the walls, with antiquities of all sorts. This is the rendezvous of a small circle of choice spirits, Parisian authors, artistes, and theatrical directors, who meet here once a week, to drink beer and smoke Erckmann-Chatrian’s excellent cigars. Erckmann himself is not a billiard-player, and often whilst the billiard-room is full of his friends he remains invisible in his “blue den.” He has, maybe, an idea, a scene that must be described, and till that is written he is useless in society; his mind is elsewhere occupied.

The villa is supplied with every comfort, a bath-room, a balcony, and a veranda.

When the visitor had been taken over the house and shown every thing, down to the page that Erckmann was engaged on when his bell

rang, with the ink yet wet upon it, they sat down in the dining-room at the oak table ; a foaming German stone jug of Strasburg beer was produced, together with cigars, and there, at last, the secret of how the two friends worked together and produced writings of such uniform texture came out. We will give M. Erckmann's own words :

"Chatrian," he said, "goes every morning at nine to Paris and returns home every evening at six. I, however, am here day by day, from early till late, without leaving the house. You know the result. You will be disposed to undervalue the importance of Chatrian and his significance for myself and our labours, when I tell you that *since we have worked together Chatrian has not once put pen to paper*. Yes, it is as I say. There you have the whole secret of the unity of our style, which is not denied us, even by our most bitter opponents. There is, there can be no difference in style, for the style of all our united compositions is exclusively *mine*."

Now it was clear why Chatrian was shy of communicating the secret. He was afraid lest a superficial judgment should be drawn by one not thoroughly conversant with the circumstances. That the value of Chatrian is great may be seen from what follows : "Every evening after we have dined," continued Erckmann, "when the *bonne* has replenished our tankards with ale, we begin our work in common. I read over to Chatrian what I have written during the day. Chatrian possesses, in the highest degree, what may be termed the talent of composition. He has almost invariably some corrections to make in my work. I, naturally a colourist, fall too readily into the fault of inaccurate perspective—for instance, I paint a subsidiary character with as much detail as my hero or heroine. Here Chatrian interferes. He has the critical faculty in him so keen, and so correct, that I am often amazed at it, and though he proceeds ruthlessly to work, slashing, arranging, recasting my work, I sit by without resentment, knowing that he is right and I am wrong. He points out my weak pages and tears them up. I must rewrite them. He lowers the tone of my vigorous scenes ; I feel a struggle in me, but I submit. He has a remarkable talent for all the *nuances* of expression ; I do not know his equal in this. Nevertheless, as he repeatedly admits he never could do the work I execute. He is no prose writer. His verses are exquisite and remind one more of your German than of our French poets. As soon as we have gone over and corrected the work of the day, we discuss the work of the morrow. The plan of the whole romance is decided on between us, before I put pen to paper, so also is it clear to me what I am to do on the following day, before that day begins. Here it is that Chatrian's talent shows itself in its full greatness.

He is a master of grouping ; he has a subtle eye for all the ramifications of a plot, he understands the relief in which the several characters are to stand. So we often sit together till midnight and after, pencil in one hand, note-book in the other, and exchange our thoughts half audibly. At one o'clock the housekeeper has orders to come in and tell us it is bed-time. If we do not stir, she puts the lamp out. Sometimes we are so full of our subject that we *cannot* go to bed, and we sit on till three o'clock, in the dark. If the housekeeper finds that we are not in bed at one o'clock she has orders to make a racket in the room, to bang the door, knock over the chairs, rattle the fire-irons to drown our conversation, and drive our ideas out of our heads."

S. BARING-GOULD.

THE POLITICAL POETRY AND STREET BALLADS OF IRELAND.

IRISH patriots have hitherto plumed themselves, and with some reason, on the high standard of poetic excellence which their native poets attained ; but nowadays they can make no such boast, for the poetry of Irish sedition has admittedly suffered deterioration ; because, as it has been explained, the aims and means of latterday Irish popular leaders are so entirely practical as to exclude poetry as an appropriate medium for the excitation of the public mind in accordance with their desires. Plain prose they find much better suited to their purpose, and there is no doubt that much of it, in speech and writing, is very plain and to the point. This is perhaps to be regretted, for the patriotic ballad literature of Ireland had attraction for people who were not at all in sympathy with the motives or objects of the writers. For instance, the ballad and general poetry of the Young Ireland party of 1848 elicited high encomiums from many distinguished English writers and reviewers. At the same time there is little about it that is distinctively Irish. Indeed some of the Young Ireland writers themselves confessed that they quite failed to reproduce, either by imitation or translation, the mode of expression and manner of thought of the bards of Ancient Ireland ; and they freely admitted that the ballad literature they themselves created was in form and spirit wholly Anglo-Saxon, and as such quite antagonistic to the native genius of the people—that in fact it was feudal, not Celtic, in derivation, and therefore in tone and tendency foreign to the Celtic language and literature. So accurate was this estimate of their labour that experts on the Irish language like Bishop MacHale, O'Curry, and O'Donovan, declared that it was all but impossible to transmute any of the songs and ballads of Young Ireland into Irish, so as to retain their meaning and method unimpaired. But enough remains in the work accomplished by the translators and imitators of the poetry of the Irish bards to show that it was instinct with a passion and rude grace of fancy that is very captivating.

That it won the approval of so stern a hater of the Irishrie as

Edmund Spenser is much in its favour. In his "View of Ireland" the "divine Edmund" tells us how he had caused some of the songs of the Irish to be translated for him, and that "surely they savoured of sweete witte and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of poetrye ; yea, they were sprinckled with some prety floures of their owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comliness unto them, the which it is greate pittye to see soe abused, to the graceing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to beautifye and adorne vertue." The "wickedness and vice" however, which the poet reprobated, existed evidently in his own imagination and were epithets doubtless employed to stigmatise the fervid patriotism, and not the supposed immorality, by which the songs were characterised.

The Irish language was in almost universal use at the period that the bards spoken of by Spenser flourished, and indeed for long after that. It died hard. In some districts even at the present day it is employed by many of the people. And, perforce, the bards continued to use it down to a comparatively late period, for it was the tongue in which naturally Irish treason would find expression out of deference to the hostility of the alien ruling power. And for the same reason the popular songs and ballads from the time of Queen Elizabeth down to the middle of the last century that have survived to the present day, were handed down from father to son, and never appeared in print either in the vernacular or in English dress, until some fifty years ago, when they were rescued from oblivion by O'Curry, O'Donovan, and other accomplished Celtic scholars.

Most of this poetry, needless to say, is animated with the most fervid patriotism and hatred of the Saxon oppressor ; as in this paraphrase of a passage in a well-known Gaelic song :—

Though the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold,
And vow thee love untold,
Trust him not, green land !
Touch not with gloveless clasp
A coiled and deadly asp,
But with strong and guarded grasp
In your steel-clad hand—

Nor were the poets mealy-mouthed in describing the prowess of the Irish warriors, and in recording their triumphs over the Saxon foe, as the following shows :—

Oh ! then down like a torrent with an hurrah we swept,
And full stout was the Saxon who his saddle true kept ;
For we dashed through their horsemen till they reeled from the stroke,
And their spears like dry twigs with our axes we broke

Ho ! ye riders from Ormond will ye brag in your hall,
 How your Lord was struck down with his mailed knights and all?
 Swim at midnight the Shannon, beard the wolf in his den,
 Ere you ride to Moycashel on a foray again !

But the native bards are seen to better advantage in their less warlike moods—when they mourn the wrongs of their country, prefigured as a beauteous maiden, and waiting deliverance, as thus :—

My love had riches once and beauty—
 Want and woe have paled her cheek,
 And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
 Now they crouch like cravens sleek.
 Oh, Heaven ! that ere this day of rigour
 Saw sons of heroes, abject, low,
 And blood and tears thy face disfigure,
Ma Chreevin cwin alga O !

In the following verses, from an excellent translation by Clarence Mangan, of a famous and vastly popular song, "My Dark Rosaleen," the same idea is embodied :—

Over hills and through dales
 Have I roamed for your sake,
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake.
 The Erne at its highest flood
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen !

 Oh ! the Erne shall run red
 With redundancy of blood,
 The earth shall rock beneath her tread,
 And flames wrap hill and wood ;
 And gun peal and slogan cry,
 Wake many a glen serene,
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 The judgment hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My dark Rosaleen.

The Jacobite songs in Irish are very spirited. They are brimful of hate of the Saxon, and their tendency is more to instigate resistance to that foe than to promote the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. One of them, "Oh say, my Brown Drimin !" sung to a beautiful air,

may be yet heard in the South of Ireland. "Drimin" is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is allegorically denoted :—

Oh say my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine !
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line ?
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake ?
· · · · ·
When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The isles of his father, his rights, and his throne—
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before like old shoes from their feet.

The "White Cockade" is another Jacobite song that even at the present time is sung in remote parts of the country :—

King Charles he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is sprung ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
Oh ! my dear, my fair-haired youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And raise once more the white cockade.

Another of these ballads called "The Avenger" has much *verve*. It runs :—

The Avenger shall lead us right on to the foe,
Our horn should sound out, and our trumpets should blow,
Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince was restored, and our fetters were riven.
Oh ! chieftains of Ulster, when will you come forth,
And send your strong cry on the wings of the north ?
The wrongs of a King call aloud for your steel,
Red stars of the battle, O'Donnell, O'Neal !
Bright house of O'Connor, high offspring of kings,
Up, up, like the eagle when heavenward he springs !
Oh ! break ye once more from the Saxon's strong rule,
Last race of Macmarchod, O'Byrne, and O'Toole.

These extracts, however, give but a faint idea of the wealth of passionate tenderness and fiery fervour to be found in the minstrelsy of Ancient Ireland, and it is but faintly re-echoed by the poets of later days.

Most of the rebel ballads of '98 were also written in Irish. Of the most popular of these, "The Wearing o' the Green," there are many versions. That which speaks of Ireland as

The most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they're hanging men and women there for wearin' o' the green,
has been popularised amongst us by having been introduced into a

successful Irish melodrama. The concluding verse, however, was not given. It runs thus :—

An' if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
 Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed ;
 Then pull the shamrock from your door, and throw it on the sod,
 And never fear, 'twill take root there, though under foot 'tis trod !
 When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
 And when the waves in summer-time their colour dare not show,
 Then I will change the colour, too, I wear in my caubeen,
 But 'till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

The Irish melodies of Moore have not been unfairly described as merely “pretty,” but a few of them which are patriotic are vigorous enough—though even they are decried by hostile critics as consisting merely of English thoughts, clothed in English words, but set to Irish music. Their inspiration, however, is decidedly more Celtic than Saxon. For instance, what can be more definitely anti-Saxon in its rhapsodical fervour than the following :—

Oh for the swords of former times,
 Oh for the men who bore them !
 When armed for right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouched before them.
 When pure yet, ere courts began
 With honours to enslave him ;
 The best honours won by man,
 Were those which virtue gave him.

or than this wail for the fallen :—

Forget not the field where they perished,
 The truest, the last of the brave !
 All gone, and the bright hopes we cherished
 Gone with them, and quenched in the grave.
 Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts as they bounded before,
 In the face of high heaven to fight over
 This combat for freedom once more.

And in this the spirit of many of the purely Celtic songs is faithfully reflected :—

Remember thee! Yes, while there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all 'lorn as thou art.
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
 Than the rest of the world in her sunniest hours.

No! thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

Nationalist song writing, however, languished rather until the Young Ireland revival of 1848. Much as the writers of that period bemoaned their inability to quite catch the spirit, or emulate the force and fire of the minstrelsy of Ancient Ireland, they showed pretty conclusively that they were masters of the English language, and had extensive acquaintance with English literature. If their style was purely English, their sentiments, without doubt, were desperately anti-English, and they found no difficulty in their intelligible expression. Moreover, their code of political morality was wholly different to that of the political leaders of our days. It exhorted toleration of minor differences of opinion, so that all Ireland should unite in the Nationalist cause, and by employing none but worthy methods, win righteous triumph over their country's enemies. As Davis sang :—

A nation's voice, a nation's voice—
It is a solemn thing !
It bids the bondage-sick rejoice—
'Tis mightier than a king ;
'Tis like the light of many stars,
The sound of many waves
Which brightly look through prison bars,
And sweetly sound in caves.
Yet is it nobiest, godliest known
When righteous triumph swells its tone.

The one thing necessary, according to Davis, was to unite in hate of the Saxon :—

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
We hate the Norman men,
We cursed their greed for blood and gain,
We curse them now again.
Yet start not, Irish-born man,
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—
We have no curse for you.

Davis, too, had exalted aspirations which look particularly old-fashioned and out of place in these days :—

May Ireland's voice be ever heard
Amid the world's applause ;
And never be her flagstaff stirred,
But in an honest cause !
May freedom be her every breath,
Be justice ever dear ;
And never an ennobled death
May son of Ireland fear !
So the Lord God will ever smile
With guardian grace upon our isle.

When this was written, it need hardly be said, boycotting and dynamiting were things of the future.

The Fenian organ, the *Irish People*, also produced poetry of a high class; but it was less Celtic in form, spirit, and even in choice of subject than that to which Young Ireland gave birth. "Speranza's" (Lady Wylde) contributions consisted of poems on divers themes not directly referring to Ireland, as also did those of Mr. T. C. Irwin; the ballads of Casey and Kickham, however, were distinctly racy of the soil, and breathed the same uncompromising spirit of resistance to British "tyranny." Naturally, these last have become very popular in Ireland. Kickham's "Rory of the Hill," a rebel, whose parting with his wife before taking the field, is thus spiritedly described:—

She looked at him with woman's pride,
With pride and woman's fears;
She flew to him, she clung to him,
And dried away her tears;

He feels her pulse beat truly,
While her arms around him twine:
"May God be praised for your stout heart,
Brave little wife of mine!"

He swung his first-born in the air,
And joy his heart did fill—
"You'll be a freeman yet, my boy!"
Said Rory of the Hill.

Casey's "Risin' of the Moon," picturing a rebel muster at midnight; "O'Donnell Abu," by an unknown writer, which celebrates the discomfiture of the *Sassenach* by "Dauntless Red Hugh," as long ago as A.D. 1597, after this fashion:—

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war cries arise on the gale,
Fleetly the steed by Loc Suilig is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.

On, every mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear;
Rush to the standard of Dauntless Red Hugh;
Bonnaught and Gallowglass
Throng from each mountain pass;
On for Old Erin—O'Donnell Abu!

and the "Fenian Men," who are glorified in this wise:—

See who comes over the red-blossomed heather,
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air,
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together,
See freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there.

Down the hills twining,
Their blessed steel shining
Like rivers of beauty they flow from each glen,
From mountain and valley,
'Tis Liberty's rally ;
Out and make way for the Fenian men !—

are the Fenian ballads which stand highest in popular estimation ; and their pride of place is only disputed by Sullivan's "God save Ireland," a song written in commemoration of the "Manchester Martyrs," that is, of the three Irishmen who were hanged in Manchester in 1867 for the murder of an English policeman.

Land-league poetry deals exclusively with the land troubles, and inculcates as the highest political virtues the practices of boycotting and non-payment of rent. Of the songs "Murty Hynes" is first favourite. Murty has committed the heinous sin of taking a derelict farm, but repents :—

"I own my crime," says Murty, "but I'll wash out the stain—
I'll keep that farm no longer : I'll give it up again."

This crime against land-league law is known as "land grabbing," and another ballad formulates a vow against it:—

But these things shall no more be done,
We swear from coast to coast:
In the name of the Father,
And of the Son,
And of the Holy Ghost!

Coming down to the street ballads—the lowest strata of Nationalist literature—we find that on the whole they are less seditious than the poetry we have been discussing. But, as a rule, they are wretched doggerel, and lack the rollicking humour which characterised the same class of compositions of an earlier period. For instance, the ballads of Zozimus, a street singer of the Repeal era, did little more than make harmless fun of unpopular people, as the bard did of the prosecutor of O'Connell, Mr. T. B. C. Smith. O'Connell's conviction, it should be recalled, was quashed by the House of Lords:—

Oh musha, Dan who let you out ?
Says the T. B. C.
Did you creep up the spout ?
Says the T. B. C.
There are locks both great and small,
Did you dare to break them all ?
Or did you scale the prison wall ?
Said the T. B. C.

No, I did not pick a lock,
 Says the Dan Van Vought,
 Nor did I break a bolt,
 Says the Dan Van Vought.
 My cause was on the Rock,
 'Twas the Lord that broke the lock,
 And freed His bantam cock,
 Says the Dan Van Vought.

The modern method of punishing an obnoxious official is to "set" him for the hired assassin, or rake up long-forgotten scandals concerning his private life.

Mr. Parnell shares with the Phoenix Park murderers the questionable honour of the eulogies of modern street poets. The League-leader's impeachment by Mr. Forster in Parliament shortly after the Phoenix Park murders is thus referred to in one of them:—

Parnell's the man that stood the scorn,
 Of the British lion and the unicorn.
 Undaunted he defied the coercive, gagging lot;
 And braced his manly heart,
 And hurled back the dart,
 Aimed at his fame and his good name by horrid old Buckshot.

Carey, the informer, as might be expected, is denounced with all the vehemence of uncultured virulence:—

Since man's creation 'till this generation,
 Or since Adam on earth first came,
 In one whole million, there's no such villian,
 And James Carey is his name.

There are also many lamentations in the choicest doggerel over the fate of the Phoenix Park murderers. Joe Brady, the greatest hero of them all, is made to mourn over his own death:—

Good Christians all, on you I call
 To hear my lamentation;
 Likewise on those who have been my foes,
 And caused my degradation.
 In my youth and bloom I've met my doom,
 On the shameful gallows tree;
 It breaks my heart to have to part
 With friends and country.

A very popular ballad celebrates "Tim Healy's return for Monaghan":—

Each Monaghan boy did jump for joy,
 And loud were their hurrahs;
 At the corner shop they tuk a drop,
 And sounded Tim Healy's praise.

For two long days did the bonfires blaze
On the top of every hill,
And barrels of beer their hearts did cheer,
And the boys all drank their fill.

Abduction is a crime that always excites Hibernian sympathy ; and young men who carry off young women against their will to marry them are almost as popular as Parnellite patriots. Their praises are therefore sung by the street singers. A ballad of this character called "Mary Neill," was vastly popular in the North of Ireland a few years since, and may still be heard there. The lover tells his own story :—

I'm a bold undaunted Irishman, my name is John McCann,
I'm a native of sweet Donegal, convenient to Strabane ;
For the stealing of an heiress, I lie in Lifford jail
And her father swears he will me hang for his daughter Mary Neill.

But the culprit was not hanged. The lady took compassion on him and, instead of swearing his life away, swore him scathless out of prison, by avowing that she herself was an accomplice in her lover's offence. The stern parent too relented. The lovers got married and took shipping for America. In a storm the bride was washed overboard, but the "bold undaunted" bridegroom was equal to the occasion :—

Her yellow locks I soon espied as they floated on the gale,
I jumped into the raging deep, and saved my Mary Neill.

It need hardly be said that the extracts here quoted are merely meant to show the decadence of Irish poetry, not merely in literary merit and mechanism, but in the spirit which pervades it. No attempt whatever is made to touch even the fringe of so comprehensive and absorbing a subject as that of the study of Celtic literature in prose and verse.

RICHARD PIGOTT.

MAN AND MYTHS.

NO greater stride in intellectual knowledge has been made in this generation than that associated with the word Folklore. We have learned that, apart from books altogether, the history of man is written in his thoughts, his sayings, and his customs. From father to son, from son to grandson for centuries uncountable, has been transmitted the knowledge of things and of men which used to be called, correctly no doubt, but vaguely, tradition. The earth does not more certainly contain in her rocks and drifts the history of her many changes, than does man's mind contain the evidence of the growth and development of the mental faculties.

But in a day when many things change their names, we have to remember that the phraseology of even this new science of Folklore is not fixed and certain. The word Folklore itself is an example of this. It was coined by Mr. Thoms, the veteran founder of "Notes and Queries," and when he used it first he made it comprehend the scraps and shreds of curious superstitious sayings which he found current in all the byeways of England. With the progress of time, however, Folklore has come to mean much more than this. Its derivative meaning is taken in the fullest sense, and we say that Folklore, the knowledge or learning of the people, comprehends far more than vulgar superstitions about "magpies and maypoles," as Mr. Andrew Lang tersely puts it ; that it covers and embraces every kind of knowledge and every variety of habit and custom, known or practised by the working men and women of the world in every country and of every race, so far as that knowledge and those habits and customs are not book-inspired, but the genuine reflection in the mirror-like surface of the people's Present daily life of the great world-tree which flourishes in the kingdom of the Past. It is obvious that when once the community of mankind is grasped, and still more the continuity of his race admitted, then this study of mental anthropology becomes at once one of the most important and one of the most difficult with which a student can undertake to deal. There is no people from which something may not be learned ; and there are few from

whom we do not in fact learn a great deal. Human life has been so long, so diverse, and so complicated, that it is not until we have very full notes that we can begin to write a guide-book. A few years ago, one attraction of Folklore to a youthful student, eager like his elders to form a specialist's library, was that, to begin with, the books in the department were not very numerous, and were all obtainable with moderate trouble. We have changed all that, and it is now impossible to keep pace with the issue and re-issue of books on folklore subjects. Grimm's "*Deutsche Mythologie*," the great treasure-house of Teutonic mythology and folklore, has been excellently translated in great part (though not completely), and when a translator has been found for that most serious work, I do not wonder that the folklore of all other nations has also been rummaged.

But we must not only have collections of facts. They are very important and very dry. They have also the disadvantage—taken by themselves—of affording material for eccentric surmise and unprofitable dissertation. If you have any theory on the origin of the world or of mutton-cutlets, you can obtain some evidence for your theory somewhere in the omnium gatherum of the world's folklore; and if you know nothing about the development of folklore in general, you will find yourself engaged in a very diverting amusement, much resembling the harmless lunacy of the amateur philologist, and alas! we have not yet a Rhadamanthine professor to deal with guessing folklorists, as does Mr. Skeat with guessing word-tracers. We require evidence in this science like other sciences; and although Mr. Herbert Spencer has presented us with one key to all folklore, and Sir George Cox with another, we may be better with guides not quite so comprehensive. Religion began with the worship of ghosts, says Mr. Spencer, and ghosts arose from the recollection of dreams, and dreams were due to hunger or repletion. Primitive history or what calls itself so, says Sir George Cox, is chiefly a description of the victory of the light over the dark, or *vice versâ*, and in every Greek tale he finds a "solar myth," just as Dr. Goldziher finds Jephthah to be the sun-god killing at midday the dawn his own offspring; the twelve sons of Jacob to be the signs of the Zodiac; and Hagar to be the Night, "flying before the inconstant sun and the jealous moon." Both Mr. Spencer and Sir George Cox have done excellent work in this department of the study of culture; but the majority of those who have attempted to grapple with the difficulties of the situation are satisfied that the door which secures the secret of man's earliest religion and history has more locks than two. Ghosts and sun-myths are two excellent keys; but more are needed.

Mr. Clodd, whose name is well known as the author of two or three books of singular simplicity of language and directness of meaning, has added another book to the growing literature—"Myths and Dreams"; a charming title, which might describe a three-volume novel or a poem for summer weather. His book is, indeed, as interesting as the one, and far more useful than the other. His object is described in the first words of his preface as "to present in compendious form the evidence which myths and dreams supply as to primitive man's interpretation of his own nature and of the external world, and more especially to indicate how such evidence carries within itself the history of the origin and growth of beliefs in the supernatural." "Myths and Dreams" aptly describe the characteristics of the Solar theories and the Spencerian theories, and we shall take the myths first of all.

The word myth must be understood, to begin with. I have turned to the dictionary nearest my hand as I write, and I find myth described as "a fable; a fabulous story." Now myth in this sense is not what we are inquiring about here. It is something very different, and an illustration from art may help us. When a child attempts to take the portrait of his playmate, he produces a representation more or less recognisable of a human face, but not much more. There is a nose, two eyes, mouth, ears—but no portrait. Nevertheless the child himself feels he has got near to the result he aimed at; he has, that is to say, given by his own hand some account of what his mate seems to his eyes to be. Let an elder child take the sketch in hand; he has the outline; he does not trouble to revert to the original, but he develops a better picture; not a better portrait save by accident, but better in this that the elder child knows how to distinguish between the grotesque and the pleasing. If after all, an experienced painter were to take the blurred drawing in hand, he would, out of the mass of hasty and meaningless strokes, produce a lovely child face, for which indeed the original model may be said to have served as suggestion, but which bore no more real resemblance to her than did the outline of the first sketcher.

Now a myth is the first attempt of man, in his simple childlike nature, to reproduce in words a description of the wonders of nature. The sun makes a journey over heaven. The next teller of the tale has got the foundation; if the sun goes a journey, he must come from somewhere and be going somewhere. Then, too, if "he" or "she," what is his or her history. And so the tale grows until we have the glorious Phœbus Apollo and his chariot. Now this is a myth, but, like the child's portrait, it owes its being to an attempt to reproduce the

real. A myth, then, in its simplest form is an inadequate attempt to indicate certain chief features with which the myth-maker has been struck ; in its most elaborate form it is a poetical romance, but the romance is not altogether void of truth, for in its essentials it preserves the outlines of the original myth, which was itself intended to be a photograph of truth. The myth, like slightly wavy water, shows the mast crooked and the ship misshapen, but all the same it does not consciously misrepresent them.

Now we may willingly concede to the solar mythologists that when once the meaning of a word mythically (*i.e.* only half-truthfully) descriptive of a phase of nature was, either in part or wholly, forgotten, the creation of a new personality under that name would be possible (Sir George Cox uses the word "inevitable"). "A thousand phrases would be used to describe the action of a beneficent or consuming sun, of the gentle or awful night, of the playful or furious wind ; and every word or phrase became the germ of a new story as soon as the mind lost its hold on the original force of the name. . . . Henceforth the words which had denoted the sun and moon would denote not merely living things but living persons," and so on. No one would deny that there are many legends or fables, to use the word in an old sense, which may be solar myths, but there are few who will willingly allow that there is a shadow of evidence for the assertion that "the siege of Troy is a repetition of the daily siege of the east by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their highest treasures in the west ;" or that Arthur, legendary hero though he may be, is, with his knights of the Table Round, a myth pure and simple, a legend of winter and spring, a variant of Sigurd and Perseus. The solar mythologists have, as Mr. Clodd points out, done splendid work in the field of philological research, but they must not ignore the place of history. Man—even primitive man—(and for that mysterious individual's thoughts we have all our own standard) was not always thinking about the stars, and the moon, and the milk-dropping clouds. He and his started most of our myths, but his successors, although they embellished his pictures, and recut and reset his jewels, were not themselves, any more than he, the slaves of an astronomical or astrological almanack. They were the richer by the history they created ; and in the tales told round the fire, or floating down the lonely river, they would tell as much of the deeds of their braves, of the beauty of their women, of the prowess of their *gens*, as of the man who the Bushmen say shed light from his body, but only for a short distance, until some children threw him into the sky while he slept, and thus he became the sun—or as of the Hurakan of the Quiches

legend whose mysterious strength and terrors we yet commemorate in our word "hurricane." That the deeds of braves and heroes may easily be resolved into solar myths we all know. "M. Senart," says Mr. Clodd, "has satisfied himself that Gotama, the Buddha, is a sun-myth; Whately disproved the existence of the first Napoleon;" and a French ecclesiastic has, by witty etymological analogies, shown that "Napoleon is cognate with Apollo, the sun, and his mother Letitia identical with Leto, the mother of Apollo; that his *personnel* of twelve marshals were the signs of the zodiac; that his retreat from Moscow was a fiery setting; and that his emergence from Elba, to rule for twelve weeks, and then be banished to St. Helena, is the sun rising out of the eastern waters to set in the western ocean after twelve hours' reign in the sky." This is excellent fooling, but it is only reducing to the concrete the elaborate follies of exaggerated solar mythology. Taken in one way, the most prosaic acts of a man's every-day life could be represented as parts of a solar myth. Solar they are undoubtedly, for man, civilised or savage, lives mainly by nature; but the very dependence of man upon sun-light and heat makes him forgetful of theory on the subject. Like literature in Sir Walter Scott's famous definition, solar mythology is an excellent cane but a bad crutch. "Rash inferences which, on the strength of mere resemblances, derive episodes of myth from episodes of nature, must be regarded with utter distrust; for the student who has no more stringent criterion than this for his myths of sun and sky and dawn, will find them wherever it pleases him to seek them." Those are Dr. Tylor's words; they are exactly to the point; yet even in writing entirely in condemnation of the absurdities of solar mythology, I repeat again that the labours of its expositors are so valuable that, for the sake of the lasting, the temporary may be respectfully considered.

But if myth is not altogether occupied with the sun and moon and stars, how has each nation's mass of tales and legends been evoked? This is a wide question, but we answer it approximately by saying that myth gives us accounts of great men's lives; of great deeds; of religion's growth; and of the aspirations of man for a purer and nobler life. But not necessarily has each nation its own hero. We do not wish to re-tell the old story of the Aryan migration. Mr. Clodd, although he does not commit himself, seems to incline to the modern theory that the original settlement of the Aryans was more probably in Europe than in the region between the Hindu Kush and the Caspian Sea. However viewed, the question is a very difficult one, and, whether the Aryans came from Asia, or the Black Sea (Benfey),

or from middle Germany (Schrader and Geiger), or Scandinavia (Penka), we have to admit that they found at least in southern Europe a short, dark race. The two races combined, but the Aryan language prevailed. We admit, then, fully the possible influences of the Aryan myths, but having admitted the possibility, it is curious to find that, in almost all cases, the common tales, Cinderella and the rest, can be traced back to the distant east. But we have more than nursery tales. We have, what seemed solid European history for many a year, now disclosing itself before the heat of scholarly investigation as false as history but true as something very much older. William Tell has his place in history firmly fixed about 1307, or 1296. When Gessler, Governor of the Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, set a hat on a pole and Tell refused to do obeisance to it, he ordered the mountaineer to shoot an apple off his son's head. This he did. "Gessler saw that Tell, before shooting, had stuck a second arrow in his belt, and asking the reason, received this for answer : 'It was for you ; had I shot my child, know that this would have pierced your heart.'" Now this is circumstantial, and looks like good history ; besides, in the market-place at Altdorf to this day a fountain commemorates the site of the lime tree by which the boy Tell stood, and the cross-bow of Tell himself is preserved in the arsenal of Zurich ! But, unfortunately, no trace of either a Tell or a Gessler during the time of the Hapsburg occupation of the three cantons can be found. Of course the solar mythologists leap to the conclusion that the tale is a solar myth, and see in "Tell the sun or cloud deity ; in his bow the storm or the iris ; and in his arrows the sun rays or lightning darts." But it is unnecessary to seek the aid of the sun here. Saxo Grammaticus—to whom, too, we owe Hamlet—gives us the same story as occurring in Denmark, in 950, in the reign of Harold Bluetooth. Palnatoki was the name of the northern Tell. He shot the apple safely. "When the king asked him why he had taken more than one arrow from his quiver, when he was to be allowed to make but one trial with his bow, he made answer, 'That I might avenge myself on thee the swerving of the first by the points of the others, lest perchance my innocence might have been punished, while your violence escaped scot-free.'" The same story is found in the Icelandic Saga, and the Norse Saga, in the Faröe Islands, and the English ballad of William of Cloudeslee :—

I have a sonne seven years old ;
He is to me ful deere ;
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here—

And lay an apple on his head,
And goe six paces him froe ;
And I myself with a broad arroe
Shall cleave the apple in towe.

Among the non-Aryan Finns the same story is found, but with their close proximity to Aryan Swedes and Russians it is not surprising to find it among them. But even among the Turks and Mongolians and Samoyedes the same tale of a bold archer is told. The truth is probably that the story is in the main a true one, of vast age, which has passed from nation to nation, has everywhere commended itself to the heroic and the paternal in man's breast, and makes itself a home wherever it is repeated. The localisation and detail—the local colouring, as we say—is supplied by the country of its adoption. Switzerland loses a hero, but it has made many by the prominence it gave to the ancient archer's feat, and in giving this prominence to the tale it showed that the special qualities of virtue and courage were dear to the Swiss. The "legend" of Tell is the direct answer to the inquiries which must have been made by every young man and maiden when the simple first version was told. They got a story ; they asked details. Austrian domination, mountain valour, localisation, supplied in good time all the answers. In the same way when primitive man rudely expressed his ideas of nature and deity, his myth when handed down by word of wandering mouth grew larger, more comprehensive, perhaps more beautiful, perhaps more terrible, but all the same, like the child's sketch elaborated by the painter, the later mythology owed its existence to the rude early myth. Wonder was one of man's first intellectual exercises—wonder at all he saw and felt ; myths, as Mr. Clodd puts it in his "Life of Jesus," are "the answers, very real to man, which in his childlike bewilderment and utter lack of knowledge he frames to the questions, 'Whence came all these things? Whence came we? What took place before us? How did we come by our name?'" The myth in history is only a later answer to the same question. Who was this bold archer? In Denmark a Dane, in Switzerland a Swiss. In England we have much the same thing to remember in regard to King Arthur. He may have been a king in England or not, probably he was ; anyhow, some good king left the reputation of peerless chivalry, of betrayed love, and of devoted followers. It was a noble tradition, and we are much the richer for our myth. The present legend is the answer to the questions of generations who asked who the great king of the past was, and even if we discard every vestige of the legendary raiment which romancers

and poets have thrown around King Arthur, we may be glad that a notably good and brave leader once lived, and that his best qualities should have so commended themselves to our forefathers. "Llewellyn and the Hound" is another tale, of greater antiquity, and of more certainly foreign origin, but in its adoption and localisation in Wales we have another evidence of the national character, and are the richer by the lesson of the faithfulness of the dog by our knee. Tell, Arthur, and Llewellyn illustrate a process of myth-making by which the real hero is either shrouded in fiction or transmogrified. "The study of myth," says Mr. Clodd, "is nothing less than the study of the mental and spiritual history of mankind;" and even although we may not altogether be at one with him as to the science of evolution he is not claiming too high a place for his study when he says so.

But what shall we say of the second part of his work which deals with Dreams?

Dreams are allowed a special place in man's life, especially his religious life, almost in every case strictly proportionate to his place in the scale of civilisation. The gods speak to men in dreams in the mythology of every ancient nation, and in the religion of all modern savages. As we reach a higher stage the dream becomes only the guide of the ignorant servant maid, or the mental retribution for physical neglect or over-indulgence. In modern life—by which I mean the life of civilisation—dreamland is the one region of romance which most of us will ever be permitted to enter. It is peopled for us by all that we desire, and is radiant with all the beauty for which man hungers in the landscapes of earth, or else it is terrible to us with dangers unknown or abhorred in waking hours, and bitter with the agony of suspense or despair. But what are we to say about the dreams of the savage? or of the being probably almost immeasurably below the present lowest savage that we call primitive man? When man first strode this earth it was with a brain of small size, and it is very long before any sign of intellectual exertion becomes traceable. He was a healthy animal, necessarily healthy because none but the strong could resist the elements, or escape the beasts of the chase. What he thought about we know not; there may have been retrogression as well as progression, but in the main he was working his way to the conception of what we have above defined as a myth; that is, he was finding an answer (no matter though it was a wrong one) to the queries as to his place and nature, which first showed that, like his very remote descendant, he was "on the side of the angels." However rude his first thought; however speechless his first appreciation of the great wide world of nature which waved her branches

above him, blew cold winds in his face, made him cower in terror from her brutes, and rolled fearful noises overhead and underfoot ; yet in them our remote ancestor took his first step, and was *Man*. "In the shaping of the rudest-pointed flint tool and weapon there are the germs of the highest mechanical art ; in the discordant warwhoop of the savage the latent strains of the 'Marseillaise,' as, quoting Tennyson, in the eggs of the nightingale sleeps the music of the moon." We can know nothing of man's first appearance, and less of his first thoughts directly, but we must take what we can get. We must accept the evidence which we have—simple though it be—as to the state of mind of man in his early days, from the folklore of the savage tribes regarding whom we have some knowledge ; and if, as Mr. Clodd justly says, when we at last attain to some understanding of the mental condition of races still on low levels of culture, we find "that many highly-elaborated beliefs among advanced peoples are but barbaric philosophies writ large, the conception of an underlying unity between all nations of men that do dwell, or have dwelt, on the face of the earth, will receive additional proof."

Without language man may have thought, but he could not distinguish his thought and its result. Even when a savage language is fairly rich in words, it is poor in point of comprehension. This tree and that tree are different, he distinguishes between them clearly ; that they are both trees, or are both tall, or both fruit-bearing—these are generalisations beyond his mental powers. Counting is a difficult matter : Brazilian Indians get confused beyond "three" ; Australian savages speak of all after "four" as "many" ; and the Dammaras of South Africa are much puzzled after "five," "because no spare hand remains to grasp and secure the fingers that are required for units." Then the savage has many difficulties, like the White Knight in "Alice through the Looking Glass," with the names of things. He cannot distinguish between the name *and* the thing. He conceals his own name lest an enemy or wizard get it ; thus, too, he will not name the dead lest they return ; thus he objects to his portrait being taken away ; and thus he fails to distinguish between the visions of the night and life of the working-day world. Thus dreams become a very important part of his mental atmosphere, if such a term may be allowed. He has two explanations of dreams. The one is that his soul quits his body and wanders far afield in strange adventure ; the other is that the soul of someone else has entered his body. Neither of these theories is, however, limited to the explanation of dreaming. They are available to the savage as explanations of disease and death. If a man's life, as we say, passes away during his sleep, the

savage can understand this very well, since he knows that in sleep his own soul has taken many a distant journey, and his friend's soul has this time been prevented from returning. Or, if the sick man writhes in convulsions, or shrieks in pain, this, too, is explained by the presence within him of an evil spirit. The savage cannot understand death as the natural termination of life. From this Mr. Spencer, as is well known, deduces his theory of the origin of religion. "It becomes manifest," he writes, "that, setting out with the wandering double which the dream suggests; passing to the double that goes away at death; advancing from this ghost, at first supposed to have but a transitory second life, to ghosts which exist permanently and therefore accumulate, the primitive man is led gradually to people surrounding space with supernatural beings, which inevitably become in his mind causal agents for everything unfamiliar." Now although primitive religion may be fairly enough represented by those who hold Mr. Spencer and Mr. Clodd's views as one of "funk" as distinguished from the "fog" of primitive philosophy (the terms are Mr. Clodd's), yet no one who is at all acquainted with the study of this intricate and difficult matter can admit that either the one or the other has solved the problem of the origin of religion. It is much too dark a subject to grapple with here, but this much is to be said that Mr. Spencer's theory as to the origin of religion involves the non-exercise of man's reasoning powers until he one lucky day either ate too much or too little! On that eventful meal, or want of a meal, depended our religion! And all this time man ignored the powers and mysteries of that Nature which sent the sun across the blue sky, and caused grateful darkness to bring coolness and rest. There is no impossibility in man's evolving new gods and new religions from his dreams, and following a spiritual or ghostly, rather than a natural or Nature worship—has Mr. Spencer not himself admitted that man retrogrades as well as advances—but that even savage man should have failed to worship, fear, or "funk" until his dreams frightened him, is to me unsupported by sufficient evidence, and strange and incomprehensible. Is not Mr. Clodd's own definition of myth as man's answer to his own wonder, more directly attachable to wonder at nature than wonder at dreams?

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

THE MERITS AND DEMERITS OF THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.

BIBLICAL revision is a topic not alien to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as will be seen by a reference to the issue of Sylvanus Urban for November 1789, and more recently that for July 1881, which discussed the merits and demerits of the Revised *New Testament*. The majority of competent authorities have long ago declared themselves in favour of a revised version of the Old Testament, on the clear ground of its manifold inaccuracies, as well as from a conviction that we have at present within our reach the amplest materials, as well as the very ablest agencies, for the adequate execution of such a work. When the first edition of the Authorised Version appeared in 1611, Hebrew studies were in their infancy. Wycliffe's translation, the evident basis of all subsequent versions, was made almost exclusively from the text of the old Latin Vulgate, and not from Hebrew. Since King James's time not only has our knowledge of Hebrew been increased in a marvellous degree, but the meanings of its pictorial words, and the force of its consecrated idioms, have been elucidated by the comparative study of the kindred dialects of Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic. Commentators (whose number is legion) have approached the Old Testament text from every conceivable point of view, and have minutely discussed every word and every sentence of the text, for the single purpose of bringing out the full meaning of the original. Again, there has come to hand a vast accumulation of other collateral materials requisite to a more perfect understanding of the text. We have gained an increased and more accurate knowledge of ancient geography, natural history, and the archæology of Biblical peoples and places. It is to the combination of all these advantages, carefully utilised by the revisers, that we must attribute the manifold and important improvements to be found in the Revised Old Testament, recently issued. The most obvious merit of this new version is in the *presentation of its form*. For the first time in our Bibles the poetry of the Hebrew original appears to the English eye as poetry, and the prose

as prose. Thus Gen. iv. 23, where we find the first poetical passage in the Hebrew, is thus poetically rendered by the revisers :—

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice ;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech ;
For I have slain a man for wounding me
And a young man for bruising me.
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold
Truly Lamech seventy-and-sevenfold.

This is clearly a vast improvement in *sense* as well as in *form* on the Authorised Version, which says, “Adah and Zillah, hear my voice ; ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech ; for I have slain a man to my wounding and a young man to my hurt.” Such a version, we venture to say, with all reverence, closely borders on nonsense.

As the second merit of the Revised Version, we acknowledge the ample justice done, with very few exceptions, by the revisers to the majestic style and musical rhythm of the Authorised Version, which is for the most part carefully preserved and closely imitated, where corrections of errors have been necessary, with singular felicity. The Authorised Version stands alone in our literature and language for the unapproachable excellence of its style ; and the Old Testament revisers have done well in not degrading its dignity and in not marring its majesty after the reckless and revolutionary manner of the New Testament revisers. “The consecrated diction,” as it has been well termed, of the Authorised Version avoids equally the pedantry of the schools and the vulgarisms of the market-place. It never crawls on the ground, it never loses itself in the clouds. It is intelligible to all classes, offensive to none, always dignified, never commonplace. Happily, it is made to speak still in the Revised Version of the Old Testament to a hundred millions of the English-speaking race in phrases clear as the sunlight, and in tones of melodious rhythm that linger on the ear, and live in the heart, like music that can never be forgotten. Happily, in the Revised Old Testament we have simply a revised version, unhappily we have in the Revised New Testament nothing short of a new *translation*. The cause of this fundamental difference is not far to seek. The Old Testament revisers, true to their mission as revisers of the Old Testament, kept exclusively to the work of revising the errors of the Authorised Version, while the New Testament revisers, taking upon themselves the self-imposed task of *reconstructing a text*, and forgetful of the single duty delegated to them as simple revisers of the Authorised Version, have virtually *retranslated* the whole of the New Testament, to the disgust and disappointment of all except a majority of their own body.

It is to the credit of the revisers that they have dealt more fully with that dangerous class of archaic words which mislead from their altered meaning, and less fully with those archaic words that have scarcely any meaning at all to the modern ear. Words of the former class are the more dangerous, because they give a *false* light, while those of the latter class are less dangerous so far as they simply leave the reader comparatively in the dark; while their elimination from the Bible, where almost alone we find them, would be so much a loss to our language, and no precisely modern equivalents could be found for them. For example, the revisers have rightly changed the *misleading* archaism *artillery* (as 1 Samuel xx. 40, "and Jonathan gave his *artillery* unto his lad") into *weapons*, while they have wisely retained the archaism "bolled" (*i.e.* was in bloom, as explained in the margin). This term has no precise equivalent, and the exclusion of it would have been a permanent loss to our language. Again, the revisers have not contented themselves with retaining the choicest treasures of our language which have come down to us from the remote past in its *archaisms*, but they have somewhat added to the dignity and rank of comparatively new words, as well as to the clearness and fidelity of the version, by the introduction of such modern terms as *startle*, *memorable*, *peoples*, *its*, *consternation*, *reversion*, *rabble*, *indictment*, *rival*, *assailant*. Such terms were either altogether unknown or but little known in King James's time; for the greater number of these accepted and expressive terms are not found in such authorities as Dr. Skinner's "*Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae*," published 1671, and Francis Junius's "*Etymologicum Anglicanum*," published 1743.

In the third place the revisers have earned the gratitude of all who take an interest in the "good old Book," in which millions believe as the oracle of God, by their careful correction of the obvious and admitted errors of the Authorised Version. Here two examples of an interesting character may be noted.

1. In Habakkuk, chapter iii. verse 4, A.V., we read, "and his brightness was as the light; he had horns coming out of his hand." The Hebrew here gives us a far more ennobling description of the manifestation of the Deity—"and his brightness was as *the light of the sun*, and he hath *rays* (coming) from his side." Here the marginal reading and the Hebrew original are identical in sense. The error arose from the twofold meaning of the Hebrew word *kernaim* (compare Latin *cornu*, a *horn*, and Greek *keras*), which means a *horn* and ray of *light*. In Exodus xxxiv. 29 it is said of Moses, "he wist not that the skin of his face shone." Here the Latin Vulgate renders, "et ignorabat quod cornuta esset facies" (he knew not his face was horned).

The revisers have well rendered this passage in poetical form :

And his brightness was as the light ;
He had rays coming forth from his hand.

In the margin the revisers, for "his hand," give as a variant "at his side," which really ought to have found a place in the text. This old misinterpretation had a singular influence on the artists of the Middle Ages, who often represented Moses with a *horn* growing out of each temple, as in the celebrated statue of the prophet by Michael Angelo, which is of colossal size and placed in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincula at Rome. According to Champollion the *horn* was the hieroglyphical symbol for the *rays* of the sun. Dr. Pusey thinks that in this passage rays are likened to *horns*, as the face of Moses is said to have sent *forth rays* (Exodus xxxiv. 29).

2. In the Song of Songs, chapter vi. verse 13, the A. V. gives us, "Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? *As it were the company of two armies.*" Here the Revised Version better renders it:

Return, return, O Shulamite ;
Return, return, that we may look upon thee.
Why will ye look upon the Shulamite
As upon the *dance* of Mahanaim ?

For *Mahanaim* the revisers give in the margin "*two companies*" as a variant.

It is an open secret that the Puritans would have banished every trace of dancing from the Old Testament history, from their deep-grained and bigoted hatred of what has been beautifully described as "the poetry of motion." In such passages in the Psalms as "let them praise his name in the *dance*," "praise him with the timbrel and *dance*," where the revisers have rightly retained "dance," they would have substituted "*pipe*" or some other musical instrument.

It is certainly remarkable that in Psalm lxxxvii., where the Authorised Version gives us "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there," the revisers, more true to the Hebrew text and context, render by "They that sing as well as they that *dance shall say*" ; and it is still more remarkable that even the Puritan Milton, in his poetical paraphrase of this psalm, renders :

Both they who sing and they who *dance*
To sacred songs are there,
In Thee fresh brooks and soft streams glance
And all Thy fountains clear.

The truth is, the Jews regarded dancing as the *worship* of the body, and in this sense Jewish commentators have explained the expression in the Psalms, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like

unto thee?" (Psalm xxxv. 10). David himself in dancing before the ark of the Lord felt no doubt he was only discharging a religious duty and giving expression by bodily motion to the deep feelings of religious joy with which he was animated at the return of the ark after a long absence. According to Plato dancing was a *divine* institution and invention, and with the Spartans the *mediatorial* dances always accompanied their expiatory sacrifices. The most learned of the Jewish commentators hold that every psalm had a distinct dance appropriated to it. In the temples of Jerusalem, Samaria, and Alexandria a stage was actually erected for these religious dancing exercises, in one part thence called the choir, the name of which has been preserved in our churches, and the custom too till within a few centuries. The Spanish Cardinal Ximenes revived in his time the practice of Mosarabic masses in the cathedral at Toledo, where the people danced, both in the choir and in the nave. Le Père Menestrier, the Jesuit, relates the same thing of some churches in France in 1682; and Mr. Gallinore tells us that at Limoges, not long ago, the people used to dance the round in the choir of the church which is under the invocation of their patron saint; and at the end of each psalm, instead of the "Gloria Patri," they sang as follows: "St. Marcel! pray for us, and we will dance in honour of you." From these instances we may see that the modern sect of fanatics called Jumpers, who seem to entertain the strange notion that he who leaps the highest is the nearest to heaven, have abused rather than invented the custom of religious dancing.

The most pervading error of the Revised Version is clearly its inconsistency. It has left uncorrected a few *misleading* archaisms, such as "tired" (for *attired*, likely to be mistaken for *wearied*), and this in violation of the very principles laid down by the revisers themselves. Again, every reason which may be urged for the revisers' elimination of the "*unicorn*" and the "*cockatrice*" from the sacred text is equally strong against "the dragon" and "the satyr," which the revisers have retained. Lastly, in some texts the revisers have brought darkness rather than light to the English reader, as, for example, where we read "*azezel*" in the Pentateuch for the familiar "*scape goat*," and in Genesis "the Nephelin were on the earth in those days" for the familiar "there were giants in the earth in those days." But these blemishes are few and far between, and detract little from the vast sum total of the excellencies and improvements in the Revised Version of the Old Testament, which we trust and believe will bring the Word of God nearer alike to the intellect and the heart and the soul of its readers.

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SCIENCE NOTES.

IMMORTAL ANIMALS.

BÜTSCHLI, Weismann, and Goette have for some time past maintained, on fairly tenable grounds, that the monocellular Protozoa, *i.e.*, the marvellously numerous animals that consist merely of a wide-awake, sensitive, and locomotive stomach-bag are immortal.

These creatures increase and multiply by the very simple device of subdividing. They produce no children, but split up into unlimited generations of sisters or brethren. One of these animated bags divides itself impartially from mouth downwards, through the middle, but instead of each half flapping open as would a dead bag if thus divided, the severed edges of each section unite, and two bags of equal pattern are produced. I have witnessed the whole proceeding at a sitting within one of those small worlds contained on a strip of glass under a microscope. They remain side by side for a few seconds after completing the fissure, then make a mutual salaam, and each goes on his way rejoicing, presently to repeat the multiplication.

Neither is older nor younger than the other, and thus we have merely a growth forming an endless series, an ever-multiplying brotherhood, every member of which is as old as the species itself, a survival of its primary Adam.

The individuality or personal identity of these creatures must be rather mixed. It has been discussed by Mobius, who maintains that the question of their immortality depends upon the determination of "who's who?" that if the aged individual on the completion of its "fissiparous generation" loses its matronly individuality and becomes a duplicated creature with rejuvenated impulsiveness and susceptibility, while these were gradually fading in the matron, then we must describe these youthful halves as twin daughters of a dead mother.

On the other hand it is contended that "there are only two alternatives, death and deathlessness. If death occurs let the dead body, the mass of organised matter which has ceased to perform any vital function, be produced."

Extrication from this dilemma demands too great a strain of

intellect for me to attempt it. I therefore leave my readers to decide.

EXTRACT OF MEAT.

IN the *Journal of the Chemical Society* of April is an abstract of a paper by M. Rubner, who has made experiments on feeding a dog with extract of meat. He arrives at the general conclusion that meat extract passes through the system unchanged ; "that it does not in the least contribute to bodily heat ; and that the waste of tissue is neither hastened nor retarded by it."

This amounts to stating that it has no nutritive value, a conclusion strongly at variance with the experience of nurses and physicians.

I made some experiments on myself about twelve years ago by feeding for a fortnight exclusively on bread and extract of meat, made according to Liebig's formula, that of the Ramornie Company. Warning symptoms of gout induced me to discontinue, and I concluded that it was rather a stimulant than a food.

Subsequent observations and enquiries have confirmed this, and have led me to suppose that the unquestionable benefit of beef tea to invalids depends upon a condition of the body in which there is a deficiency of kreatine, kreatinine, or the phosphates, &c., contained in the juice of flesh, or possibly of all of these constituents, and that the extract of meat replaces them ; that it acts in a manner somewhat analogous to the transfusion of living blood, by supplying necessary material without calling upon the digestive organs to do the work of preparing it from ordinary food.

If this is the case it is obvious that it can be of no service to people in full health and fully supplied with such materials. It may even do mischief by disturbing the proper balance of organic constituents, though this danger, according to the experiments of M. Rubner, is averted or moderated by its excretion in unaltered form.

THE EGG-TURNING INSTINCT.

M. DARESTE describes an experiment showing that the farmhouse belief in the necessity of turning eggs during incubation is well founded. He kept eight eggs motionless in an incubator, and they failed to produce a single chick. Eight similar eggs placed in a similar incubator produced six living chicks, and the seventh when broken on the twenty-second day contained a living, well-formed chick.

The editor of the *Journal of Science* asks a very pertinent

question as a comment on this. "*Quære*: the origin of the egg-turning instinct of hens during incubation."

I venture to suggest an answer, which, however, is quite heterodox at the present time when every instinct is so ingeniously ascribed to the hereditary survival of advantageous accidents.

Five-and-twenty years of experience in fowl-keeping and fowl-breeding has satisfied me that when a hen is sitting, the lower part of her body—that which directly covers the eggs—is in a state of abnormal or inflammatory heat and irritation. Previous to sitting she pulls the feathers therefrom as a sort of preliminary cooling process, and I find that the most effective means of curing a hen of her desire to sit is to administer a sitz-bath, or, rather, a series of such baths at short intervals.

Hens that would otherwise indulge in clucking and sitting for two or three months and lay no more eggs during that period, may be thus restored to more profitable habits. The probable *rationale* of this is that the vital energy and redundant circulation is thrown by the bath from the incubating surface back to the generating ovarian organs, thus restoring her from the condition of an egg-hatcher to that of an egg-generator.

But what has this to do with the egg-turning will be asked? Simply that the local bodily heat becomes a source of discomfort to the sitter, and that she finds relief in turning the cooler side of the egg to the bare, over-heated surface of her breast and abdomen.

This must comfort the mother and supply the chick-germ with an all-round uniformity of nourishing temperature.

It is interesting to watch the skilful application of the beak in turning one egg after another by upheaving jerks, which in spite of their vigour rarely if ever break the shells.

The desire to sit is, I think, a compound of philoprogenitive cuddling love for the smooth, round things, and a craving for relief from the cutaneous heat and irritation.

A typical cockney visitor last summer propounded a much simpler theory: I remarked that one of my hens wanted to sit. He replied quite innocently, "Oh! I suppose she's tired, poor thing."

RAISING THE DEAD.

IN the current number of *The Asclepiad* Dr. Richardson recounts his "Researches in Resuscitation," and suggests some serious reflections on the questions of What is death? When does death occur? May life be restored after actual death?

By combining "artificial circulation" with artificial respiration a dog was restored to life one hour and five minutes after being killed by an overdose of chloroform, the heart being perfectly still, cold, and passing into rigidity. Animals that had been killed by suffocation, the heart and other viscera displayed by partial dissection, were so far brought into a state of muscular irritability that the experiment was stopped from motives of humanity, *i.e.* lest the mutilated body should return to conscious sentient life.

Frogs poisoned by nitrate of amyl were restored after nine days of apparent death; in one case after signs of putrefactive change had commenced.

Various methods of effecting these resuscitations are described, the most original and effective being that of pumping warm defibrinated and oxygenized blood into an artery in such a manner that the stroke of the pump shall correspond with the natural pulsations of the artery, and to the stroke of the heart, which is thus awakened to its customary work.

The action of peroxide of hydrogen in reanimating the blood and restoring animal heat in a really dead body is quite startling.

The agent upon which Dr. Richardson most relies, in protracting the period that may elapse between apparent death and restoration of life, is one that by no means suggests itself to the uninitiated, *viz.* "extreme cold." This reliance is based on the fact that it suspends the aggregation of the blood corpuscles in the minute vessels; the contraction of the capillaries; the occurrence of *rigor mortis*; putrefactive change in the blood; and, more especially, that it retards or completely prevents the coagulation of the blood.

What I have read in this paper, and have heard in conversation with its author, appears to me to justify the conclusion that a drowned or suffocated man is not hopelessly dead so long as the bodily organs remain uninjured by violence or disease, and the blood remains sufficiently liquid to be set in motion artificially, and supplied with a little oxygen to start the chemical movements of life.

THE CONSTITUTION OF STEEL.

THE discovery of a substance which is so hard that it can cut and otherwise shape almost every other substance on the face of the earth, and yet may be so modified in hardness that it may cut and shape itself, has contributed more to the physical power of man than any other that can be named. It created the greatest era in his physical progress.

Why is it that steel, when heated to redness and suddenly cooled, should assume such diamond-like hardness; that when similarly heated and slowly cooled it should become so soft; and that the hardened steel may so easily be tempered to any intermediate degree of hardness by simply raising it again to intermediate temperatures?

I endeavoured to reply to this question in a paper published in *The Metallurgical Review* (New York), of November 1877. My theory is based on some observations and experiments made some years previously in Sheffield.

I found that in certain samples of Spiegeleisen (composed of iron, manganese, and carbon) thin plates of well-formed crystals occurred here and there, forming a honeycombed structure by the crossing of the brilliant angular plates that stood out from the general mass. This general mass differed considerably in composition in different samples, while my analyses of the crystalline plates taken from various samples supplied at different times for the Bessemer works, showed that their composition was invariable as regards the proportion of the carbon to the iron, though the proportion of manganese was not so constant.

This fixed composition corresponded to the formula Fe_4C (four equivalents of iron to one of carbon), indicating the existence of a definite chemical compound, not a mere indefinite variable mixture like that forming ordinary steel. The existence of such a compound is supported by the researches of many eminent metallurgists.

It is excessively hard, so brittle as to be useless for the purposes to which steel is applied, and it fuses at a much lower temperature than the fusing point of iron, or of any useful steel.

Iron, in its approximately pure state, is practically infusible in ordinary furnaces, but if pieces of such iron be thrown into a bath of melted steel, or melted pig-iron (which is rendered fusible by its impurities), the intractable wrought iron dissolves in the liquid like sugar in water, and is somehow diffused throughout it.

Steel is now made by thus melting wrought-iron scrap in fusible Spiegeleisen or ferro-manganese, or in selected pig-iron made from hæmatite. Steel generally contains from one-fourth to one-tenth of the amount of carbon contained in the Fe_4C crystals.

My theory of the constitution of steel is that it is not a direct compound or mixture of iron and carbon, but an alloy of metallic iron with this metallic compound Fe_4C ; the mixture being capable of taking place in any proportions, as with other mixtures or alloys that are not true compounds.

When this mixture of materials of varying fusibility is heated, the more fusible assumes the semi-fluid or plastic condition, while the other remains solid. It has been proved that liquids expand and contract more than solids do when equally heated and cooled, and that this law applies to such compounds as the Fe_4C .

What then must happen if such a mixture is suddenly cooled? Obviously a state of molecular tension due to unequal rates of contraction, an internal strain or pulling against each other of the iron and the carbon compound, the which tension constitutes hardness and brittleness. Slowly cooled they gradually yield and the molecular strain is thus diminished or prevented.

The fact that a given piece of steel when hardened is larger than when softened obviously supports this theory. In further support I cite the general fact that all alloys composed of metals of different fusibilities are harder than their constituents, or the mean of their constituents. Gun metal, bell metal, pewter, type metal, bronzes, the gold and silver alloy of our coins, are examples of this.

Some experiments have recently been made at Creusot by MM. Osmond and Werth which afford a remarkable confirmation of this theory; a direct physical demonstration, in fact.

They made thin sections of cast steel, attached them to glass by means of Canada balsam, treated them with cold dilute nitric acid, thereby dissolving the iron, and "leaving a residue of a nitro-derivative of a carbo-hydrate, and the skeleton thus obtained shows the distribution of the carbon in the original steel. It is found that fused steel (*i.e.* steel that has been fused) has a cellular structure, *the nuclei consisting of pure iron and the envelopes of a carbide of iron*. These simple cellules are grouped in compound cellules, the bounding surfaces of which are soft iron free from carbon."

The above is quoted from the abstract of the paper in the May number of the "Journal of the Chemical Society;" the italics are my own. It further states that "when a bar of steel is dissolved, as in Weyl's method for the determination of carbon, the residue, which consists of a carbide of iron, retains the appearance and dimensions of the original bar, and it is seen that *the small plates of the carbide form a network, within the meshes of which the pure iron was contained;*" and also that "the compound cellules seem to be the result of independent dentritic aggregations, *which have mutually limited each other and expelled from their lines of junction the still liquid carbide of iron.*"

The authors, while thus confirming my theory of the constitution of steel, do not seem to be acquainted with it, nor to perceive the

bearing of this structure on the much vexed question of the cause of the hardening and tempering of steel, concerning which some very queer theories have been propounded; such, for example, as affirming that the carbon is crystallized into diamonds, and these effect the hardening.

I hope my readers will understand that in using the term molecular strain or tension, I am not dreaming of ultimate molecules, but refer to physically demonstrable constituent particles. "Molecule" signifies a small mass.

DEGENERATE NESTS.

THERE still remains among some good people the old idea that the so-called "instincts" of animals are divine inspirations, by means of which the animal performs its work with an excellence surpassing the possibilities of human attainment by human means of experience and teaching.

It is curious at this date to read the dialogues on instinct in Brougham's dissertations, and his mathematical demonstration of the absolute perfection of the structure of the cells of bees.

We now know that these miraculously perfect angles are the necessary results of the pressure of the wax upon itself.

Birds' nests are among the popular examples of this supposed infallibility. We are told in the old books that each species builds its nest of a fixed pattern, and does so without any instruction or copying.

So far from this being the case, it has been proved that birds hatched and reared in captivity are sad bunglers, as bad as amateur workmen of the human species, their nests being very clumsy structures, in some cases merely a heap of rubbish.

There is an interesting letter in *Nature* of April 9, by Mr. Charles Dixon, in which he states that chaffinches taken to New Zealand and there set at liberty have evidently fallen into a state of mental confusion by imperfect remembrance of the architecture of their old homes, and mixing these reminiscences with the impressions produced by contemplating those of their new neighbours. The result is a confused imitation of both the New Zealand "hang nests" and those of the British chaffinch; and this, according to Mr. Dixon's description, must be almost as barbarous as some of the suburban architectural excrescences in which recently migrated citizens attempt to combine in a villa residence the features of a London street house with those of an antique rural cottage or a parish church.

Mr. Dixon has a photograph of one of these "Queen Anne" chaffinch nests. It should be carefully preserved and others taken, to supply a record of the progress of these emigrants, in order that we may learn whether they will gradually revert towards the original type of their parents, or move in the direction of more closely and skilfully copying the domestic architecture of their new neighbours. Such a record will assist in the solution of some of the much debated instinct problems.

INCUBATION AND MAGNETISM.

AN old writer described prejudice as "the spider of the mind," seeing its resemblance to the spider which hangs its web in all places ; in the humblest cottage and the noblest mansion alike ; therefore, says this good monitor, beware to sweep from the dwelling of your mind the cobwebs thus ubiquitously woven.

I am reminded of this sage advice whenever I come upon any hypothesis which invokes electricity or magnetism to the explanation of obscure phenomena.

This is now the case in reading an account of the experiments of some of the modern Lincei (see their *Rendiconti* of December 14, 1884). Professor Maggiorani and Dr. Magini have been magnetising eggs in an incubator, and find that the action of the magnets is retarding, that none of the eggs escape this retarding action, and that it is proportional to the power of the magnets.

When further I learn that Professor Maggiorani concludes his paper by suggesting that the magnetism interferes by virtue of its analogy to vital force, my cobwebs become very thick, in spite of my veneration of the ancient fraternity of the lynx-eyed. This habit of explaining everything which is not understood by the mysterious agency of these forces is becoming something like a superstition.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

PROPOSED RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.

IT is to be trusted that no lack of funds or other cause will interfere with the proposed task of restoring the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. One of the earliest churches of the Austin Canons in England, a generation later in date than the chapel in the White Tower, it affords an admirable illustration of the state of architecture in England in the days of Henry I., and is a priceless ecclesiastical monument. Its present state is a disgrace to London. The apse is occupied as a fringe manufactory, which projects over the east end of the church and overhangs the altar, being supported by iron columns within the altar rails; the site of the north transept is taken up by a blacksmith's forge and a dwelling-house; the north triforium holds the parochial boys' school, and the chapter house the girls' and infants' schools. That the inclusion within the building of these establishments interferes with the conduct of service, and is in every sense an indecency, will be granted. It is, however, with the antiquarian loss such a state of affairs involves, rather than with the desecration of a building intended for worship, I am concerned. Those who know the value, historical and architectural, of such early specimens of Norman workmanship, can scarcely be deaf to the appeal now made for funds to clear from encumbrance and restore to ecclesiastical uses what remains of the edifice. At the present moment exceptional facilities for the acquisition of the portion of the building now misapplied are furnished. The sum required seems large, but is nothing when the importance and value of the restoration are taken into account. All necessity to dwell upon the features of the church is fortunately spared. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1863, appears the substance of a lecture by Mr. J. H. Parker, F.S.A., delivered on the church, and subsequently reprinted as a pamphlet. From this a full account can be obtained of the edifice, and in it will be found the most eloquent and convincing appeal in favour of the proposed restoration.

CURIOSITIES OF TAXATION.

IN the period of the long war with Napoleon it is known that every taxable article was subjected to the highest impost it could carry. The nation, thoroughly in earnest in the combat, submitted to such sacrifices as had not previously been exacted, and could not again easily be imposed. It is not worth while to repeat the jokes of Sydney Smith and others concerning the manner in which the Englishman of that day was taxed. The fact is known that there was scarcely any article of necessity or luxury that was not subjected to every possible form of impost until ingenuity was puzzled to find an article out of which an extra penny could be screwed. In this process it is curious to find that the one tax that could not be maintained was that upon hats. In 1784 Pitt included hats in his budget. Every hat, the cost of which did not exceed four shillings, was to pay threepence, and so by an ascending scale the tax was to rise to a charge of two shillings for a hat above twelve shillings in price. The duty was collected by means of a stamp placed within the lining by the hatter. This explains the allusion to Wordsworth—who was a collector of stamp duties—of Byron, who said, “I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat.” Unceasing protest and resistance attended the impost. The amount it produced grew less every year, and Pitt, pressed as he was for money, was compelled to give it up. With it he abandoned another tax of a similar nature—upon gloves and mittens. It is a curious question why the tax-payer amenable at that period to most forms of spoliation should draw the line at hats.

ANOTHER BRIDGE ACROSS TWO CENTURIES.

A SECOND,¹ and a sufficiently remarkable, instance of a bridge extending across a considerable portion of two centuries has been communicated to me by a gentleman of official position resident in Dublin. A near relative of his, a hale old gentleman now living, speaks of having had, when a young man, an intimate friend in Scotland, at that time a vigorous centenarian and in full possession of his faculties, who had fought in 1745 in the battle of “Preston Pans,” in which General Gardner was defeated. These two lives, therefore, connect the present with that memorable period fatal to the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward and the House of Stuart ; and probably, as the Scotchman must have been, assumably, twenty years old when going into action at Preston Pans,

¹ See *Gentleman's Magazine* for January last, p. 102.

the two lives would connect the present time with the period of George the First, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Isaac Newton, and the great Duke of Marlborough.

MR. FREEMAN ON THE ABUSE OF LANGUAGE.

TO the long list of those who take upon themselves to condemn modern slovenliness of speech and abuse of language must now be added Mr. Freeman. In two thoughtful papers contributed to a popular periodical he deals with a few words, chiefly of classical origin, which have lost wholly their primitive signification and are put to degraded use. These words include "decimate," "ritualist," "vandalism," "triumph," "ovation," and "proletarian." "Triumph" Mr. Freeman regards as irrecoverably lost, but he hopes to save "ovation." The latter word, in the sense in which it is used in ordinary journalism, would, of course, in spite of the semi-jocular defence of it by a well-known critic in the columns of the *Daily News*, never be employed by any man with a pretence to scholarship. Just as a triumph is a ceremony commemorative of victory and not a victory, so an ovation is a secondary and minor triumph—a thanksgiving for a minor victory, in which, instead of being drawn in a chariot and sacrificing a bull, the victor walks and sacrifices a sheep. I cannot follow Mr. Freeman through his entire argument, and am only too glad to welcome his aid in a cause in which every educated man is interested, that of preserving the true significance of our noble language. Whether ignorance or carelessness has more to do with the degradation of language that goes on I know not. I will only so far defend the lower class of journalists, to whom it is customary to ascribe the blame, by saying that their ignorant treatment of words of classical origin is paralleled by the abuse by scholars of words of good plain English. Men of high education continually use such pleonasms as "from whence" and "from thence," and sometimes, when arraigned, shelter themselves behind other criminals. Mr. Freeman even, in the very essay condemnatory of others, stoops to the use of the words "a one," surely one of the worst weaknesses of modern writing. Instead of saying that an analogy may be "good and true," which is vigorous, terse English, he says it may be that it "*is* a good and true *one*," which is slipshod. Of such offence, however, Mr. Freeman is rarely guilty, and if ever his attention is directed to the point he will not again offend in it. Meanwhile, I hope he will join the band of those who in this matter think of the words of Abraham Lincoln, and keep "pegging away."

AN ASPECT OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AMONG the numerous volumes of reminiscences or memoirs which have recently been issued few have an interest more special than attends the "Autobiography of Henry Taylor."¹ From most works of its class it is separated by the fact that it is published in the lifetime of its writer, who justly assumes that in his eighty-sixth year he has outlived most of those who might be hurt by his revelations or might tax him with indiscretion. In fact, there is no word in the two volumes which could at any time have wounded any reasonably manly susceptibilities. With the book itself and with the character of its author I am not disposed in this place to deal. There is, however, one point to which I wish the more earnestly to draw attention, inasmuch as in all the reviews I have seen it passes unnoticed. This is the characteristically English worthiness of the life it depicts. Besides exhibiting to us the picture, not altogether attractive, at the outset, of life in his father's house, Sir Henry shows us many other interiors. In all these I find the same aspects. The life is energetic, resolute, noble, pure, not always amiable, and rarely winsome. It is, however the life of men and women who have made England what it is, and who, I venture to say, in face of difficulty and doubt, will keep it what it is. Sir Henry himself is, as he almost owns, didactic, opinionated, and pragmatism. He belongs, however, in his life and his surroundings, in which I include his friendships, to those who are the salt of the earth—a salt, moreover, much needed in days when our moral *cuisine*, like our actual *cuisine*, is largely influenced from abroad. A perusal of Sir Henry Taylor's volumes is invigorating for those whose faith in the future of England has been disturbed. It is also calculated to prove stimulating to those who are beginning to weary in the pursuit of the highest aims.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Longmans.

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